

THE
WORKS
OF
BEN. JOHNSON.

VOLUME the FIFTH.

CONTAINING,

<i>A TALE of a TUB.</i>		UNDER-WOODS: <i>Con-</i>
<i>The SAD SHEPHERD:</i>		<i>sisting of divers Poems.</i>
<i>Or, A TALE of Robin</i>		<i>MORTIMER's Fall.</i>
<i>Hood.</i>		MASQUES.

L O N D O N:

Printed for J. Walthoe, J. Wotton, J. Nicholson, J. Sprink,
G. Conyers, B. Tooke, D. Midwinter, T. Ballard, B. Cowse,
J. Tonson, and W. Innys, MDCCXVI.

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THE
WORKS
OF
JOHN RUSKIN





A
T A L E
O F A
T U B.
A C O M E D Y.

Compos'd by BEN. JOHNSON.

-----Inficeto est inficetior rure. Catul.

P R O L O G U E.



O State-Affairs, nor any Politick Club,
Pretend we in our Tale, here, of a Tub :
But acts of Clowns and Constables to day
Stuff out the Scenes of our ridiculous Play.
A Cooper's Wit, or some such busie Spark,
Illumining the High Constable, and his
Clerk,

And all the Neighbourhood, from old Records,
Of antick Proverbs, drawn from Whitson-Lords!
And their Authorities, at Wakes and Ales,
With Country Precedents, and old Wives Tales,
We bring you now, to shew what different things
The Cotes of Clowns are from the Courts of Kings.

VOL. V.

B

The

The PERSONS that ACT.

Cham Hugh, *Vicar of Pancrafts, and Captain Thums.*
'Squire Tub, of Totten-Court, or 'Squire Tripoly.
Basket-Hilts, *his Man and Governour.*
Just. Preamble, *of Maribone, alias Bramble.*
Miles Metaphor, *his Clerk.*
Lady Tub, of Totten, *the 'Squire's Mother.*
Pol-Marten, *her Huisher : Dido Wisp her Woman.*
Tobie Turfe, *High Constable of Kentish Town.*
Da. Sibil Turfe, *his Wife.*
Mrs. Awdrey Turfe, *their Daughter the Bride.*
John Clay, *of Kilborn Tile-maker, the appointed Bridegroom.*
In-and-In Medlay, *of Islington, Cooper and Headborough.*
Rafi. Clench, *of Hampstead, Farrier, and petty Constable.*
To-Pan, *Tinker, or Mettal-man of Belfise, Thirdborough.*
D'oge. Scriben, *of Chalcot, the great Writer.*
Ball Puppy, *the High Constable's Man.*
Father Rosin, *the Minstrel, and his two Boys.*
Jone, Joyce, Madge, Parnel, Grisel, Kate, *Maids of the Bridal.*
Black Jack, *the Lady Tub's Butler.*

Two G R O O M S.

The S C E N E,
FINSBURY-HUNDRED.

A T A L E

A Tale of a T U B.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Sir *Hugh*, *Tub*, *Hilts*.

Hugh.  OW o' my Faith, Old Bishop *Valentine*,
You ha' brought us nipping Weather: *Februer*

Doth cut and shear, your day,
and Diocess

Are very cold. All your Parishioners;
As well as your Layicks, as your Quiristers,
Had need to keep to their warm-Feather-beds,
If they be sped of Loves: this is no season,
To seek new Makes in; though Sir *Hugh* of *Pancrace*,
Be hither come to *Totten*, on intelligence,
To the young Lord o' the Mannor, 'Squire *Tripoly*,
On such an Errand as a Mistress is.
What, 'Squire! I say? *Tub* I should call him too:
Sir *Peter Tub* was his Father, a Salt-petre-man;
Who left his Mother, Lady *Tub* of *Totten*-
Court, here, to revel, and keep open House in;
With the young 'Squire her Son, and's Governor *Basket*.
Hilts both by Sword and Dagger: *Domine*,
Armiger Tub, 'Squire *Tripoly*, *Expergiscere*.
I dare not call aloud, lest he should hear me:
And think I conjur'd up the Spirit, her Son,
In Priests-lack-*Latine*: O she is jealous

Of all Mankind for him. *Tub.* Chanon, i'ft you?

[At the Window.

Hugh. The Vicar of *Pancrace*, 'Squire *Tub*! wa' hoh!

Tub. I come, I stoop unto the Call; Sir *Hugh*!

[He comes down in his Night-Gown.

Hugh. He knows my lure is from his Love: fair

Awdrey,

Th' High Constable's Daughter of *Kentish-Town*, here, Mr.

Tobias Turfe. *Tub.* What News of him?

Hugh. He has wak'd me

An hour before I would, Sir. And my Duty

To the young Worship of *Totten-Court*, 'Squire *Tripoly*;

Who hath my Heart, as I have his: your Mistress

Is to be made away from you this Morning,

St. *Valentine's* day: there are a knot of Clowns,

The Council of *Finsbury*, so they are y'styl'd,

Met at her Farher's; all the Wife o' th' hundred;

Old *Basi Clench* of *Hamsted*, Petty Constable;

In-and-In Medlay, Cooper of *Islington*,

And *Headborough*; with loud *To-Pan* the Tinker,

Or Metal man of *Belfise*, the Third-borough:

And *D'ogenes Scriben*, the great Writer of *Chalcot*.

Tub. And why all these?

Hugh. Sir, to conclude in Council,

A Husband, or a Make for Mrs. *Awdrey*;

Whom they have nam'd, and prick'd down, *Clay* of

Kilborn,

A tough young Fellow, and a Tile-maker.

Tub. And what must he do?

Hugh. Cover her, they say:

And keep her warm, Sir: Mrs. *Awdrey Turfe*,

Last Night did draw him for her *Valentine*;

Which chance, it hath so taken her Father and Mother,

(Because themselves drew so on *Valentine's* Eve

Was thirty year) as they will have her married

To day by any means; they have sent a Messenger

To *Kilborn*, post, for *Clay*; which when I knew,

A Tale of a T U B.

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I posted with the like to Worshipful *Tripoly*,
The 'Squire of *Totten* : and my advice to cross it.

Tub. What is't, Sir *Hugh* ?

Hugh. Where is your Governor *Hilts* ?

Basquet must do it. *Tub*. *Basquet* shall be call'd :

Hilts, can you see to rise? *Hil*. Chain not blind, Sir,
With too much light. *Tub*. Open your t'other Eye,
And view if it be day. *Hil*. Che can spy that
At's little a hole as another, through a Millstone.

Tub. He will ha' the last Word, though he talk
Bilke for't.

Hugh. Bilke, what's that ?

Tub. Why, Nothing, a word signifying
Nothing ; and borrow'd here to express nothing.

Hugh. A fine device !

Tub. Yes, till we hear a finer.

What's your device now, Chanon *Hugh* ?

Hugh. In private.

Lend it your Ear ; I will not trust the Air with it ;
Or scarce my Shirt ; my Cassock sha' not know it ;
If I thought it did, I'll burn it. *Tub*. That's the way,
You ha' thought to get a new one, *Hugh* : Is't worth it ?
Let's hear it first.

Hugh. Then hearken, and receive it. [*They whisper*.
This 'tis, Sir, do you relish it? *Tub*. If *Hilts*
Be close enough to carry it ; there's all.

[*Hilts enters, and walks by,
making himself ready.*

Hilts. It i' no Sand ? nor Butter-milk ? If't be,
Ich'am no Zive, or Watring-pot, to draw
Knots i' your 'casions. If you trust me, zo :
If not, praform it your zelves. Cham no Man's Wife,
But resolute *Hilts* : you'll vind me i' the Buttry.

Tub. A testy Clown : but a tender Clown, as Wool :
And melting as the Weather in a Thaw :
He'll weep you, like all *April* : But he'll roar you,
Like middle *March* afore : He will be as mellow,

And tipsie too, as *October* : And as grave,
And bound up like a Frost (with the New Year)
In *January* ; as rigid as he is rustick.

Hugh, You know his Nature, and describe it well ;
I'll leave him to your fashioning.

Tub Stay, Sir *Hugh* ;
Take a good Angel with you, for your Guide :
And let this guard you homeward, as the Blessing,
To our Device. *Hugh*. I thank you 'Squire's Worship,
Most humbly (for the next, for this I am sure of.)
[*The 'Squire goes off.*]

O for a Quire of these Voices, now,
To chime in a Man's Pocket, and cry chink !
One doth not chirp : it makes no Harmony.
Grave Justice Bramble, next must contribute ;
His Charity must offer at this Wedding :
I'll bid more to the Bason, and the Bride-Ale ;
Although but one can bear away the Bride.
I smile to think how like a Lottery
These Weddings are. *Clay* hath her in possession ;
The 'Squire he hopes to circumvent the *Tile-Kill* :
And now, if *Justice Bramble* do come off,
'Tis two to one but *Tub* may lose his bottom.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Pan, Puppy.

Cle. WHY, 'tis thirty year, e'en as this day now,
Zin Valentine's day, of all days kurlin'd,
look you ;

And the same day o' the Month, as this *Zin Valentine*,
Or I am vovly deceiv'd.

Med. That our High Constable,
Mr. Tobias Turfe, and his Dame were married.
I think you are right. But what was that *Zin Valentine* ?
Did

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Did you ever know 'um, Goodman *Clench* ?

Cle. Zin Valentine,

He was a deadly *Zin*, and dwelt at *Highbgate*,
As I have heard ; but 'twas avore my time :
He was a Cooper too, as you are, *Medlay*,
An' In-and-In : A woundy brag young *Vellow* :
As th' port went o' hun then, and i' those days.

Scri. Did he not write his Name, *Sim Valentine* ?
Vor I have met no *Sin* in *Finsbury* Books ;
And yet I have writ 'em six or seven times over.

Pan. O' you mun look for the Nine deadly *Sims*,
I' the Church-books, *D'oge* ; not the High Constable's ;
Nor i' the Counties : Zure, that same *Zin Valentine*,
He was a stately *Zin* : an' he were a *Zin*,
And kept brave House.

Cle. At the Cock and Hen in *Highbgate*.
You ha' 'fresh'd my Rememory well in't ! Neighbour
Pan :

He had a Place in last King *Harry*'s time,
Of sorting all the young Couples : joyning 'em,
And putting 'em together ; which is yet
Praform'd, as on his day — *Zin Valentine* ;
As being the *Zin* o' the Shire, or the whole County :
I am old Rivet still, and bear a Brain,
The *Clench*, the *Varrier*, and true *Leach* of *Hamsted*.

Pan. You are a shrewd Antiquity, Neighbour *Clench* !
And a great Guide to all the Parishes !
The very Bell-weather of the Hundred, here,
As I may zay. Mr. *Tobias Turfe*,
High Constable, would not miss you, for a Score on us,
When he doe 'scourse of the great Charty to us.

Pup. What's that, a Horse ? Can 'scourse nought
but a Horse ?
I ne'er read o' hun, and that in *Smith-veld* Charty :
I' the old *Fabians* Chronicles : nor I think
In any new. He may be a Giant there,
For ought I know.

Scri. You should do well to study
Records, Fellow *Ball*, both Law and Poetry.

Pup. Why, all's but writing, and reading, is it *Scriben*?
An't be any more, it's meer cheating zure.
Vlat cheating: all your Law and Poets too.

Pan. Mr. High Constable comes.

Pup. I'll zay't avore 'hun.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Turfe, Clench, Medlay, Scriben, Puppy, Pan.

Tur. **W**Hat's that makes you all so merry and
loud, Sirs, ha?

I could ha' heard you to my privy Walk.

Cle. A Contervarfie 'twixt your two learned Men
here:

Annibal Puppy says, that Law and Poetry
Are both flat cheating: All's but writing and reading,
He says, be't Verse or Prose.

Tur. I think in conzience;
He do zay true? Who is't do thwart 'un, ha?

Med. Why, my Friend *Scriben*, and't please your
Worship.

Tur. Who, *D'oge*? my *D'ogenes*? a great Writer,
marry!

He'll vace me down, me my self sometimes,
That Verse goes upon Veet, as you and I do:
But I can gi' 'un the hearing; zit me down,
And laught at 'un; and to my self conclude,
The greatest Clerks are not the wisest Men
Ever. Here they're both! What, Sirs, disputing,
and holding Arguments of Verse and Prose?
And no green thing afore the Door, that shews,
Or speaks a Wedding?

Scri. Those were Verses now,

Your

Your Worship spake, and run upon vive Veet.

Tur. Feet, vrom my Mouth, D'oge? Leave your
'zurd uppinions:

And get me in some Boughs:

Scr. Let 'em ha' Leaves first.

There's nothing green but Bays and Rosemary.

Pup. And they're too good for strewings, your
Maids say.

Tur. You take up 'Dority still, to vouch against me.
All the twelve Smocks i' the House, Zur, are your
Authors.

Get some fresh Hay then, to lay under foot:

Some Holly and Ivy, to make vine the Posts:

Is't not Son *Valentine's* day? and Mrs. *Awdrey*,

Your young Dame to be married? I wonder *Clay*

Should be so tedious: He's to play *Son Valentine*!

And the Clown Sluggard's not come fro' *Kilborn* yet?

Med. Do you call your Son i' Law Clown, and't
please your Worship?

Tur. Yes, and vor Worship too, my Neighbour
Medlay.

A *Middlesex* Clown, and one of *Finsbury*:

They were the first Colon's o' the Kingdom here:

The Primitory Colon's, my *D'ogenes* says.

Where's *D'ogenes*, my Writer, now? What were those

You told me, *D'ogenes*, were the first Colon's

O' the Countrey, that the *Romans* brought in here?

Scr. The *Colony*. Sir *Colonus* is an Inhabitant:

A Clown Original: as you'd say a Farmer, a Tiller
o' th' Earth,

E're fin' the *Romans* planted their Colony first,

Which was in *Middlesex*.

Tur. Why so? I thank you heartily, good *D'ogenes*,
yo ha' zertified me.

I had rather be an ancient Colon, (as they say) a
Clown of *Middlesex*.

A good rich Farmer, a High Constable.

I'd play hun 'gain a Knight, or a good 'Squire;
Or Gentleman of any other County
I' the Kingdom.

Pan. Out-cept *Kent*, for there they landed
All Gentlemen, and came in with the Conqueror,
Mad *Julius Caesar*, who built *Dover-Castle*:
My Ancestor *To-Pan*, beat the first Kettle-Drum
Avore 'hun, here vrom *Dover* on the March.
Which piece of Monumental Copper hangs
Up, scour'd, at *Hammer-smith* yet; for there they came
Over the *Thames*, at a low Water-mark;
Vore either *London*, I, or *Kingston-Bridge*——
I doubt were kurlsin'd.

Tur. Zee, who is here: *John Clay*!
Zon Valentine, and Bridegroom! ha' you zeen
Your Valentine-Bride yet, sin' you came? *John Clay*?

ACT I. SCENE IV.

Clay.

[*To them.*]

Clay. **N**O wuffe. Che lighted, I, but now i' the
yard:

Puppy has scarce unswadled my Legs yet.

Tur. What? wispes o' your Wedding-day, zon?

This is right

Originous *Clay*: and *Clay* o' *Kilborn* too!

I would ha' had Boots o' this day, zure, Zon *John*.

Cla. I did it to save Charges: we mun dance,
O' this day, zure: and who can dance in Boots?
No, I got on my best straw-colour'd Stockins,
And swaddel'd 'em over to zave Charges; I.

Tur. And his new Shamois Doublet too with Points;
I like that yet: and his long Sawfedge-hose,
Like the Commander of Four smoaking Tile-kills,
Which he is Captain of; Captain of *Kilborn*;

Clay

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Clay with his Hat turn'd up o' the leer side too :
As if he would leap my Daughter yet e'er Night,
And spring a new *Turfe* to the old House.
Look, and the Wench ha' not found 'un out,
And do parzent 'un with a Van of Rosemary,
And Bays, to vill a Bow-pot, trim the Head
Of my best Vore-horse ; we shall all ha' Bride-laces,
Or Points, I zee ; my Daughter will be valiant,
And prove a very *Mary Ambry* i' the business.

Cle. They zaid your Worship had fur'd her to
 'Squire *Tub*

Of *Totten-Court* here ; all the Hundred rings on't.

Tur. *A Tale of a Tub*, Sir, a meer Tale of a Tub.
Lend it no Ear I pray you : The 'Squire *Tub*
Is a fine Man, but he is too fine a Man,
And has a Lady *Tub* too to his Mother :
I'll deal with none o' those vine filken *Tubs*.
John Clay, and Cloth-breech for my Money and
 Daughter.

Here comes another old Boy too, vor his Colours

[Enter Father *Rosin*.

Will stroak down my Wives Udder of Purfes, empty
Of all her Milk-money, this Winter-Quarter :
Old Father *Rosin*, the chief Minstrel here :
Chief Minstrel too of *Highbate* : she has hir'd him
And all, his two Boys for a day and a half,
And now they come for Ribbanding, and Rosemary :
Give 'em enough Girls, gi' 'em enough, and take it
Out in his Tunes anon. *Cle.* I'll ha' *Tom Tiler*,
For our *John Clay*'s sake, and the Tile-kills, zure.

Med. And I the jolly Joyner, for mine own sake.

Pan. I'll ha' the jovial *Tinker* for *To-Pan*'s sake.

Tur. We'll all be jovy this day, vor son *Valentine*,
My sweet son *John*'s sake. *Scri.* There's another
 reading now :

My Master reads it *Son*, and not *Sin Valentine*.

Pup. Nor

Pup. Nor *Zim*: And he is i' the right. He is High Constable.

And who should read above 'un, or avor 'hun?

Tur. Son *John* shall bid us welcome all, this day;
We'll zerve under his Colours: lead the troop *John*,
And *Puppy*, see the Bells ring. Prefs all Noises
Of *Finsbury*, in our Name: *D'ogenes Scriben*
To draw a score of Warrants vor the business.
Do's any wight perzent hir Majesty's Person,
This Hundred, 'bove the High Constable? *All.* No, no.
Tur. Use our Authority then, to the utmost on't.

ACT I. SCENE V.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. SO, you are sure, Sir, to prevent 'hem all;
And throw a block i' the Bridegroom's way,
John Clay,
That he will hardly leap o'er. *Pre.* I conceive you,
Sir Hugh; as if your Rhetorick would say,
Whereas the Father of her is a *Turfe*,
A very superficies of the earth;
He aims no higher than to match in Clay;
And there hath pitch'd his rest.

Hugh. Right, Justice *Bramble*?
You ha' the winding Wit, compassing all.

Pre. Subtile *Sir Hugh*, you now are i' the wrong,
And err with the whole Neighbourhood, I must tell
you;

For you mistake my Name. Justice *Preamble*
I write my self; which with the ignorant Clowns here
(Because of my profession of the Law,
And place o' the Peace) is taken to be *Bramble*.
But all my Warrants, Sir, do run *Preamble*:
Richard Preamble. *Hugh.* Sir, I thank you for't.

That

That your good Worship would not let me run
Longer in error, but would take me up thus---

Pre. You are my learned and canonick Neighbour :
I would not have you stray ; but the incorrigible
Knot-headed Beast, the Clowns, or Constables,
Still let them graze ; eat Salads ; chew the Cud :
All the Town-musick will not move a Log.

Hugh. The Beetle and Wedges will where you will
have 'hem.

Pre. True, true, Sir *Hugh*, here comes *Miles Metaphor*,
My Clerk : He is the Man shall carry it, Canon,
By my Instructions. *Hugh.* He will do't *ad unguem* :
Miles Metaphor : He is a pretty Fellow.

Pre. I love not to keep Shadows, or Half-wits :
To foil a business. *Metaphor* ! you ha' seen
A King ride forth in state. *Met.* Sir, that I have :
King *Edward* our late Leige, and Sovereign Lord :
And have set down the Pomp. *Pre.* Therefore I ask'd
you,

Ha' you observ'd the Messengers o' the Chamber ;
What Habits they were in ? *Met.* Yes, Minor Coats.
Unto the guard, a Dragon, and a Grey-hound,
For the Supporters of the Arms. *Pre.* Well mark'd ;
You know not any of 'em ? *Met.* Here's one dwells
In *Maribone*. *Pre.* Ha' you acquaintance with him,
To borrow his Coat an hour ? *Hugh.* Or but his Badge,
'Twill serve : A little thing he wears on his breast.

Pre. His Coat, I say, is of more Authority :
Borrow his Coat for an hour. I do love
To do all things compleatly, Canon *Hugh* ;
Borrow his Coat, *Miles Metaphor*, or nothing.

Met. the Taberd of his office, I will call it,
Or the Coat-armour of his place : and so
Insinuate with him by that Trope—

Pre. I know your powers of Rhetorick, *Metaphor*.
Fetch him off in a fine figure for his Coat, I say.

[*Metaphor* goes out.
Hugh. I'll

Hugh. I'll take my leave, Sir, of your Worship too ;
Because I may expect the issue anon.

Pre. Stay, my diviner Counsel, take your Fee ;
We that take Fees, allow 'hem to our Counsel ;
And our prime learned Counsel, double Fees ;
There are a brace of Angels to support you
I' your Foot-walk this Frost, for fear of falling,
Or spraying of a point of Matrimony,
When you come at it, *Hugh.* I' your Worship's service :
That the Exploit is done, and you posselt
Of Mrs. *Andrey Turfs.* — *Pre.* I like your Project.

[Preamble goes out.]

Hugh. And I, of this effect of two to one ;
It worketh i' my Pocket, 'gainst the 'Squire,
And his half bottom here, of half a Piece :
Which was not worth the stepping o'er the Stile for :
His Mother has quite marr'd him : Lady *Tub*,
She's such a Vessel of *Faces* : all dry'd Earth !
Terra damnata ! not a drop of Salt !
Or *Petre* in her ! All her Nitre is gone.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin.

Lady. **I**S the Nag ready *Martin* ? call the 'Squire.
This frosty Morning we will take the Air,
About the Fields : for I do mean to be
Some-bodies Valentine, i' my Velvet Gown
This Morning, though it be but a Beggarman.
Why stand you still, and do not call my Son ?

Pol. Madam, if he had couched with the Lamb,
He had no doubt been stirring with the Lark :
But he sat up at Play, and watch'd the Cock,
Till his first warning chid him off to rest.
Late Watchers are no early Wakers, Madam :

Bug

But if your Ladiship will have him call'd.

Lady. Will have him call'd? Wherefore did I, Sir,
bid him

Be call'd, you Weazel, Vermine of an Huisher?

You will return your Wit to your first stile

Of *Marten Polcat*, by these stinking Tricks,

If you do use 'em: I shall no more call you

Pol-martin, by the Title of a Gentleman,

If you go on thus——*Pol.* I am gone.

[*Pol-martin goes out.*]

Lady. Be quick then,

I' your come off: and make amends you Stote!

Was ever such a Full-mart for an Huisher,

To a great worshipful Lady, as my self;

Who, when I heard his Name first, *Martin Polcat*,

A stinking Name, and not to be pronounc'd

[*Without a Reverence.*]

In any Lady's Prefence; my very heart e'en earn'd,
seeing the Fellow

Young, pretty and handsome; being then, I say,

A Basket-Carrier, and a Man condemn'd

To the Salt-peter Works; made it my Suit

To Mr. *Peter Tub*, that I might change it;

And call him as I do now, by *Pol-martin*,

To have it sound like a Gentleman in an Office,

And made him mine own Foreman, daily Waiter,

And he to serve me thus! Ingratitude!

Beyond the courtesies yet of any Clownage,

Shewn to a Lady! what now, is he stirring?

[*He returns.*]

Pol. Stirring betimes out of his Bed, and ready.

Lady. And comes he then?

Pol. No, Madam, he is gone.

Lady. Gone? whicher? ask the Porter: where's he
gone?

Pol. I met the Porter, and have ask'd him for him;
He says, he let him forth an hour ago.

Lady. An

Lady. An hour ago! what business could he have
So early? where is his Man, grave *Basket-Hilts*?
His Guide and Governour?

Pol. Gone with his Master.

Lady. Is he gone too? O that same surly Knave,
Is his Right-hand; and leads my Son amiss.
He has carried him to some drinking Match or other:
Pol-martin, I will call you so again:

I am Friends with you now. Go, get your Horse,
and ride

To all the Towns about here, where his haunts are;
And cross the Fields to meet, and bring me word:
He cannot be gone far, being a-foot.

Be curious to inquire him: and bid *Wispie*,
My Woman, come, and wait on me. The Love
We Mothers bear our Sons, we ha' bought with Pain,
Makes us oft view them, with too careful Eyes,
And over-look 'em with a jealous Fear,
Out-fitting Mothers.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Lady Tub, Wispie.

Lady. **H**OW now, *Wispie*? Ha' you
A Valentine yet? I'm taking th' Air to
chuse one.

Wif. Fate send your Ladyship a fit one then.

Lady. What kind of one is that?

Wif. A proper Man,

To please your Ladyship. *Lady.* Out o' that Vanity
That takes the foolish Eye: Any poor Creature,
Whose want may need my Alms or Courtesie,
I rather wish; so Bishop *Valentine*
Left us Example to do Deeds of Charity;
To feed the Hungry, cloath the Naked, visit

The

The Weak and Sick, to entertain the Poor,
And give the Dead a Christian Funeral:
These were the works of Piety he did practise,
And bad us imitate; not look for Lovers,
Or handsome Images to please our Senses.
I pray thee, *Wifpe*, deal freely with me now:
We are alone, and may be merry a little:
Tho' art none o' the Court-Glories, nor the Wonder
For Wit or Beauty i' the City: tell me,
What Man would satisfie thy present Fancy?
Had thy Ambition leave to chuse a Valentine,
Within the Queen's Dominion, so a Subject?

Wif. Yo' ha' gi' me a large scope, Madam, I confess,
And I will deal with your Ladyship sincerely:
I'll utter my whole Heart to you. I would have him
The bravest, richest, and the properest Man
A Taylor could make up; or all the Poets,
With the Perfumers: I would have him such,
As not another Woman, but should spite me:
Three City-Ladies should run mad for him:
And Country-Madams infinite.

Lady. You'd spare me,
And let me hold my Wits?

Wif. I should with you——
For the young 'Squire, my Master's sake, dispense
A little; but it should be very little.
Then all the Court-Wives I'd ha' jealous of me,
As all their Husbands jealous of them:
And not a Lawyer's Puss of any Quality,
But lick her Lips for a snatch in the Term-time!

Lady. Come,
Let's walk: we'll hear the rest as we go on:
You are this Morning in a good Vein, *Dido*:
Would I could be as merry. My Son's absence
Troubles me not a little: though I seek
These ways to put it off; which will not help:

Care that is entred once into the Breast,
Will have the whole possession e'er it rest.

ACT II. SCENE I.

Turse, Clay, Medlay, Clench, To-Pan, Scriben, Puppy.

Tur. **Z**ON Clay, cheer up, the better Leg avore :
This is a veat is once done, and no more.

Cle. And then 'ris done vor ever, as they say.

Med. Right ! vor a Man ha' his hour, and a Dog
his day.

Tur. True, Neighbour *Medlay*, yo' are still *In-and-In*.

Med. I would be Mr. Constable, if ch' could win.

Pan. I zay, *John Clay* keep still on his old gate :
Wedding and hanging both go at a rate.

Tur. Well said, *To-Pan* ; you ha' still the hap to hit
The Nail o' the head at a close : I think there never
Marriage was manag'd with a more avisement,
Than was this Marriage, tho' I say't, that should not ;
Especially 'gain' mine own Flesh and Blood,
My wedded Wife. Indeed my Wife would ha' had
All the young Batchelors and Maids, forsooth,
O' the zix Parishes hereabouts ; But I

Cry'd none, sweet *Sybil* ; none of that gear, I :
It would lick salt, I told her, by her leave.

No, three or vour our wise, choice honest Neighbours :
Upstantial persons : Men that ha' born office :

And mine own Family would be enough
To eat our Dinner. What ? Dear Meat's a Thief :

I know it by the Butchers and the Market-volk ;

Hum drum I cry. No half Ox in a Pye :

A Man that's bid to Bride-Ale, if he ha' Cake

And Drink enough, he need not vear his stake.

Cle. 'Tis

Cle. 'Tis right : he has spoke as true as a Gun : believe it.

Tur. Come, *Sybil*, come : Did not I tell you o' this ?
This Pride, and muster of Women would marr all ?
Six Women to one Daughter and a Mother !
The Queen (God save her) ha' no more her self.

D. Tur. Why, if you keep so many, *Mr. Turfe*,
Why should not all present our Service to her ?

Tur. Your Service ? Good ! I think you'll write to
her shortly,
Your very loving and obedient Mother.

Tur. Come, send your Maids off, I will have 'em
sent

Home again, Wife : I love no trains o' *Kent*,
Or Christendom, as they say. *Sc.* We will not back,
And leave our Dame. *Med.* Why should her Wor-
ship lack

Her tale of Maids, more than you do of Men ?

Tur. What, mutining, *Madge* ? *Jo.* Zend back your
C'lons agen,

And we will vollow. *All.* Else we'll guard our Dame.

Tur. I ha' zet the Nest of Wasps all on a flame.

D. Tur. Come, you are such another, *Mr. Turfe* :
A Clod (you should be call'd) of a High Constable :
To let no Musick go afore your Child
To Church, to chear her Heart up this cold Morning.

Tur. You are for Father *Rosin* and his Consort
Of fidling Boys, the great *Feates* and the less :
Because you have entertain'd 'em all from *Highbate*.
To shew your Pomp, you'd ha' your Daughters and
Maids

Dance o'er the Fields like Fairies, to Church, this
Frost ?

I'll ha' no Rondels, I, i' the Queen's Paths ;
Let 'un scrape the Gut at home, where they ha' fill'd it
At Afternoon.

D. Tur. I'll ha' 'em play at Dinner,

Ite. She is i' th' right, Sir: vor your Wedding-Dinner
Is starv'd without the Musick. *Med.* If the Pies
Come not in piping hot, you ha' lost that Proverb.

Tur. I yield to truth: Wife, are you sufficed?

Pan. A right good Man! when he knows right,
he loves it.

Seri. And he will know't and shew't too by his place
Of being High Constable, if no where else.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Hilts bearded, booted and spurr'd. [To them.

Hil. **W**ELL overtaken, Gentlemen! I pray you,
Which is the Queen's High Constable
among you?

Pup. The tallest Man: who should be else, do
you think?

Hil. It is no matter what I think, young Clown:
Your Answer favours of the Cart.

Pup. How? Cart?

And Clown? Do you know whose Team you speak to?

Hil. No, nor I care not: Whose Jade may you be?

Pup. Jade? Cart? and Clown? O for a lash of
Whip-cord!

Three-knotted Cord!

Hil. Do you mutter? Sir, snorle this way,
That I may hear, and answer what you say,
With my School-dagger 'bout your Costard, Sir.
Look to't young Growse: I'll lay it on, and sure;
Take't off whose wull.

Cle. Nay, 'pray you Gentleman——

Hil. Go to: I will not bate him an ace on't.
What Rowle powle? Maple Face? All Fellows?

Pup. Do you hear, Friend? I would wish you for
your good,

Tie

Tie up your brended Bitch there, your Dun rusty
Pannier-hilt Poinard: and not vex the Youth
With shewing the Teeth of it. We now are going
To Church, in way of Matrimony, some on us.
Th' a' rung all in a' ready. If it had not,
All the Horn-Beasts are grazing i' this Close
Should not ha' pull'd me hence, till this Ash-plant
Had rung Noon o' your Pate, Mr. *Broombeard*.

Hil. That would I fain zee, quoth the blind *George*
Of *Holloway*: Come, Sir.

Awd. O their naked weapons!

Pan. For the Passion of Man, hold Gentleman,
and *Puppy*.

Cla. Murder, O Murder!

Awd. O my Father and Mother!

D. Tur. Husband, what do you mean? Son *Clay*,
for God's sake —

Tur. I charge you in the Queen's Name, keep the
peace.

Hil. Tell me o' no Queen or *Keyfar*: I must have
A Leg, or a Hanch of him, e'er I go.

Med. But, Zir,

You must obey the Queen's High Officers.

Hil. Why must I, Goodman *Must*?

Med. You must an' you wull.

Tur. Gentleman, I'm here for fault, High Con-
stable —

Hil. Are you zo? what then?

Tur. I pray you Sir, put up
Your Weapons; do, at my Request: For him,
On my Authority, he shall lie by the heels,
Verbatim continente, an' I live.

D. Tur. Out on him for a Knave: what a dead fright
He has put me into: Come, *Awdrey*, do not shake.

Awd. But is not *Puppy* hurt? nor the t'other man?

Cla. No Bun; but had not I cry'd Murder, I wuls--

Pup. Sweet Goodman *Clench*, I pray you revise my Master,

I may not zit i' the Stocks till the Wedding be past,
Dame, Mrs. Audrey : I shall break the Bride-Cake else.

Cle. Zomething must be to save Authority, *Puppy*.

D. Tur. Husband ——— *Cle.* And Gossip ———

Awd. Father ——— *Tur.* 'Treat me not.

It is i' vain. If he lie not by the heels,
 I'll lie there for 'un, I'll teach the Hine
 To carry a Tongue in his head to his Superiours.

Hil. This 's a wise Constable! where keeps he School?

Cle. In *Kentish-Town*; a very survere Man.

Hil. But as survere as he is, let me, Sir, tell him,
 He sha' not lay his Man by the heels for this.
 This was my Quarrel : and by his Office leave,
 If't carry 'un for this, it shall carry double,
 Vor he shall carry me too.

Tur. Breath of Man!

He is my Chattel, mine own hired Goods :

An' if you do abet 'un in this matter,
 I'll clap you both by the heels, ankle to ankle.

Hil. You'll clap a Dog of Wax as soon, old *Blurt* ?
 Come, spare not me, Sir, I am no Man's Wife:
 I care not, I, Sir, not three skips of a Louse for you,
 And you were ten tall Constables, not I.

Tur. Nay, pray you, Sir, be not angry, but content ;
 My Man shall make you what amends you'll ask 'un.

Hil. Let 'hun mend his Manners then, and know
 his Betters ;

It's all I ask 'un : and 'twill be his own,
 And's Master's too another day. Che vore 'hun.

Med. As right as a Club still. Zure this angry Man
 Speaks very near the mark when he is pleas'd.

Pup. I thank you, Sir, an' I meet you at *Kentish-Town*,

I ha' the Courtesie o' Hundred for you.

Hil. Gramercy, good High Constable's Hine. But
 hear you ?

Mass

Mas Constable, I have other manner o' matter
To bring you about than this. And so it is,
I do belong to one o' the Queen's Captains;
A Gent'man o' the Field, one Captain *Tbums*,
I know not whether you know 'un, or no: It may be
You do, and't may be you do not again.

Tur. No, I assure you on my Constableship
I do not know 'un. *Hil.* Nor I neither, i' faith.
It skills not much; my Captain and my self
Having occasion to come riding by here
This Morning, at the corner of St. *John's* Wood,
Some mile o' this Town, were set upon
By a sort of Country-Fellows, that not only
Beat us, but robb'd us sufficiently,
And bound us to our behaviour hand and foot;
And so they left us. Now, *Don Constable*,
I am to charge you in her Majesty's Name,
As you will answer it at your apperil,
That forthwith you raise Hue and Cry i' the Hundred,
For all such persons, as you can despect
By the length and breadth o' your Office: vor I tell
you,

The loss is of some value; therefore look to't.

Tur. As Fortune mend me, now, or any Office
Of a thousand Pound, if I know what to zay,
Would I were dead, or vaire hang'd up at *Tyburn*,
If I do know what course to take, or how
To turn my self; just at this time too, now
My Daughter is to be married: I'll but go
To *Pancridge*-Church, hard by, and return instantly,
And all my Neighbourhood shall go about it.

Hil. Tut, *Pancridge*, me no *Pancridge*; if you let it
Slip, you will answer it, and your Cap be of Wool;
Therefore take heed, you'll feel the smart else, Con-
stable.

Tur. Nay, good Sir, stay. Neighbours! what
think you o' this?

D. Tur. Faith, Man —
 Odd, precious Woman, hold your tongue,
 And mind your Pigs o' the Spit at home; you must
 Have Ore in every thing. Pray you, Sir, what kind
 Of Fellows were they?

Hil. Thieves-kind I ha' told you.

Tur. I mean, what kind of Men?

Hil. Men of our Make.

Tur. Nay, but with patience, Sir; we that are
 Officers

Must 'quire the special marks, and all the tokens
 Of the despected Parties; or perhaps else
 Be ne'er the near of our purpose in 'prehending 'em.
 Can you tell what 'parrel any of them wore?

Hil. Troth no: there were so many o'un all like
 So one another: Now I remember me,
 There was one busie Fellow was their Leader;
 A blunt squat swad, but lower than your self;
 He had on a Leather-Doublet with long Points,
 And a pair of pinn'd-up Breeches, like Pudding-bags;
 With yellow Stockings, and his Hat turn'd up
 With a Silver Clasp on his leer side. *D. Tur.* By
 these

Marks it should be *John Clay*, now blest the Man!

Tur. Peace, and be nought: I think the Woman be
 phrensyck.

Hil. *John Clay*? what's he, good Mistress?

Awd. He that shall be

My Husband — *Hil.* How! your Husband, pretty
 One?

Awd. Yes, I shall anon be married: that's he.

Tur. Passion o' me, undone!

Pup. Bless Master's Son!

Hil. O you are well 'prehended: know you me, Sir?

Clay. No's my Record: I never zaw you afore.

Hil. You did not? where were your Eyes then?
 out at washing?

Tur. What

Tur. What should a Man zay? who should he trust
In these days? Hark you, *John Clay*, if you have
Done any such thing, tell troth, and shame the Devil.

Cle. Vaith do: my Gossip *Turse* zays well to you,
John.

Med. Speak, Man, but do not confess, nor be avraid.

Pan. A Man is a Man, and a Beast's a Beast, look
to't.

D. Tur. I' the Name of Men or Beasts! what do
you do?

Hare the poor fellow out on his five Wits,
And seven Senses? Do not weep, *John Clay*.

I swear the poor wretch is as guilty from it
As the Child was, was born this very morning.

Cla. No, as I am a kyrfin Soul, would I were hang'd
If ever I —— alas, I! would I were out
Of my life, so I would I were, and in again ——

Pup. Nay, Mrs. *Audrey* will say nay to that.
No, In-and-out? an' you were out o' your life,
How should she do for a Husband? who should fall
Aboard o' her then, *Ball*? He's a Puppy?

No, *Hannibal* has no breeding: well! I say little;
But hitherto all goes well; pray it prove no better.

Awd. Come, Father; I would we were married:
I am a-cold.

Hil. Well, Mr. Constable, this your fine Groom
here,

Bridegroom, or what Groom else soe'er he be,
I charge him with the Felony; and charge you
To carry him back forthwith to *Paddington*
Unto my Captain, who stays my return there:
I am to go to the next Justice of Peace,
To get a Warrant to raise *Hue and Cry*,
And bring him and his Fellows all afore 'un.
Fare you well, Sir, and look to 'un, I charge you,
As you'll answer it. Take heed, the business,
If you deser, may prejudicial you

More

More than you think for, zay I told you so.

[Hilts goes out.]

Tur. Here's a Bride-ale indeed? Ah Zon *John*,
Zon *Clay*!

I little thought you would ha' prov'd a piece
Of such false Metal.

Cl. Father, will you believe me?
Would I might never stir i' my new Shoes
If ever I would do so voun a Fact.

Tur. Well, Neighbours, I do charge you to assist me
With 'un to *Paddington*. Be he a true Man, so:
The better for 'un. I will do mine Office,
An' he were my own begotten a thousand times.

D. Tur. Why, do you hear Man? Husband?
Mr. *Turfe*?

What shall my Daughter do? *Puppy*, stay here.

[*She follows her Husband and Neighbours.*]

Awd. Mother, I'll go with you, and with my Father.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Puppy, Awdrey, Hilts.

Pup. **N**AY, stay, sweet Mrs. *Awdrey*: here are
none

But one Friend (as they zay) desires to speak
A word or two, cold with you: How do you veel
Your self this frosty morning?

Awd. What ha' you

To do to ask, I pray you? I am a-cold.

Pup. It seems you are hot, good Mrs. *Awdrey*.

Awd. You lye; I am as cold as Ice is, feel else.

Pup. Nay, you ha' cool'd my courage: I am past it,
I ha' done feeling with you.

Awd. Done with me?

I do desie you, So I do, to say

You

You ha' done with me: you are a sawcy Puppy.

Pup. O you mistake! I meant not as you mean.

Awd. Meant you not Knavery? *Puppy.* No, not I. *Clay* meant you all the Knavery, it seems, Who rather than he would be married to you, Chose to be wedded to the Gallows first.

Awd. I thought he was a dissembler; he would prove

A slippery Merchant i' the Frost. He might Have married one first, and have been hang'd after, If he had had a mind to't. But you Men, Fie on you. *Pup.* Mrs. *Awdrey*, can you vind I' your heart to fancy *Puppy*? me poor *Ball*?

Awd. You are dispos'd to jeer one, Mr. *Hannabal*. Pity o' me! the angry Man with the beard!

[Enter *Hilts*.

Hil. Put on thy Hat, I look for no respect. Where's thy Master? *Pup.* Marry, he is gone With the Picture of Despair, to *Paddington*.

Hil. Pr'y thee run after 'un, and tell 'un he shall Find out my Captain lodg'd at the *Red Lion* In *Paddington*; that's the Inn. Let 'un ask Vor Captain *Thums*; and take that for thy pains; He may seek long enough else. Hie thee again.

Pup. Yes, Sir, you'll look to Mrs. *Bride* the while?

Hil. That I will: prethee haste.

Awd. What, *Puppy*? *Puppy*?

Hil. Sweet Mrs. *Bride*, he'll come again presently. Here was no subtle device to get a *Wench*.

This *Chanon* has a brave pate of his own.

A shaven pate! and a right monger, y' vaith!

This was his plot! I follow Captain *Thums*?

We robb'd in St. *John's* Wood? I' my t'other Hose!

I laugh to think what a fine Fool's finger they have O' this wise *Constable*, in pricking out

This Captain *Thums* to his Neighbours: you shall see The *Tile-man* too set fire on his own *Kill*,

And

And leap into it to save himself from hanging.
 You talk of a Bride-ale, here was a Bride-ale broke
 I' the nick. Well: I must yet dispatch this Bride,
 To mine own Master, the young Squire, and then
 My task is done. Gen'woman! I have in sort
 Done you some wrong, but now I'll do you what right
 I can: It's true, you are a proper Woman;
 But to be cast away on such a Clown-pipe
 As *Clay*; methinks your Friends are not so wise
 As Nature might have made 'em; Well, go too;
 There's better Fortune coming towards you,
 An' you do not deject it. Take a Vool's
 Counsel, and do not stand i' your own light.
 It may prove better than you think for: Look you.

Awd. Alas, Sir, what is't you would ha' me do?
 I'd fain do all for the best, if I knew how.

Hil. Forfake not a good turn when 'tis offered you;
 Fair Mistris *Awdrey*, that's your Name, I take it.

Awd. No Mistris, Sir, my Name is *Awdrey*.

Hil. Well, so it is, there is a bold young 'Squire,
 The Blood of *Totten*, *Tub* and *Tripoly*——

Awd. 'Squire *Tub*, you mean? I know him: he
 knows me too.

Hil. He is in love with you: and more, he's mad
 for you.

Awd. I, so he told me: in his Wits, I think.
 But he's too fine for me; and has a Lady
Tub to his Mother. Here he comes himself!

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Tub, Hilts, Awdrey.

Tub. O you are a trusty Governour!

Hil. What ails you?

You do not know when yo' are well, I think:

You'd

You'd ha' the Calf with the white Face, Sir, would you?

I have her for you here; what would you more?

Tub. Quietness, *Hilts*, and hear no more of it.

Hil. No more of it, quoth you? I do not care
If some on us had not heard so much of't,
I tell you true; a Man must carry and vetch
Like *Bungy's* Dog for you.

Tub. What's he? *Hil.* A Spaniel.
And scarce be spit i' the Mouth for't. A good Dog
Deserves, Sir, a good Bone, of a free Master:
But, an' your turns be serv'd, the Devil a bit
You care for a Man after, e'er a Lord of you.
Like will to like, y-faith, quoth the scabb'd Squire
To th' mangy Knight, when both met in a Dish
Of butter'd Visk. One bad, there's ne'er a good;
And not a Barrel better Herring among you.

Tub. Nay, *Hilts*! I pray thee grow not fram-pull
now.

Turn not the bad Cow after thy good Soap.
Our Plot hath hitherto tane good effect:
And should it now be troubled or stopp'd up,
'Twould prove the utter Ruin of my hopes.
I pray thee haste to *Pancridge*, to the Chanon:
And gi' him notice of our good Success;
Will him that all things be in readiness.
Fair *Awdrey* and my self will cross the Fields
The nearest path. Good *Hilts*, make thou some haste,
And meet us on the way. Come, gentle *Awdrey*.

Hil. Vaith, would I had a few more geances on't:
An' you say the word, send me to *Fericho*.
Out-cept a Man were a Post-horse, I ha' not known
The like on't; yet, an' he had kind words,
'Twould never irke 'un. But a Man may break
His heart out i' these days, and get a flap
With a Fox-tail when he's done. And there is all.

Tub. Nay,

Tub. Nay, say not so *Hilts*: hold thee; there are Crowns—

My Love bestows on thee for thy Reward,
If Gold will please thee, all my Land shall drop
In bounty thus, to recompence thy Merit.

Hil. Tut, keep your Land, and your Gold too,
Sir, I

Seek neither---nother of 'un. Learn to get
More: you will know to spend that Zum you have
Early enough: you are assur'd of me.
I love you too well to live o' the spoil:
For your own sake, were there were no worse than I.
All is not Gold that glitters; I'll to *Pancridge*.

Tub. See how his Love doth melt him into Tears!
An honest faithful Servant is a Jewel.
Now th' adventrous 'Squire hath time and leisure
To ask his *Audrey* how she do's, and hear
A grateful answer from her. She not speaks:
Hath the proud Tyrant Frost usurp'd the Seat
Of former Beauty in my Love's fair Cheek;
Staining the Roseate Tincture of her Blood
With the dull Dye of blue congealing Cold?
No, sure the Weather dares not so presume
To hurt an Object of her brightness. Yet,
The more I view her, she but looks so, so.
Ha! gi' me leave to search this Mystery?
O now I have it: Bride, I know your Grief;
The last Night's Cold hath bred in you such horror
Of the assigned Bridegroom's Constitution,
The *Kilborn* Clay-pit; that Frost-bitten Marle;
That lump in Courage: melting Cake of Ice;
That the conceit thereof hath almost kill'd thee.
But I must do thee good, *Wench*, and refresh thee.

Aud. You are a merry Man, 'Squire *Tub* of *Totten*!
I have heard much o' your Words, but not o' your
Deeds.

Tub. Thou

Tub. Thou sayest true, sweet; I ha' been too slack
in Deeds.

Awd. Yet I was never so straight lac'd to you,
'Squire.

Tub. Why, did you ever love me, gentle *Awdrey*?

Awd. Love you? I cannot tell: I must hate no body,
My Father says.

Tub. Yes, *Clay* and *Kilborn*, *Awdrey*,
You must hate them.

Awd. It shall be for your sake then.

Tub. And for my sake shall yield you that Gratuity.

[*He offers to kiss her.*]

Awd. Soft and fair, 'Squire, there go two Words to
a Bargain.

[*She puts him back.*]

Tub. What are those, *Awdrey*.

Awd. Nay, I cannot tell.

My Mother zaid, zure, if you married me,
You'd make me a Lady the first Week: and put me
In, I know not what the very Day.

Tub. What was it?

Speak, gentle *Awdrey*, thou shalt have it yet.

Awd. A Velvet Dressing for my Head, it is,
They say, will make one brave; I will not know
Besse Moale, nor *Margery Turne-up*: I will look
Another way upon 'em, and be proud.

Tub. Troth, I could wish my Wench a better Wit,
But what she wanteth there, her Face supplies.

There is a pointed Lustre in her Eye

Hath shot quite through me, and hath hit my heart:

And thence it is I first receiv'd the Wound,

That rankles now, which only she can cure.

Fain would I work my self from this Conceit;

But, being Flesh, I cannot. I must love her,

The naked truth is: and I will go on,

Were it for nothing but to cross my Rivals.

Come, *Awdrey*, I am now resolv'd to ha' thee.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Preamble, Metaphor, Tub, Audrey.

Pre. **N**A Y, do it quickly, *Miles*; why shak'st thou Man?

Speak but his Name: I'll second thee my self.

Met. What is his Name?

Pre. 'Squire Tripoly or Tub.

Any thing

Met. 'Squire Tub, I do arrest you

I' the Queen's Majesty's Name, and all the Councils.

Tub. Arrest me, Varlet?

Pre. Keep the Peace, I charge you.

Tub. Are you there, Justice Bramble? Where's your Warrant?

Pre. The Warrant is directed here to me, From the whole Table; wherefore I would pray you Be patient, 'Squire, and make good the Peace.

Tub. Well, at your pleasure, Justice. I am wrong'd: Sirrah, what are you, have arrested me?

Pre. He is a Purs'yvant at Arms, 'Squire Tub.

Met. I am a Purs'yvant; see by my Coat else.

Tub. Well, Purs'yvant, go with me: I'll give you Bail.

Pre. Sir, he may take no Bail. It is a Warrant, In special from the Council, and commands Your personal appearance. Sir, your Weapon I must require: And then deliver you A Prisoner to this Officer, 'Squire Tub. I pray you to conceive of me no other, Than as your Friend and Neighbour. Let my Person Be sever'd from my Office in the Fact, And I am clear. Here, Purs'yvant, receive him Into your Hands, and use him like a Gentleman.

Tub. I

Tub. I thank you, Sir: But whither must I go now?

Pre. Nay, that must not be told you till you come
Unto the place assign'd by his Instructions.
I'll be the Maiden's Convoy to her Father
For this time, 'Squire.

Tub. I thank you Mr. *Bramble*.
I doubt or fear you will make her the Ballance
To weigh your Justice in. Pray ye do me right;
And lead not her, at least, out of the way.
Justice is blind, and having a blind Guide,
She may be apt to slip aside.

Pre. I'll see to her.

Tub. I see my Wooing will not thrive. Arrested
As I had set my rest up for a Wife!
And being so fair for it as I was—Well, Fortune,
Thou art a blind Bawd and a Beggar too,
To cross me thus; and let my only Rival
To get her from me: that's the spight of spights.
But most I muse at, is, that I, being none
O' th' Court, am sent for thither by the Council.
My Heart is not so light as't was i' the Morning.

ACT II. SCENE VI.

Hilts, Tub, Metaphor.

Hil. **Y**OU mean to make a Hoiden or a Hare
O' me, t' hunt counter thus, and make
these doubles:

And you mean no such thing as you send about.
Where's your Sweet-heart now, I marle?

Tub. Oh, *Hilts*!

Hil. I know you of old! ne'er halt afore a Cripple.
Will you have a Cawdle? where's your Grief, Sir,
speak?

Met. Do you hear, Friend? do you serve this Gentleman?

Hil. How then, Sir? what if I do? Peradventure yea:

Peradventure nay; what's that to you, Sir, say?

Met. Nay, pray you, Sir, I meant no harm in truth: But this good Gentleman is arrested. *Hil.* How!

Say me that again. *Tub.* Nay, *Basket*, never storm; I am arrested here, upon Command From the Queen's Council; and I must obey.

Met. You say, Sir, very true, you must obey. An honest Gentleman, in faith!

Hil. He must.

Tub. But that which most tormenteth me, is this, That Justice *Bramble* hath got hence my *Awdrey*.

Hil. How? how? stand by a little, Sirrah, you With the Badge o' your Breast. Let's know, Sir, what you are?

Met. I am, Sir, (pray you do not look so terribly) A Purs'yvant.

Hil. A Purs'yvant? Your Name, Sir?

Met. My Name, Sir —

Hil. What is't? speak? *Met.* *Miles Metaphor*; And Justice *Preamble's* Clerk.

Tub. What says he? *Hil.* Pray you, Let us alone. You are a Purs'yvant?

Met. No, faith, Sir, would I might never stir from you, I is made a Purs'yvant against my Will.

Hil. Ha! and who made you one? tell true, or my Will

Shall make you nothing instantly. *Met.* Put up Your frightful Blade, and your dead-doing Look, And I shall tell you all.

Hil. Speak then the truth, And the whole truth, and nothing but the truth.

Met. My Master, Justice *Bramble*, hearing your Master, The

The Squire *Tub*, was coming on this way,
With Mrs. *Awdrey*, the High Constable's Daughter,
Made me a Pursyvant, and gave me Warrant
To arest him; so that he might get the Lady,
With whom he is gone to *Pantridge* to the Vicar;
Not to her Father's. This was the Device,
Which I beseech you do not tell my Master.

Tub. O wonderful! well, *Basket*, let him rise;
And for my free Escape forge some Excuse.
I'll post to *Paddington* t' acquaint old *Turf*
With the whole business, and so stop the Marriage.

Hil. Well, bless thee: I do wish thee Grace to keep
Thy Master's Secrets better, or be hang'd.

Met. I thank you for your gentle Admonition;
Pray you, let me call you Godfather hereafter.
And as your Godson *Metaphor*, I promise
To keep my Master's Privities seal'd up
I' the Vallies o' my trust, lock'd close for ever,
Or let me be truss'd up at *Tyburn* shortly.

Hil. Thine own With save or choak thee: Com's
away.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Turf, *Clench*, *Medlay*, *To-Pan*, *Scriben*, *Clay*.

Tur. **P**ASSION of me, was ever Man thus cross'd?
All things run *Arse-Verse*, up-side down.
High Constable! Now by our Lady o' *Walsingham*,
I had rather be mark'd out *Tom Scavenger*,
And with a Shovel make clean the Highways,
Than have this Office of a Constable,
And a High Constable! The higher Charge,
It brings more Trouble, more Vexation with it.
Neighbours, good Neighbours, 'vize me what to do:

D 2

How

How we shall bear us in this *Huy* and *Cry*.
 We cannot find the Captain; no such Man
 Lodg'd at the *Lion*, nor came thither hurt.
 The Morning we ha' spent in privy search;
 And by that means the Bride-Ale is deferr'd;
 The Bride, she's left alone in *Puppy's* Charge;
 The Bridegroom goes under a pair of Sureties;
 And held of all as a respected Person.

How should we buffle forward? Gi' some Counsel
 How to bestir our stumps i' these cross ways.

Cle. Faith, Gossip *Turse*, you have, you say, Remission
 To comprehend all such as are despected:
 Now would I make another privy search
 Through this Town, and then you have search'd two
 Towns.

Med. Masters, take heed, let's not vind too many:
 One's enough to stay the Hangman's Stomach.
 There is *John Clay*, who is yvound already,
 A proper Man: A Tile-man by his Trade:
 A Man, as one would zay, moulded in Clay:
 As spruce as any Neighbour's Child among you:
 And he (you zee) is taken on Conspition,
 And two or three (they zay) what call you 'em?
 Zuch as the Justices of *Coram nobis*
 Grant——(I forget their Names, you ha' many on 'em,
 Mr. High Constable, they come to you.)
 I ha' it at my tongues end——Conney-boroughs,
 To bring him straight avore the Zessions-house.

Tur. O you mean Warrens, Neighbour, do you not?

Med. I, I, thick same! you know 'un well enough.

Tur. Too well, too well; wou'd I had never known
 'em.

We good Vreeholders cannot live in quiet,
 But every hour new purcepts, *Hues* and *Crys*,
 Put us to Requisitions night and day:
 What shud a Man zay, shud we leave the zearch?
 I am in danger to reburse as much

As

As he was robb'd on ; I, and pay his hurts,
 If I should vollow it, all the good cheer
 That was provided for the Wedding-dinner
 Is spoil'd and lost. Oh, there are two vat Pigs
 A zindging by the vire : Now by St. *Tomy*,
 Too good to eat, but on a Wedding-day ;
 And then a Goose will bid you all, Come cut me.
Zun Clay, *Zun Clay*, (for I must call thee so)
 Be of good comfort ; take my Muckinder
 And dry thine Eyes. If thou beest true and honest ;
 And if thou find'st thy Conscience clear vrom it,
 Pluck up a good heart, we'll do well enough.
 If not, confess a-truths name. But in faith,
 I durst be sworn upon all holy Books
John Clay would ne'er commit a Robbery
 On his own head.

Clay. No, truth is my rightful Judge :
 I have kept my hands here-hence fro' Evil-speaking,
 Lying and Slandering ; and my tongue from Stealing,
 He do not live this day, can say, *John Clay*,
 I ha' zeen thee, but in the way of Honesty.

Pan. Faith, Neighbour *Medlay*, I durst be his Bur-
 rough,

He would not look a true Man in the vace.

Clay. I take the Town to concord, where I dwell,
 All *Kilborn* be my witness, if I were not
 Begot in Bashfulness, brought up in Shamefac'dness ;
 Let 'un bring a Dog but to my Vace that can
 Zay I ha' beat 'un, and without a vault :
 Or but a Cat will swear upon a Book,
 I have as much as zet a vier her Tail,
 And I'll give him or her a Crown for 'inends.
 But to give out, and zay, I have robb'd a Captain !
 Receive me at the latter Day, if I
 E'er thought of any such matter, or could mind it—

Med. No, *John*, you are come of too good Per-
 sonage ;

I think my Gossip *Clench*, and Mr. *Turfe*,
Both think you would ra'tempt no such vowl matter.

Tur. But how unhappily is comes to pass
Just on the Wedding-day! I cry me mercy:
I had almost forgot the *Hue* and *Cry*:
Good Neighbour *Pan*, you are the Third-burrow,
And *D'ogenes Scriben*, you my learned Writer,
Make out a new purcept — Lord, for thy Goodness,
I had forgot my Daughter all this while;
The idle Knave hath brought no News from her.
Here comes the sneaking *Puppy*; what's the News?
My heart! my heart! I fear all is not well,
Something's mishap'd, that he is come without her.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Puppy, D. Turfe.

[To them.]

Pup. O H, where's my Master? my Master? my Master?

D. Tur. Thy Master? what would'st have with thy Master, Man?

There's thy Master.

Tur. What's the matter, *Puppy*?

Pup. Oh Master! oh Dame! oh Dame! oh Master!

D. Tur. What say'st thou to thy Master or thy Dame?

Pup. Oh, *John Clay*! *John Clay*! *John Clay*!

Tur. What of *John Clay*?

Med. Luck grant he bring not News, he shall be hang'd.

Cle. The World forfend, I hope it is not so well.

Clay. Oh Lord! oh me! what shall I do? poor *John*!

Pup. Oh *John Clay*! *John Clay*! *John Clay*!

Clay. Alas,

That ever I was born! I will not stay by't
For all the Tiles in *Kilborn*.

D. Tur. What of *Clay*?

Speak

Speak, *Puppy*; what of him?

Pup. He hath lost, he hath lost —

Tur. For luck sake speak, *Puppy*, what hath he lost?

Pup. Oh, *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*, *Awdrey*!

D. Tur. What of my Daughter *Awdrey*?

Pup. I tell you, *Awdrey*----do you understand me?
Awdrey, sweet Master! *Awdrey*, my dear Dame——

Tur. Where is she? what's become of her, I pray thee?

Pup. Oh, the Serving-man! the Serving-man! the Serving-man!

Tur. What talk'st thou of the Serving-man? where's *Awdrey*?

Pup. Gone with the Serving-man, gone with the Serving-man.

D. Tur. Good *Puppy*, whither is she gone with him?

Pup. I cannot tell: he bad me bring you word
The Captain lay at the *Lion*, and before
I came again, *Awdrey* was gone with the Serving-man;
I tell you, *Awdrey's* run away with the Serving-man.

Tur. 'Od socks, my Woman, what shall we do now?

D. Tur. Now, so you help not, Man, I know not, I.

Tur. This was your Pomp of Maids: I told you on't.

Six Maids to vollow you, and not leave one
To wait upo' your Daughter! I zaid Pride
Would be paid one day her old vi'pence, Wife.

Med. What of *John Clay*, *Ball Puppy*?

Pup. He hath lost ——

Med. His Life for Velony.

No, his Wife by Villainy.

Tur. Now Villains both! oh that same *Hue and Cry*!
Oh Neighbours! oh that cursed Serving-man!
O Maids! O Wife! But *John Clay*, where's he?

[*Clay first mist.*

How! fled for fear, zay ye? will he slip us now?

We that are Sureties must require 'un out.

How shall we do to find the Serving-man?
 Cocks bodikins! we must not lose *John Clay*:
Awdrey, my Daughter *Awdrey* too! let us zend
 To all the Towns, and zeek her; but alas,
 The *Hue and Cry*, that must be look'd unto.

ACT III. SCENE III.

Tub.

[To them.

Tub. **W**Hat, in a passion, *Turfe*?

Tur. I, good 'Squire *Tub*.

Were never honest Varmers thus perplext?

Tub. *Turfe*, I am privy to thy deep Unrest:
 The ground of which springs from an idle Plot,
 Cast by a Suitor to your Daughter *Awdrey*——
 And thus much, *Turfe*, let me advertise you;
 Your Daughter *Awdrey* met I on the way,
 With Justice *Bramble* in her Company;
 Who means to marry her at *Pancridge-Church*.
 And there is Canon *Hugh* to meet them ready;
 Which to prevent, you must not trust delay;
 But winged speed must cross their sly intent:
 Then hie thee, *Turfe*, haste to forbid the Banes.

Tur. Hath Justice *Bramble* got my Daughter *Awdrey*?

A little while shall he enjoy her, zure.

But O, the *Hue and Cry*! that hinders me:

I must pursue that, or neglect my Journey:

I'll e'en leave all, and with the patient As,

The over-laden As, throw off my Burden,

And cast mine Office; pluck in my large Ears

Betimes, lest some dis judge 'em to be Horns:

I'll leave to beat it on the broken hoof,

And ease my Pasterns. I'll no more High Constables.

Tub. I cannot chuse but smile to see thee troubled
 With such a bald half-hatch'd Circumstance!

The

The Captain was not robb'd, as is reported;
That Trick the Justice craftily deviz'd
To break the Marriage with the Tileman *Clay*.
The *Hue* and *Cry* was meerly Counterfeit:
The rather may you judge it to be such,
Because the Bridegroom was describ'd to be
One of the Thieves first in the Velony.
Which, how far 'tis from him, your selves may guess:
'Twas Justice *Bramble's* vetch to get the Wench.

Tur. And is this true, 'Squire *Tub*?

Tub. Believe me, *Turfe*,
As I am a 'Squire: or less, a Gentleman.

Tur. I take my Office back, and my Authority,
Upon your Worship's Words. Neighbours, I am
High Constable again: where's my Zon *Clay*?
He shall be Zon yet, Wife, your Meat by leisure:
Draw back the Spits.

D. Tur. That's done already, Man.

Tur. I'll break this Marriage off: and afterward,
She shall be given to her first betroth'd.
Look to the Meat, Wife, look well to the roast.

Tub. I'll follow him aloof to see the Event.

Pup. Dame, Mistress, though I do not turn the
Spit,

I hope yet the Pig's Head.

D. Tur. Come up, Jack-sauce:
It shall be serv'd in to you.

Pup. No, no Service;
But a Reward for Service.

D. Tur. I still took you
For an unmannerly *Puppy*: Will you come,
And vetch more Wood to the Vier, Mr. *Ball*?

Pup. I Wood to the Vier: I shall piss it out first:
You think to make me e'en your Ox or Ass,
Or any thing. Though I cannot right my self
On you, I'll sure revenge me on your Meat.

A C T

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Lady Tub, Pol-Martin, Wispie, Puppy.

Pol. **M**ADAM, to *Kentish-Town* we are got at length;

But by the way we cannot meet the 'Squire:

Nor by Inquiry can we hear of him.

Here is *Turfe's House*, the Father of the Maid.

Lady. *Pol-Martin*, see the Streets are strew'd with Herbs:

And here hath been a Wedding, *Wispie*, it seems!

Pray Heaven this Bridal be not for my Son!

Good *Martin*, knock: knock quickly: ask for *Turfe*.

My thoughts misgive me, I am in such a doubt —

Pol. Who keeps the House here?

Pup. Why, the Doors and Walls
Do keep the House.

Pol. I ask then, who's within?

Pup. Not you that are without.

Pol. Look forth, and speak

Into the Street here. Come before my Lady.

Pup. Before my Lady! Lord have mercy upon me:

If I do come before her, she will see

The handsom'st Man in all the Town, pardee!

Now stand I vore her, what zaith Velvet she?

Lady. Sirrah, whose Man are you?

Pup. Madam, my Master's.

Lady. And who's thy Master?

Pup. What you tread on, Madam,

Lady. I tread on an old *Turfe*.

Pup. That *Turfe's* my Master.

Lady. A merry Fellow! what's thy Name?

Pup. *Ball Puppy*

They call me at home: abroad *Hannibal Pappy*.

Lady.

Lady. Come hither, I must kiss thee, Valentine *Puppy*.
Wisp, ha' you got a Valentine?

Wisp. None, Madam:
 He's the first Stranger that I saw. *Lady.* To me
 He is so, and such. Let's share him equally.

Pup. Help, help, good Dame. A Rescue, and in time:
 Instead of Bills, with Colstaves come; instead of
 Spears, with Spits;
 Your Slices serve for slicing Swords, to save me and
 my Wits:
 A Lady and her Woman here, their Huisher eke by side,
 (But he stands mute) have plotted how your *Puppy* to
 divide.

ACT III. SCENE V.

D. Turfe, Maids. [To them.

D. Tur. **H**OW now, what Noise is this with you,
Ball Puppy?

Pup. Oh Dame! and Fellows o' the Kitchen! arm,
 Arm, for my safety; if you love your *Ball*:
 Here is a strange thing call'd a Lady, a Mad-dame:
 And a Device of hers, yclept her Woman;
 Have plotted on me in the King's Highway,
 To steal me from my self, and cut me in halves,
 To make one Valentine to serve 'em both;
 This for my right-side, that my left-hand loves.

D. Tur. So saucy *Puppy*? to use no more Reverence
 U Lady and her Velvet-Gown?

Lady. *Turfe's* Wife, rebuke him not: Your Man
 doth please me

With his Conceit. Hold: there are ten old Nobles,
 To make thee merrier yet, half-Valentine.

Pup. I thank you, right-side: could my left as much,
 'Twould make me a Man of Mark: young *Hannibal*!
Lady.

Lady. Dido shall make that good, or I will for her.
Here *Dido Wispe*, there's for your *Hannibal*:
He is your Country-man as well as *Valentine*.

Wif. Here, Mr. *Hannibal*, my Lady's Bounty
For her poor Woman *Wispe*.

Pup. Brave *Carthage* Queen!
And such was *Dido*: I will ever be
Champion to her, who *Juno* is to thee.

D. Tur. Your Ladyship is very welcome here.
Please you, good Madam, to go near the House.

Lady. *Turfe's* Wife, I come thus far to seek thy
Husband,

Having some Business to impart unto him.
Is he at home? *D. Tur.* O no, and't shall please you:
He is posted hence to *Pancridge*, with a witness,
Young Justice *Bramble* has kept level coyl
Here in our Quarters, stole away our Daughter,
And Mr. *Turfe's* run after, as he can,
To stop the Marriage, if it will be stopp'd.

Pol. Madam, these tidings are not much amiss.
For if the Justice have the Maid in keep,
You need not fear the Marriage of your Son.

Lady. That somewhat easeth my suspicious Breast.
Tell me, *Turfe's* Wife, when was my Son with *Awdrey*?
How long is't since you saw him at your House?

Pup. Dame, let me take this Rump out of your
Mouth.

D. Tur. What mean you by that, Sir?

Pup. Rump and Tale's all one.
But I would use a Reverence for my Lady:
I would not zay Sur-reverence, the Tale
Out o' your Mouth, but rather take the Rump.

D. Tur. A well-bred Youth! and vull of Favour
you are.

Pup. What might they zay, when I were gone, if I
Not weigh'd my Words? This *Puppy* is a Vool!
Great *Hannibal's* an Ass; he hath no Breeding:

No,

No, Lady gay, you shall not zay
That your Valentine *Puppy*, was so unlucky,
In Speech to fail, as t' name a Tail,
Be as be may be, 'vore a fair Lady.

Lady. Leave jesting; tell us when you saw our Son.

Pup. Marry, it is two Hours ago.

Lady. Sin' you saw him?

Pup. You might have seen him too, if you had
look'd up;

For it shin'd as bright as day.

Lady. Mean my Son.

Pup. Your Sun, and our Sun, are they not all one?

Lady. Fool, thou mistak'st; I ask'd thee for my Son!

Pup. I had thought there had been no more Suns
than one.

I know not what you Ladies have, or may have.

Pol. Did'st thou ne'er hear my Lady had a Son?

Pup. She may have twenty; but for a Son, unless
She mean precisely, 'Squire *Tub*, her Zon,
He was here now, and brought my Master word,
That Justice *Bramble* had got Mrs. *Awdrey*.
But whither he be gone, here's none can tell.

Lady. *Martin*, I wonder at this strange Discourse;
The Fool it seems tells true; my Son the 'Squire
Was doubtless here this Morning. For the Match,
I'll smother what I think, and staying here,
Attend the Sequel of this strange beginning.
Turfe's Wife, my People and I will trouble thee
Until we hear some tidings of thy Husband.
The rather for my party Valentine.

ACT III. SCENE VI.

Turfe, Awdrey, Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben.

Tur. **W**ELL, I have carried it, and will triumph

Over

Over this Justice as becomes a Constable;
And a High Constable: next our St. George,
Who rescued the King's Daughter, I will ride;
Above Prince Arthur.

Cle. Or our Shoreditch Duke.

Med. Or Pancridge Earl.

Pan. Or Bevis, or Sir Guy,
Who were High Constables both.

Cle. One of Southampton——

Med. The t'other of Warwick Castle.

Tur. You shall work it
Into a Story for me, Neighbour Medlay,
Over my Chimney.

Scri. I can give you, Sir,
A Roman Story of a Petty-Constable,
That had a Daughter that was call'd *Virginia*
Like Mrs. *Awdrey*, and as young as she;
And how her Father bare him in the business,
'Gainst Justice *Appian*, a *Decemvir* in *Rome*,
And Justice of Assize.

Tur. That, that, good *D'ogenes*!
A learned Man is a Chronicle!

Scri. I can tell you
A thousand of Great *Pompey*, *Cesar*, *Trajan*,
All the High Constables there.

Tur. That was their place:
They were no more.

Scri. Dictator and High Constable
Were both the same.

Med. High Constable was more though!
He laid Dick Tator by the heels.

Pan. Dick Toter!
H' was one o' the Waights o' the City: I ha' read
o' 'un:
He was a Fellow would be drunk, debauch'd——
And he did zet 'un i' the Stocks indeed:
His Name *Vadian*, and a cunning Toter.

Awd. Was

Awd. Was ever filly Maid thus posted off?
That should have had three Husbands in one day;
Yet (by bad Fortune) am possess'd of none?
I went to Church to have been wed to *Clay*;
Then 'Squire *Tub* he seiz'd me on the way,
And thought to ha' had me; but he mist his aim:
And Justice *Bramble* (nearest of the three)
Was well nigh married to me; when by chance,
In rush'd my Father, and broke off that dance.

Tur. I, Girl, there's ne'er a Justice on 'em all
Shall teach the Constable to guard his own:
Let's back to *Kentish Town*, and there make merry;
These News will be glad tidings to my Wife:
Thou shalt have *Clay*, my Wench. That word shall
stand.

He's found by this time, sure, or else he's drown'd:
The Wedding-dinner will be spoil'd: make haste.

Awd. Husbands, they say, grow thick; but thin
are sown.

I care not who it be, so I have one.

Tur. I? zay you zo? Perhaps you shall ha none
for that.

Awd. None, out on me! what shall I do then?

Med. Sleep, Mrs. *Awdrey*, dream on proper Men.

ACT III. SCENE VII.

Hugh, Preamble, Metaphor.

Hugh. **O** Bone Deus! have you seen the like?
Here was *Hodge*, hold thine Ear fair,
whilst I strike.

Body o' me, how came this gear about?

Pre. I know not Chanon, but it falls out cross.
Nor can I make conjecture by the Circumstance
Of these Events; it was impossible,

Being

Being so close and politickly carried,
 To come so quickly to the Ears of *Turfe*.
 O Priest! had but thy slow delivery
 Been nimble, and thy lazy *Latin* Tongue
 But run the Forms o'er with that swift dispatch
 As had been requisite, all had been well!

Hugh. What should have been, that never lov'd
 the Friar;

But thus you see the old Adage verified,
Multa cadunt inter——you can guess the rest.

Many things fall between the Cup and Lip:
 And though they touch, you are not sure to drink.
 You lack'd good Fortune, we had done our parts:
 Give a Man Fortune, throw him i' the Sea.

The properer Man, the worse luck: Stay a time;
Tempus edax---In time the stately Ox, &c.
 Good Counsels lightly never come too late.

Pre. You, Sir, will run your Counsels out of
 breath.

Hugh. Spur a free Horse, he'll run himself to death.
Sancti Evangelista! here comes *Miles*!

Pre. What News, Man, with our new-made Purs'y-
 vant?

Met. A Purs'yvant? would I were, or more pursie,
 And had more store of Money; or less pursie,
 And had more store of breath: you call me Purs'y-
 vant!

But I could never vaunt of any Purse
 I had, sin' yo' were my Godfathers and Godmothers,
 And ga' me that Nick-name.

Pre. What's now the matter?

Met. Nay, 'tis no matter. I ha' been simply beaten.

Hugh. What is become o' the Squire, and thy Pri-
 soner?

Met. The Lines of Blood run streaming from my
 Head,

Can

Can speak what Rule the 'Squire hath kept with me.

Pre. I pray thee, *Miles*, relate the manner how?

Met. Be't known unto you by these Presents then;
That I *Miles Metaphor* your Worship's Clerk
Have e'en been beaten to an Allegory,
By multitude of Hands. Had they been but
Some five or six, I had whip'd 'em all, like Tops
In *Lent*, and hurl'd 'em into *Hoblers-hole*;
Or the next Ditch: I had crack'd all their Costards,
As nimbly as a 'Squirrel will crack Nuts:
And flourished like to *Hercules* the Porter
Among the Pages. But when they came on
Like Bees about a Hive, Crows about Carrion,
Flies about Sweetmeats; nay, like Watermen
About a Fare: then was poor *Metaphor*
Glad to give up the Honour of the day,
To quit his Charge to them, and run away
To save his Life, only to tell this News.

Hugh. How indirectly all things have fall'n out!
I cannot chuse but wonder what they were
Rescued your Rival from the keep of *Miles*;
But most of all, I cannot well digest
The manner how our Purpose came to *Turfe*.

Pre. *Miles*, I will see that all thy Hurts be dress'd.
As for the 'Squire's Escape, it matters not:
We have by this means disappointed him;
And that was all the main I aimed at.
But Chanon *Hugh*, now muster up thy Wits,
And call thy thoughts into the Consistory.
Search all the secret corners of thy Cap,
To find another queint devised drift,
To disappoint her Marriage with this Clay:
Do that, and I'll reward thee jovially.

Hugh. Well said, *Magister* Justice. If I fit you not
With such a new and well-laid Stratagem,
As never yet your Ears did hear a finer,
Call me with *Lilly, Bos, Fur, Sus atq; Sacerdos*.

Pre. I hear there's Comfort in thy Words yet,
Chanon.

I'll trust thy Regulars, and say no more.

Met. I'll follow too. And if the dapper Priest
Be but as cunning, point in his Device,
As I was in my Lye, my Master *Preamble*
Will stalk, as led by the Nose with these new Promises,
And fatted with Supposes of fine Hopes.

ACT III. SCENE VIII.

Turfe, D. Turfe, Lady Tub, Pol Martin, Audrey, Puppy.

Tur. **W**ELL, Madam, I may thank the Squire
your Son:

For, but for him, I had been over-reach'd.

D. Tur. Now Heaven's Blessing light upon his heart :
We are beholden to him, indeed, Madam.

Lady. But can you not resolve me where he is?
Nor about what his Purposes were bent?

Tur. Madam, they no whit were concerning me :
And therefore was I less inquisitive.

Lady. Fair Maid, in faith, speak truth, and not
dissemble:

Do's he not often come and visit you?

Aud. His Worship now and then, please you, takes
pains

To see my Father and Mother : but, for me,
I know my self too mean for his high thoughts
To stoop at, more than asking a light Question,
To make him merry, or to pass his time.

Lady. A sober Maid ! call for my Woman, *Martin.*

Pol. The Maids and her half Valentine have ply'd
her

With courtsie of the Bride-Cake and the Bowl,
As she is laid a-while. *Lady.* O let her rest!

We

We will cross o'er to *Canterbury* in the interim;
And so make home. Farewel, good *Turse*, and thy
Wife.

I wish your Daughter Joy.

Tur. Thanks to your Ladyship;

Where is *John Clay* now? have you seen him yet?

D. Tur. No, he has hid himself out of the way,
For fear o' the *Hue and Cry*.

Tur. What, walks that Shadow
Afore 'un still? *Puppy*, go seek 'un out,
Search all the Corners that he haunts unto,
And call 'un forth. We'll once more to the Church,
And try our Vortunes. Luck, Son *Valentine*,
Where are the wise Men all of *Finsbury*?

Pup. Where wise Men should be; at the Ale and
Bride-Cake.

I would this Couple had their Destiny,
Or to be hang'd, or married out o' the way:

[*Enter the Neighbours to Turse.*

Man cannot get the mount'nance of an Egg-shell
To stay his Stomach. Vaith, vor mine own part,
I have zup'd up so much Broth as would have cover'd
A Leg o' Beef o'er head and ears i' the Porridge-pot:
And yet I cannot suffisie wild Nature.

Would they were once dispatch'd, we might to dinner.
I am with Child of a huge Stomach, and long,
Till by some honest Midwife-piece of Beef
I be deliver'd of it: I must go now,
And hunt out for this *Kilborn Calf*, *John Clay*:
Whom where to find, I know not, not which way.

ACT III. SCENE IX.

Chanon *Hugh* like Captain *Thums*. [To them.

Hugh. **T**HUS as a Beggar in a King's Disguise,
Or an old Cross well sided with a May-
pole, E 2 Comes

Comes Chanon *Hugh* accoutred as you see,
 Disguis'd, *Soldado* like: Mark his Device:
 The Chanon is, that Captain *Thums* was robb'd:
 These bloody Scars upon my Face are Wounds:
 This Scarf upon mine Arm shews my late hurts:
 And thus am I to gull the Constable.

Now have among you for a Man at Arms,
 Friends, by your leave, which of you is one *Turfe*?

Tur. Sir, I am *Turfe*, if you would speak with me.

Hugh. With thee, *Turfe*, if thou beest High Constable.

Tur. I am both *Turfe*, Sir, and High Constable.

Hugh. Then, *Turfe* or *Scurfe*, High or Low Constable,

Know, I was once a Captain at St. *Quintins*,
 And passing cross the ways over the Country
 This Morning betwixt this and *Hampstead-beath*,
 Was by a Crew of Clowns robb'd, bobb'd, and hurt.
 No sooner had I got my Wounds bound up,
 But with much pain I went to the next Justice,
 One Mr. *Bramble*, here at *Maribone*:
 And here a Warrant is, which he hath directed
 For you, one *Turfe*; if your Name be *Toby Turfe*;
 Who have let fall (they say) the *Hue and Cry*:
 And you shall answer it afore the Justice.

Tur. Heaven and Hell, Dogs, Devils, what is this?
 Neighbours, was ever Constable thus cross'd?
 What shall we do?

Med. Faith, all go hang our selves:
 I know no other way to scape the Law.

Pup. News, News, O News ———

Tur. What hast thou found out *Clay*?

No, Sir, the News is, that I cannot find him.

Hugh. Why do you dally, you damn'd Ruffet-Coat?
 You Peasant, nay, you Clown, you Constable;
 See that you bring forth the suspected Party,
 Or by mine Honour (which I won in Field)
 I'll make you pay for it afore the Justice.

Tur. Fie,

Tur. Fie, fie: O Wife, I'm now in a fine pickle.
He that was most suspected is not found:
And which now makes me think he did the Deed,
He thus absents him, and dares not be seen.
Captain, my Innocence will plead for me.
Wife, I must go, needs, whom the Devil drives:
Pray for me, Wife and Daughter; pray for me.

Hugh. I'll lead the way: thus is the Match put off:
And if my Plot succeed, as I have laid it,
My Captainship shall cost him many a Crown.

[*They go out.*]

D. Tur. So, we have brought our Eggs to a fair
Market.

Out on that Villain *Clay*; would he do a Robbery?
I'll ne'er trust smooth-fac'd Tileman for his sake.

Awd. Mother, the still Sow eats up all the Draffe.

[*They go out.*]

Pup. Thus is my Master, *Toby Turfe*, the Pattern
Of all the painful a'ventures now in Print.
I never could hope better of this Match:
This Bride-Ale: For the night before to day,
(Which is within Man's Memory, I take it,)
At the Report of it an Ox did speak,
Who dy'd soon after: A Cow lost her Calf:
The Bell-wether was flea'd for't: a fat Hog
Was sing'd, and wash'd, and shaven all over; to
Look ugly 'gainst this day: the Ducks they quack'd;
The Hens too cackled: at the Noise whereof
A Drake was seen to dance a headless round:
The Goose was cut i' the head to hear it too:
Brave *Chant-it-clear*, his noble Heart was done;
His Comb was cut: and two or three o' his Wives,
Or fairest Concubines had their Necks broke
E'er they would see this Day; to mark the verven
Heart of a Beast, the very Pig, the Pig,
This very Morning, as he was a roasting,
Cry'd out his Eyes, and made a show, as he would

Ha' bit in two the Spit ; as he would say,
 There shall no Roast-meat be this dismal Day,
 And zure, I think, if I had not got his Tongue
 Between my Teeth and eat it, he had spoke it.
 Well, I will in and cry too ; never leave
 Crying until our Maids may drive a Buck
 With my salt Tears at the next Washing-day.

ACT IV. SCENE I.

Preamble, Hugh, Turfe, Metaphor.

Pre. **K**EEP out those Fellows ; I'll ha' none come
 in

But the High Constable, the Man of Peace,
 And the Queen's Captain, the brave Man of War.
 Now, Neighbour *Turfe*, the Cause why you are call'd
 Before me by my Warrant, but unspecified,
 Is this ; and pray you mark it thoroughly !
 Here is a Gentleman, and, as it seems,
 Both of good Birth, fair Speech, and peaceable ;
 Who was this Morning robb'd here in the Wood :
 You, for your part, a Man of good Report,
 Of Credit, Landed, and of fair Demains,
 And by Authority, High Constable ;
 Are, notwithstanding, touch'd in this Complaint,
 Of being careless in the *Hue* and Cry.
 I cannot chuse but grieve a Soldier's Loss ;
 And I am sorry too for your Neglect,
 Being my Neighbour : This is all I object.

Hugh. This is not all : I can alledge far more,
 And almost urge him for an Accessary.
 Good Mr. Justice, gi' me leave to speak,
 For I am Plaintiff. Let not Neighbourhood
 Make him secure, or stand on Privilege.

Pre. Sir,

Pre. Sir, I dare use no partiality :
Object then what you please, so it be truth.

Hugh. This more : and which is more than he can
answer,

Besides his letting fall the *Hue* and *Cry*,
He doth protect the Man charg'd with the Felony,
And keeps him hid, I hear, within his House,
Because he is affied unto his Daughter.

Tur. I do defie 'un, so shall she do too.
I pray your Worship's Favour le' me have hearing.
I do confess, 'twas told me such a Velony,
And't not disgriev'd me a little, when 'twas told me,
Vor I was going to Church to marry *Awdrey* :
And who should marry her but this very *Clay*,
Who was charg'd to be the chief Thief o' 'un all.
Now I (the Halter stick me if I tell
Your Worships any Leazins) did fore-think 'un
The truest Man, till he waz run away.
I thought I had had 'un as zure as in a Zaw-pit,
Or i' mine Oven : Nay, i' the Town-pound,
I was za sure o' 'un, I'd ha' gi'n my Life for 'un,
Till he did start. But now I zee 'un guilty,
As var as I can look at 'un. Would you ha' more ?

Hugh. Yes, I will have, Sir, what the Law will
give me.

You gave your word to see him safe forth-coming ;
I challenge that : but that is forfeited ;
Beside, your carelessness in the pursuit,
Argues your slackness, and neglect of Duty,
Which ought to be punish'd with Severity.

Pre. He speaks but Reason, *Turfe.* Bring forth the
Man,

And you are quit : But otherwise your word
Binds you to make me amends for all his loss,
And think your self be-friended, if he take it,
Without a farther Suit or going to Law.
Come to a Composition with him, *Turfe*,

The Law is costly, and will draw on Charge.

Tur. Yes, I do know, I vurst mun vee a Returney,
And then make Legs to my great Man o' Law,
To be o' my counsel, and take trouble-vees,
And yet zay nothing vor me, but devise
All the strict means, to ranfacke me o' my money.
A Pest'lence prick the throats o' 'un. I do know 'un
As well az I waz i' their Bellies, and brought up there,
What would you ha' me do? what would you ask of
me?

Hug. I ask the restitution of my money;
And will not bate one penny o' the sum:
Fourscore and five pound, I ask, besides
Amendment for my hurts; my pain and suffering
Are losf enough for me, Sir, to sit down with;
I'll put it to your Worship; what you award me,
I'll take; and gi' him a general Release.

Pre. And what say you now, neighbour *Turse*? *Tur.*
I put it

Ev'n to your Worship's bitterment, hab, nab.
I shall have a chance o' the dice for't, I hope, let 'em
e'en run: And ———

Pre. Faith, then I'll pray you, 'cause he is my neigh-
bour,

To take a hundred pound, and give him day.

Hug. Saint *Valentine's* day, I will, this very day,
Before Sun-set: my Bond is forfeit else.

Tur. Where will you ha' it paid?

Hug. Faith, I am a stranger

Here i' the Countrey: Know you Chanon *Hugh*,
The Vicar of *Pancras*? *Tur.* Yes, we who not him?

Hug. I'll make him my Attorney to receive it,
And give you a Discharge. *Tur.* Whom shall I send for't?

Pre. Why, if you please, send *Metaphor*, my Clerk.
And *Turf*, I much commend thy willingness;
It's argument of thy integrity.

Tur. But my Integrity shall be my zelf still:

Good

Good Mr. *Metaphor*, give my Wife this Key ;
And do but whisper it into her Hand :
(She knows it well enow) bid her, by that,
Deliver you the two zeal'd Bags o' Silver,
That lie i' the corner o' the Cup-board, stands
At my bed-side, they're vifty pound a piece ;
And bring 'em to your Master.

Met. If I prove not
As just a Carrier as my Friend, *Tom Long*, was,
Then call me his Curtall, change my name of *Miles*,
To *Guile's*, *Wile's*, *Pile's*, *Bile's*, or the foulest name
You can devise, to cramb with, for Ale.

Hug. Come hither, *Miles*, bring by that Token too,
Fair *Awdrey* ; say, her Father sent for her :
Say, *Clay* is found, and waits at *Pancras-Church*,
Where I attend to marry them in haste.
For, (by this means) *Miles*, I may say't to thee,
Thy Master must to *Awdrey* married be.

But not a word but mum : go get thee gone ;
Be wary of thy Charge, and keep it close.

Met. O super-dainty Chanon ! Vicar in coney,
Make no delay, *Miles*, but away.
And bring the Wench, and Money.

Hug. Now, Sir, I see you meant but honestly ;
And, but that business calls me hence away,
I would not leave you till the Sun were lower.
But, Mr. Justice, one word, Sir, with you.
By the same token, is your Mistress sent for
By *Metaphor*, your Clerk, as from her Father.
Who, when she comes, I'll marry her to you,
Unwitting to this *Turfe*, who shall attend
Me at the Parsonage : this was my Plot :
Which I must now make good ; turn Chanon again,
In my Square Cap. I humbly take my leave.

Pre. Adieu, good Captain. Trust me, Neighbour
Turfe,

He seems to be a sober Gentleman :

But

But this Distress hath somewhat stirr'd his Patience.
And Men, you know, in such Extremities,
Apt not themselves to points of Courtesie ;
I'm glad you ha' made this end.

Tur. You stood my Friend :

I thank your Justice-worship ; pray you be
Prezent anon at tending o' the Money,
And zee me have a Discharge : vor I ha' no craft
I' your Law Quibblins.

Pre. I'll secure you, Neighbour.

The SCENE interloping.

Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben.

Med. Indeed there is a woundy Luck in Names,
Sirs,

And a main Mystery, an' a Man knew where
To vind it. My God-fires Name, I'll tell you,
Was *In-and-In Shittle*, and a Weaver he was,
And it did fit his Craft : for so his Shittle
Went in, and in still ; this way, and then that way.
And he nam'd me *In-and-In Medlay* : which serves
A Joyner's Craft, bycause that we do lay
Things in and in, in our Work. But I am truly
Architectonicus Professor rather :
That is (as one would zay) an Architect.

Cle. As I am a Varrier and a Visicary :
Horse-Smith of *Hampstead*, and the whole Town
Leach——

Med. Yes, you ha' done woundy Cures, Gossip
Clench.

Cle. An' I can zee the Stale once through a Urine-
hole,

I'll give a shrewd guess, be it Man or Beast.
I cur'd an Ale-wife once that had the Staggers

Worse

Worse than five Horses, without rowelling.

My God-phere was a *Rabian* or a *Jew*;

(You can tell, *D'oge*!) they call'd 'un *Doctor Rasi*.

Scri. One *Rasis* was a great *Arabick* Doctor.

Cle. He was King *Harry's* Doctor, and my God-phere.

Pan. Mine was a merry *Greek*, *To-Pan* of *Twysford*:

A jovial Tinker, and a stopper of Holes;

Who left me Metal-man of *Belfise* his Heir.

Med. But what was yours, *D'oge*?

Scri. *Vaith*, I cannot tell,

If mine were kyrfin'd or no. But zure he had

A kyrfin Name, that he left me, *Diogenes*.

A mighty learned Man, but pest'lence poor.

Vor h' had no House, save an old *Tub*, to dwell in,

(I vind that in Records) and still he turn'd it

I' the Wind's Teeth, as't blew on his Backside,

And there they would lie routing one at other,

A Week sometimes.

Med. Thence came, *A Tale of a Tub*;

And the virst *Tale of a Tub*, old *D'ogenes Tub*.

Scri. That was ayore Sir *Peter Tub* or his Lady.

Pan. I, or the 'Squire their Son, *Tripoly Tub*.

Cle. The 'Squire is a fine Gentleman!

Med. He is more:

A Gentleman and a half; almost a Knight;

Within zix inches: that's his true Measure.

Cle. zure you can gage 'un.

Med. to a streak, or less:

I know his D'ameters and Circumference:

A Knight is six Diameters, and a 'Squire

Is vive, and zomewhat more: I know't by Compass

And Skale of Man. I have upo' my Rule here

The just perportions of a Knight, a 'Squire;

With a tame Justice, or an Officer rampant,

Upo' the Bench, from the High Constable

Down to the Headborough, or Tithing-man;

Or meanest Minister o' the Peace, God save 'un.

Pan. Why,

Pan. Why, you can tell us by the Squire, Neighbour,

Whence he is call'd a Constable, and whaffore.

Med. No, that's a Book-case: *Scriben* can do that. That's Writing and Reading, and Records.

Scri. Two Words, *Cyning* and *Staple*, make a Constable:

As we'd say, a hold or stay for the King.

Cle. All Constables are truly *John's* for the King, Whate'er their Names are, be they *Tony* or *Roger*.

Med. And all are sworn as Vingars o' one Hand, To hold together 'gainst the breach o' the Peace; The High Constable is the Thumb, as one would zay, The hold-fast o' the rest.

Pan. Pray luck he speed Well i' the business between Captain *Thums* And him. *Med.* I'll warrant 'un for a Groat; I have his measures here in Rithmetique, How he should bear 'un self in all the Lines Of's Place and Office: let's zeek 'un out.

ACT IV. SCENE II.

Tub, Hilts, Metaphor.

Tub. **H**ILTS, how do'st thou like o' this our good day's work?

Hil. As good e'en ne'er a whit, as ne'er the better.

Tub. Shall we to *Pancridge* or to *Kentish-Town*, *Hilts*?

Hil. Let *Kentish Town* or *Pancridge* come to us, If either will: I will go home again.

Tub. Faith, *Basket*, our success hath been but bad, And nothing prospers that we undertake; For we can neither meet with *Clay* nor *Awdrey*, The Chanon *Hugh*, nor *Turse* the Constable: We are like Men that wander in strange Woods,

And

And lose our selves in search of them we seek.

Hil. This was because we rose on the wrong side:
But as I am now here, just in the mid-way,
I'll zet my Sword on the Pommel, and that line
The point valls to, we'll take: whether it be
To *Kentish-Town*, the Church, or home again.

Tub. Stay, stay thy hand: here's Justice *Bramble's*
Clerk, [Enter Metaphor.

The unlucky Hare hath crost us all this day.
I'll stand aside whilst thou pump'st out of him
His Business, *Hilts*; and how he's now employed.

Hil. Let me alone, I'll use him in his kind.

Met. Oh for a Pad-horse, Pack-horse, or a Post-horse,

To bear me on his Neck, his Back, or his Crup!
I am as weary with running as a Mill-horse
That hath led the Mill once, twice, thrice about,
After the breath hath been out of his Body.

I could get up upon a Pannier, a Pannel,
Or, to say truth, a very Pack-saddle,
Till all my Honey were turn'd into Gall,
And I could sit in the Seat no longer:

Oh the Legs of a Lackey now, or a Footman,
Who is the Surbater of a Clerk-currant,
And the Confounder of his tressless dormant!
But who have we here, just in the nick?

Hil. I am neither nick, nor in the nick: therefore
You lye, Sir *Metaphor*.

Met. Lye? how? *Hil.* Lye so, Sir.

[He strikes up his heels.

Met. I lye not yet i' my throat.

Hil. Thou ly'st o' the ground.

Dost thou know me?

Met. Yes, I did know you too late.

Hil. What is my Name, then?

Met. Basket. Hil. Basket? what?

Met. Basket, the Great —

Hil. The

Hil. The Great what? *Met.* Lubber——
I should say, Lover, of the 'Squire his Master.

Hil. Great is my Patience, to forbear thee thus,
Thou Scrape-hill, Scoundrel, and thou scum of Man;
Uncivil, orange-tawny-coated Clerk:
Thou cam'st but half a thing into the World,
And wast made up of Patches, Farings, Shreds:
Thou, that when last thou wert put out of Service,
Travelled'st to *Hampstead-heath* on an *Asb-W'e'nesday*,
Where thou didst stand six Weeks the *Jack of Lent*,
For Boys to hurl three throws a penny at thee,
To make thee a Purse: seest thou this bold bright
Blade?

This Sword shall shred thee as small unto the Grave
As minc'd Meat for a Pye. I'll set thee in Earth
All, save thy Head and thy Right-arm at liberty,
To keep thy Hat off, while I question thee
What? why? and whither thou wert going now,
With a Face ready to break out with Business?
And tell me truly, lest I dash't in pieces.

Met. Then, *Basket*, put thy Smiter up, and hear;
I dare not tell the truth to a drawn Sword.

Hil. 'Tis sheath'd, stand up, speak without Fear
or Wit.

Met. I know not what they mean; but *Constable*
Turfe

Sends here his Key for Moneys in his Cubbard,
Which he must pay the Captain that was robb'd
This Morning. Smell you nothing?

Hil. No, not I:

Thy Breeches yet are honest.

Met. As my Mouth.

Do you not smell a Rat? I tell you truth,
I think all's Knavery: For the Chanon whisper'd
Me in the Ear, when *Turfe* had gi'n me his Key,
By the same token to bring Mrs. *Awdrey*,
As sent for thither; and to say, *John Clay*

Is found, which is indeed to get the Wench
Forth for my Master, who is to be married
When she comes there: The Chanon has his Rules
Ready, and all there, to dispatch the Matter.

Tub. Now, on my life, this is the Chanon's Plot!
Miles, I have heard all thy Discourse to *Basket*.
Wilt thou be true, and I'll reward thee well,
To make me happy in my Mistress *Awdrey*?

Met. Your Worship shall dispose of *Metaphor*,
Thro' all his Parts, e'en from the sole o' the Head
To the Crown o' the Foot, to manage of your Service.

Tub. Then do thy Message to the Mistress *Turfe*,
Tell her thy token, bring the Money hither,
And likewise take young *Awdrey* to thy Charge:
Which done, here, *Metaphor*, we will attend,
And intercept thee. And for thy Reward
You two shall share the Money, I the Maid:
If any take Offence, I'll make all good.

Met. But shall I have half the Money, Sir, in faith?

Tub. I, on my 'Squire-ship shalt thou: and my Land.

Met. Then, if I make not, Sir, the clenliest scuse
To get her hither, and be then 'as careful
To keep her for you, as't were for my self,
Down o' your knees, and pray that honest *Miles*
May break his Neck e'er he get o'er two Stiles.

ACT IV. SCENE III.

Tub, Hilts.

Tub. **M**AKE haste, then: we will wait here thy
return.

This luck unlook'd for hath reviv'd my hopes,
Which were oppress'd with a dark Melancholy.
In happy time we linger'd on the way,
To meet these Summons of a better sound,

Which

Which are the Effence of my Soul's Content:

Hil. This heartless Fellow ; shame to Serving-men ;
Stain of all Liveries ; what Fear makes him do !
How sordid, wretched and unworthy things ;
Betray his Masters Secrets, ope' the Closet
Of his Devices, force the foolish Justice,
Make way for your Love, plotting of his own :
Like him that digs a Trap to catch another,
And falls into 't himself !

Tub. So would I have it ;
And hope 'twill prove a Jest to twit the Justice with.

Hil. But that this poor white-liver'd Rogue should
do't ?

And meerly out of fear ?

Tub. And hope of Money, *Hilts.*

A valiant Man will nibble at that Bait.

Hil. Who, but a Fool, will refuse Money proffer'd ?

Tub. And sent by so good chance. Pray Heaven
he speed.

Hil. If he come empty-handed, let him count
To go back empty-headed ; I'll not leave him
So much of Brain in's Pate, with Pepper and Vinegar,
To be serv'd in for Sauce to a Calves-head.

Tub. Thou serv'st him rightly, *Hilts.*

Hil. I'll seal as much

With my Hand, as I dare say now with my Tongue ;
But if you get the Lass from *Dargison*,
What will you do with her ?

Tub. We'll think o' that

When once we have her in possession, Governout.

ACT IV. SCENE IV.

Puppy, Metaphor, Awdrey.

Pup. **Y**OU see we trust you, Mr. *Metaphor*,
With Mrs. *Awdrey* : 'pray you, use her well,
As

As a Gentlewoman should be us'd. For my part,
I do incline a little to the Serving-man;
We have been of a Coat—I had one like yours;
Till it did play me such a sleeveless Errand,
As I had nothing where to put mine Arms in,
And then I threw it off. Pray you, go before her,
Serving-man like, and see that your Nose drop not.
As for Example, you shall see me: Mark,
How I go a-fore her: so do you. Sweet *Miles*,
She for her own part, is a Woman cares not
What Man can do unto her in the way
Of Honesty and good Manners. So farewell
Fair Mrs. *Awdrey*: Farewell, Mr. *Miles*.
I have brought you thus far onward o' your way:
I must go back now to make clean the Rooms,
Where my good Lady has been. Pray you commend
me

To Bridgroom *Clay*; and bid him bear up stiff.

Met. Thank you, good *Hannibal Puppy*; I shall fit
The leg of your Commands with the straight buskins
Of dispatch presently.

Pup. Farewell, fine *Metaphor*.

Met. Come, gentle Mistress, will you please to walk?

Awd. I love not to be led: I'd go alone.

Met. Let not the Mouse of my good Meaning,
Lady,

Be snap'd up in the Trap of your Suspicion,
To lose the Tail there, either of her Truth,
Or swallow'd by the Cat of Misconstruction.

Awd. You are too finical for me; speak plain, Sir,

ACT IV. SCENE V.

Tub, Awdrey, Hiltz, Metaphor, Lady, Pol-Martin.

[*To them.*]

Tub. **W**ELCOME again, my *Awdrey*: welcome,
Love:

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F

You

You shall with me ; in faith deny me not.
I cannot brook the second hazard, Mistress.

Awd. Forbear, 'Squire Tub, as mine own Mother
says,

I am not for your mowing. You'll be flown
E'er I be fledg'd. *Hil.* Hast thou the Money, *Miles?*

Met. Here are two Bags, there's Fifty Pound in each.

Tub. Nay, *Awdrey*, I possess you for this time :
Sirs, rake that Coin between you, and divide it.
My pretty Sweeting, give me now the leave
To challenge Love and Marriage at your Hands.

Awd. Now, out upon you, are you not ashamed ?
What will my Lady say ? In faith, I think
She was at our House : and I think she ask'd for you :
And I think she hit me i' th' teeth with you,
I thank her Ladyship : and I think she means
Not to go hence till she has found you. How say you ?

Tub. Was then my Lady Mother at your House ?
Let's have a word aside.

Awd. Yes, twenty words.

Lady. 'Tis strange, a Motion, but I know not what,
Comes in my mind, to leave the way to *Totten*,
And turn to *Kentish-Town* again my Journey :
And see my Son, *Pol-Martin*, with his *Awdrey* :
E'er while we left her at her Father's House :
And hath he thence remov'd her in such haste !
What shall I do ? Shall I speak fair or chide ?

Pol. Madam, your worthy Son with dutious Care
Can govern his Affections : rather than
Break off their Conference some other way,
Pretending Ignorance of what you know.

Tub. And this all, fair *Awdrey* : I am thine.

Lady. Mine you were once, though scarcely now
your own.

Hil. 'Slid, my Lady ! my Lady !

Met. Is this my Lady bright ?

Tub. Madam, you took me now a little tardy.

Lady. At

Lady. At Prayers I think you were : What, so devout

Of late, that you will thrive you to all Confessors
You meet by chance ! Come, go with me, good Squire,
And leave your Linnen : I have now a business,
And of importance, to impart unto you.

Tub. Madam, I pray you, spare me but an hour ;
Please you to walk before, I follow you.

Lady. It must be now, my business lies this way.

Tub. Will not an hour hence, Madam, excuse me ?

Lady. 'Squire, these Excuses argue more your Guilt.
You have some new Device now to project,
Which the poor Tileman scarce will thank you for.
What ? will you go ?

Tub. I ha' tane a charge upon me,
To see this Maid conducted to her Father,
Who, with the Chanon *Hugh*, stays her at *Pancras*,
To see her married to the same *John Clay*.

Lady. 'Tis very well : but, 'Squire, take you no care,
I'll send *Pol-Martin* with her for that Office :
You shall along with me ; it is decreed.

Tub. I have a little business with a Friend, Madam :

Lady. That Friend shall stay for you, or you for him :

Pol-Martin, take the Maiden to your Care :
Commend me to her Father.

Tub. I will follow you.

Lady. Tut, tell not me of following.

Tub. I'll but speak a word.

Lady. No whispering : you forget your self,
And make your Love too palpable : A 'Squire ?
And think so meanly ? fall upon a Cow-ward ?
You know my mind. Come, I'll to *Turf's House*,
And see for *Dido* and our Valentine.

Pol-Martin, look to your charge, I'll look to mine.

[*They all go out but Pol-Martin and Awdrey.*]

Pol. I smile to think, after so many Proffers

This Maid hath had, she now should fall to me :
That I should have her in my Custody :

'Twere but a mad trick to make the Essay,

And jump a Match with her immediately :

She's fair and handsome ; and she's rich enough :

Both time and place minister fair occasion.

Have at it then : Fair Lady, can you love ?

Awd. No, Sir, what's that ?

Pol. A Toy which Women use.

Awd. If't be a Toy, it's good to play withal.

Pol. We will not stand discoursing o' the Toy :

The way is short, please you to prov't, Mistress ?

Awd. If you do mean to stand so long upon it,
I pray you let me give it a short cut, Sir.

Pol. It's thus, fair Maid : are you dispos'd to marry ?

Awd. you are dispos'd to ask.

Pol. Are you to grant ?

Awd. Nay, now I see you are dispos'd indeed.

Pol. I see the Wench wants but a little Wit ;

And that Defect her Wealth may well supply :

In plain terms, tell me, will you have me, *Awdrey* ?

Awd. In as plain terms, I tell you who would ha' me.

John Clay would ha' me, but he hath too hard hands ;
I like not him : Besides, he is a Thief.

And Justice *Bramble*, he would fain ha' catch'd me :

But the young 'Squire, he, rather than his Life,

Would ha' me yet ; and make me a Lady, he says,

And be my Knight, to do me true Knight's Service,

Before his Lady Mother. Can you make me

A Lady, would I ha' you ? *Pol.* I can gi' you

A Silken Gown, and a Rich Petticoat :

And a *French Hood*. All Fools love to be brave :

I find her Humour, and I will pursue it.

A C T

ACT IV. SCENE VI.

Lady, D. Turfe, Squire Tub, Hilt, Puppy, Clay.

Lady. **A**ND, as I told thee, she was intercepted
By the 'Squire, here, my Son, and this
bold Ruffian,

His Man; who safely would have carried her
Unto her Father, and the Chanon *Hugh*;
But for more care of the Security,
My Huisher hath her now in his grave Charge.

D. Tur. Now, on my Faith and Holy-dom, we are
Beholden to your Worship. She's a Girl,
A foolish Girl, and soon may tempted be:
But if this day pass well once o'er her head,
I'll with her trust to her self. For I have been
A very Mother to her, though I say it.

Tub. Madam, 'tis late, and *Pancridge* is i' your way:
I think your Ladyship forgets your self.

Lady. Your mind runs much on *Pancridge*. Well,
young 'Squire,

The black Ox never trod yet o' your foot:
These idle Phant'sies will forsake you one day.
Come, Mrs. *Turfe*, will you go take a walk
Over the Fields to *Pancridge*, to your Husband?

D. Tur. Madam, I had been there an hour ago,
But that I waited on my Man *Ball Puppy*.
What, *Ball*, I say? I think the idle Slouch
Be fall'n asleep i' the Barn, he stays so long.

Pup. *Sattin*, i' the Name of Velvet-*Sattin*, Dame!
The Devil! O the Devil is in the Barn:
Help, help, a Legion——Spirit-Legion
Is in the Barn! in every Straw a Devil.

D. Tur. Why dost thou bawl so, *Puppy*? Speak,
what ails thee?

Pup. My Name's *Ball Puppy*, I ha' seen the Devil
Among the Straw : O for a Cross! a Collop
Of *Friar Bacon*, or a conjuring stick
Of *Doctor Faustus* ! Spirits are in the Barn.

Tub. How ! Spirits in the Barn ? *Basket*, go see.

Hil. Sir, an' you were my Master ten times over,
And 'Squire to boot ; I know, and you shall pardon
me :

Send me 'mong Devils ? I zee you love me not :
Hell be at their Game : I'll not trouble them.

Tub. Go see ; I warrant thee there's no such matter.

Hil. An' they were Giants, 'twere another matter.
But Devils ! No, if I be torn in pieces,
What is your warrant worth ? I'll see the Fiend
Set fire o' the Barn, e'er I come there.

D. Tur. Now all Zaints bless us, and if he be there,
he is an ugly Spright I warrant. *Pup.* As ever
Held *Flesh-hook*, *Dame*, or handled *Fire-fork* rather :
They have put me in a sweet pickle, *Dame*.

But that my *Lady Valentine* smells of *Musk*,
I should be asham'd to press into this Presence.

Lady. Basket, I pray thee see what is the Miracle !

Tub. Come, go with me : I'll lead. Why stand'st
thou, Man ?

Hil. Cocks precious, Master, you are not mad in-
deed ?

You will not go to Hell before your time ?

Tub. Why art thou thus afraid ?

Hil. No, not afraid :

But, by your leave, I'll come no near the Barn.

D. Tur. Puppy, wilt thou go with me ?

Pup. How ! go with you ?

Whither, into the Barn ? to whom, the Devil ?

Or to do what there ? to be torn 'mongst 'um ?

Stay for my Master, the High Constable,

Or *In-and-In* the Headborough ; let them go

Into the Barn with Warrant ; seize the Fiend ;

And

And set him in the Stocks for his ill rule:
'Tis not for me, that am but Flesh and Blood,
To meddle with 'un. Vor I cannot, nor I wu' not.

Lady. I pray thee, *Tripoly*, look what is the matter?

Tub. That shall I, Madam.

Hil. Heaven protect my Master.

I tremble every joynt till he be back.

Pup. Now, now, even now, they are tearing him
in pieces;

Now are they tossing of his Legs and Arms.

Like Loggers at a Pear-tree: I'll to the hole,

Peep in, and look whether he lives or dies.

Hil. I would not be in my Master's Coat for thou-
sands.

Pup. Then pluck it off, and turn thy self away:

O the Devil! the Devil! the Devil!

Hil. Where, Man, where?

D. Tur. Alas, that ever we were born. So near
too?

Pup. The Squire hath him in his hand, and leads
him

Out by the Collar.

D. Tur. O this is *John Clay*.

Lady. *John Clay* at *Panorace*, is there to be married.

Tub. This was the Spirit revell'd i' the Barn.

Pup. The Devil he was: was this he was crawling-
Among the Wheat-straw? had it been the Barley,

I should ha' tane him for the Devil in drink;

The Spirit of the Bride-Ale: But poor *John*,

Tame *John* of *Clay*, that sticks about the Bung-hole----

Hil. If this be all your Devil, I would take

In hand to conjure him: but Hell take me,

If e'er I come in a right Devil's walk,

If I can keep me out on't.

Tub. Well meant, *Hilts*.

Lady. But how came *Clay* thus hid here i' the Straw,
When News was brought to you all he was at *Panoridge*,

And you believ'd it?

D. Tur. Justice *Bramble's* Man
Told me so, Madam: and by the same token,
And other things, he had away my Daughter,
And two seal'd bags of Money.

Lady. Where's the 'Squire,
Is he gone hence?

Tub. H' was here, Madam, but now.

Clay. Is the Hue and Cry past by?

Pup. I, I, *John Clay*.

Clay. And am I out of danger to be hang'd?

Pup. Hang'd, *John*! yes, sure; unless as with the
Proverb,

You mean to make the choice of your own Gallows.

Clay. Nay, then all's well: hearing your News;
Ball Puppy,

You ha' brought from *Paddington*, I e'en stole home here,
And thought to hide me in the Barn e'er since.

Pup. O wonderful! and News was brought us here,
You were at *Pancridge* ready to be married.

Clay. No, faith, I ne'er was further than the Barn.

D. Tur. Haste, *Puppy*. Call forth Mrs. *Dido Wispé*,
My Lady's Gentlewoman, to her Lady;
And call your self forth, and a couple of Maids,
To wait upon me: we are all undone!
My Lady is undone! her fine young Son,
The 'Squire, is got away.

Lady. Haste, haste, good Valentine.

D. Tur. And you, *John Clay*; you are undone too
All!

My Husband is undone, by a true Key,
But a false Token: and my self's undone,
By parting with my Daughter, who'll be married
To some Body that she should not, if we haste not.

A C T

ACT V. SCENE I.

Tub, Pol-Martin.

Tub. I Pray thee, good *Pol-Martin*, shew thy diligence,
And faith in both: get her but so disguis'd,
The Chanon may not know her, and leave me
To plot the rest: I will expect thee here.

Pol. You shall, 'Squire. I'll perform it with all care;
If all my Lady's Wardrobe will disguise her.
Come, Mistress *Awdrey*.

Awd. Is the 'Squire gone?

Pol. He'll meet us by and by, where he appointed:
You shall be brave anon, as none shall know you.

ACT V. SCENE II.

Clench, Medlay, Pan, Scriben, Tub, Hilts. [To them.]

Cle. I Wonder where the Queen's High Constable is!
I veare they ha' made 'un away.

Med. No zure; the Justice
Dare not consent to that. He'll zee 'un forth-coming.
Pan. He must, vor we can all take corpulent Oath
We zaw 'un go in there.

Scri. I, upon Record!
The Clock dropt Twelve at *Maribone*.

Med. You are right, *Dogs*!
Zet down to a Minute, now 'tis a' most vowre,

Cle. Here comes 'Squire *Tub*.

Scri. And's Governour, Mr. *Basket*
Hilts, do you know u'n, a valiant wise *Vellow*!

Az

Az tall a Man on his hands, as goes on veet.

Bless you, *Mafs' Basket*. *Hil*. Thank you, good *D'oge*.

Tub. Who's that?

Hil. *D'oge Scriben* the great Writer, Sir, of *Chalcot*.

Tub. And who the rest?

Hil. The wisest Heads o' the Hundred.

Medlay the Joyner, Headborough of *Islington*,
Pan of *Belfze*, and *Clench* the Leach of *Hampsted*,
The High Constable's Counsel here of *Finsbury*.

Tub. Present me to 'em, *Hilts*. 'Squire *Tub* of *Totten*.

Hil. Wisemen of *Finsbury*, make place for a 'Squire,
I bring to your acquaintance, *Tub* of *Totten*.

'Squire *Tub*, my Master, loves all Men of Virtue,
And longs (as one would say) till he be one on you.

Cle. His Worship's wel'cun to our Company:
Would 't were wiser for 'un.

Pap. Here be some on us
Are call'd the witty Men over a Hundred.

Scri. And zome a Thousand, when the Muster-day
comes.

Tub. I long (as my Man *Hilts* said, and my Go-
vernour)

To be adopt in your Society.
Can any Man make a Masque here i' this Company?

Pan. A Masque! what's that?

Scri. A Mummung or a Shew,
With Vizards and fine Cloaths.

Cle. A Disguise, Neighbour,
Is the true Word: there stands the Man can do't Sir:

Medlay the Joyner, *In-and-In* of *Islington*,
The only Man at a Disguise in *Middlesex*.

Tub. But who shall write it?

Hil. *Scriben* the great Writer.

Scri. He'll do't alone, Sir, he will joyn with no Man:
Though he be a Joyner, in design he calls it,

He must be sole Inventer: *In-and-In*
Draws with no other in's Project, he'll tell you,

It

It cannot else be feazable, or conduce:
Those are his ruling words? please you to hear 'un?

Tub. Yes, Mr. *In-and-In*, I have heard of you.

Med. I can do nothing, I.

Cle. He can do all, Sir.

Med. They'll tell you so.

Tub. I'd have a Toy presented,

A Tale of a Tub, a Story of my self,
You can express a Tub. *Med.* If it conduce
To the Design, whate'er is feazible:

I can express a Wash-house (if need be)

With a whole Pedigree of Tubs. *Tub.* No, one

Will be enough to note our Name and Family:

'Squire *Tub* of *Totten*, and to shew my Adventures

This very day. I'd have it in *Tubs-Hall*,

At *Tatton-Court*, my Lady Mother's House;

My House indeed; for I am Heir to it.

Med. If I might see the place, and have survey'd it,
I could say more: For all Invention, Sir,

Comes by degrees, and on the view of Nature,

A world of things concur to the design,

Which makes it feazible, if Art conduce.

Tub. You say well, witty Mr. *In-and-In*.

How long ha' you studied, *Engine*? *Med.* Since I first
Joyn'd, or did in-lay in Wit, some vorty year.

Tub. A pretty time! *Basket*, go you and wait

On Master *In-and-In* to *Totten-Court*,

And all the other wise Masters: Shew 'em the Hall:

And taste the Language of the Buttery to 'em:

Let 'em see all the Tubs about the House,

That can raise Matter, till I come — which shall be

Within an Hour at least.

Cle. It will be glorious,

If *In-and-In* will undertake it, Sir:

He has a monstrous Medlay-Wit o' his own.

Tub. Spare for no cost, either in Boards or Hoops,

To architect your Tub: ha' you ne'er a Cooper

At

At *London* call'd *Vitruvius*? Send for him;
 Or old *John Haywood*, call him to you, to help.
Scri. He scorns the Motion, trust to him alone.

ACT V. SCENE III.

Lady Tub, D. Turse, Clay, Puppy, Wispie, Preamble, Turse.

Lady. O here's the 'Squire! you slip'd us finely Son!
 These Manners to your Mother will commend you;

But in another Age, not this: Well, *Tripoly*,
 Your Father, good Sir *Peter*, (rest his Bones)
 Would not ha' done this: where's my Huisher, *Martin*?
 And your fair Mrs. *Awdrey*?

Tub. I not see 'em,
 No Creature but the four Wise-masters here,
 Of *Finsbury* Hundred, came to cry their Constable,
 Who, they do say, is lost.

D. Tur. My Husband lost?
 And my fond Daughter lost? I fear me too.
 Where is your Gentleman, Madam? poor *John Clay*,
 Thou hast lost thy *Awdrey*.

Clay. I ha' lost my Wits,
 My little Wits, good Mother; I am distracted.

Pup. And I have lost my Mistress *Dido Wispie*,
 Who frowns upon her *Puppy*, *Hannibal*.
 Loss! loss on every side! a publick loss!
 Loss o' my Master! loss of his Daughter! loss
 Of Favour, Friends, my Mistress! loss of all!

Pre. What Cry is this?

Tur. My Man speaks of some loss.

Pup. My Master is found: good luck, and't be thy
 will,

Light on us all.

D. Tur. O Husband, are you alive?

They

They said you were lost.

Tur. Where's Justice *Bramble's* Clerk?
Had he the Money that I sent for? *D. Tur.* Yes,
Two Hours ago, two Fifty Pounds in Silver,
And *Awdrey* too.

Tur. Why *Awdrey*? who sent for her?

D. Tur. You, Master *Turfe*, the Fellow said.

Tur. He lyed..

I am cozen'd, robb'd, undone: your Man's a Thief,
And run away with my Daughter, Mr. *Bramble*,
And with my Money.

Lady. Neighbour *Turfe*, have patience,
I can assure you that your Daughter is safe,
But for the Monies, I know nothing of.

Tur. My Money is my Daughter, and my Daughter
She is my Money, Madam. *Pre.* I do wonder
Your Ladyship comes to know any thing
In these Affairs. *Lady.* Yes, Justice *Bramble*,
I met the Maiden i' the Fields by chance,
I' the 'Squire's Company, my Son: how he
Lighted upon her, himself best can tell.

Tub. I intercepted her, as coming hither,
To her Father, who sent for her by *Miles Metaphor*,
Justice *Preamble's* Clerk. And had your Ladyship
Not hinder'd it, I had paid fine Mr. Justice
For his young Warrant, and new Purs'yvant,
He serv'd it by this Morning.

Pre. Know you that, Sir?

Lady. You told me, 'Squire, a quite other Tale,
But I believ'd you not, which made me send
Awdrey another way by my *Pol-Martin*:
And take my Journey back to *Kentish-Town*,
Where we found *John Clay* hidden i' the Barn,
To scape the *Hue and Cry*: and here he is.

Tur. *John Clay* agen! nay, then----set Cock-a-hoop:
I ha' lost no Daughter, nor no Money, Justice.

John Clay shall pay. I'll look to you now, *John*.
Vaith,

Vaith, out it must, as good at Night as Morning.
 I am e'en as vull as a Piper's Bag with Joy,
 Or a great Gun upon Carnation-day!
 I could weep Lyons Tears to see you, *John*.
 'Tis but two vifty pounds I ha' ventur'd for you:
 But now I ha' you, you shall pay whole hundred.
 Run from your Burroughs, Son! Faith, e'en be hang'd.
 An' you once earth your self, *John*, i' the Barn,
 I ha' no Daughter vor you: who did verret 'un?
D. Tur. My Lady's Son, the 'Squire here vetch'd
 'un out.

Puppy had put us all in such a vright,
 We thought the Devil was i' the Barn; and no body
 Durst venture o' 'un.

Tur. I am now resolv'd
 Who shall ha' my Daughter. *D. Tur.* Who?

Tur. He best deserves her.
 Here comes the Vicar. *Chanon Hugh*, we ha' vound
John Clay agen! the matter's all come round.

ACT V. SCENE IV.

Chanon Hugh.

[*To them.*]

Hugh. **I** S *Metaphor* return'd yet?

Pre. All is turn'd

Here to Confusion: We ha' lost our Plot;
 I fear my Man is run away with the Money,
 And *Clay* is found, in whom old *Turfe* is sure
 To save his stake.

Hug. What shall we do then, Justice?

Pre. The Bride was met i' the young 'Squire's hands.

Hug. And what's become of her?

Pre. None here can tell.

Tub. Was not my Mother's Man, *Pol-Martin* with
 you?

And

And a strange Gentlewoman in his Company,
Of late here, Chanon?

Hug. Yes, and I dispatch'd 'em.

Tub. Dispatch'd 'em! how do you mean?

Hug. Why, married 'em,
As they desir'd, but now.

Tub. And do you know
What you ha' done, Sir *Hugb*?

Hug. No harm, I hope.

Tub. You have ended all the Quarrel: *Andrey* is
married.

Lady. Married! to whom?

Tur. My Daughter *Andrey* married,
And she not know of it!

D. Tur. Nor her Father or Mother!

Lady. Whom hath she married?

Tub. Your *Pol-Martin*, Madam.

A Groom was never dreamt of. *Tur.* Is he a Man?

Lady. That he is, *Turfe*, and a Gentleman I ha'
made him.

D. Tur. Nay, an' he be a Gentleman, let her shift.

Hug. She was so brave, I knew her not, I swear;
And yet I married her by her own Name.

But she was so disguis'd, so Lady-like,
I think she did not know herself the while!

I married 'em as a meer pair of Strangers:

And they gave out themselves for such. *Lady.* I wish
'em

Much Joy, as they have given me hearts ease.

Tub. Then, Madam, I'll intreat you now remit
Your Jealousie of me; and please to take
All this good Company home with you to Supper:
We'll have a merry Night of it, and laugh.

Lady. A right good motion, 'Squire; which I yield
to:

And thank them to accept it. Neighbour *Turfe*,
I'll have you merry, and your Wife: and you,

Sir

Sir *Hugh*, be pardon'd this your happy Error;
 By Justice *Preamble* your Friend and Patron.
Pro. If the young Squire can pardon it, I do.

ACT V. SCENE V.

Puppy, Dido, Hugh. [Tarry behind.

Pup. **S**TAY, my dear *Dido*, and good Vicar *Hugh*,
 We have a business with you: In short, this,
 If you dare knit another pair of Strangers,
Dido of Carthage, and her Countrey-man,
 Stout *Hannibal*, stands to't. I have ask'd consent,
 And she hath granted.

Hug. But saith *Dido* so?

Dido. From what Ball *Hanny* hath said I dare not go.

Hug. Come in then, I'll dispatch you. A good
 Supper

Would not be lost, good Company, good Discourse;
 But above all, where Wit hath any source.

ACT V. SCENE VI.

Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Tub, Lady, Preamble, Turfe,
D. Turfe, Clay.

Pol. **A**FTER the hoping of your Pardon, Madam,
 For many Faults committed, here my Wife
 And I do stand expecting your mild Doom.

Lady. I wish thee Joy, *Pol-Martin*; and thy Wife
 As much, Mrs. *Pol-Martin*. Thou hast trick'd her
 Up very fine, methinks. *Pol.* For that I made
 Bold with your Ladyship's Wardrobe, but have tref-
 pass'd

Within the limits of your leave — I hope.

Lady. I

Lady. I give her what she wears. I know all Women
Love to be fine. Thou hast deserv'd it of me:
I am extremely pleas'd with thy good Fortune.
Welcome good Justice *Preamble*; and *Turfe*
Look merrily on your Daughter: She has married
A Gentleman.

Tur. So methinks. I dare not touch her,
She is so fine: yet I will say, God bless her.

D. Tur. And I too, my fine Daughter. I could
love her
Now twice as well as if *Clay* had her.

Tub. Come, come, my Mother is pleas'd: I pardon
all.

Pol-Martin, in and wait upon my Lady.
Welcome good Guests: see Supper be serv'd in,
With all the plenty of the House and Worship.
I must confer with Mr. *In-and-In*
About some Alterations in my Masque:
Send *Hilts* out to me; bid him bring the Council
of *Finsbury* hither. I'll have such a Night
Shall make the Name of *Totten-Court* immortal:
And be recorded to Posterity.

ACT V. SCENE VII.

Tub, Medlay, Clench, Pan, Scriben, Hilts.

Tub. O Mr. *In-and-In*, what ha' you done?

Med. Survey'd the Place, Sir, and de-
sign'd the Ground,
Or stand still of the work: and this it is.
First, I have fixed in the Earth a Tub;
And an old Tub, like a Salt-petre-Tub,
Preluding by your Father's Name, Sir *Peter*,
And the Antiquity of your House and Family,
Original from Salt-petre. *Tub.* Good, y-faith,

You ha' shewn Reading and Antiquity here, Sir.

Med. I have a little Knowledge in design,
Which I can vary, Sir, to *Infito*.

Tub. *Ad Infinitum*, Sir, you mean. *Med.* I do.
I stand not on my *Latine*, I'll invent;
But I must be alone then, joyn'd with no Man.
This we do call the Stand-still of our work.

Tub. Who are those We you now joyn'd to your
self?

Med. I mean my self still in the Plural Number,
And out of this we raise our *Tale of a Tub*.

Tub. No, Mr. *In-and-In*, my *Tale of a Tub*,
By your leave, I am *Tub*, the Tale's of me,
And my Adventures! I am 'Squire *Tub*,
Subjectum Fabula. *Med.* But I the Author.

Tub. The Workman, Sir! the Artificer! I grant you.
So *Skelton-Laureat* was of *Elinour Bumming*;
But she the Subject of the Rout and Tunning.

Cle. He has put you to it, Neighbour *In-and-In*.

Pan. Do not dispute with him, he still will win.
That pays for all. *Scri.* Are you revis'd o' that?
A Man may have Wit, and yet put off his Hat.

Med. Now, Sir, this *Tub* I will have capt with
Paper:

A fine oyl'd Lantern-paper that we use.

Pan. Yes, every Barber, every Cutler has it.

Med. Which in it doth contain the light to the
business.

And shall with the very vapour of the Candle
Drive all the motions of our Matter about:

As we present 'em. For Example, first,
'The Worshipful Lady *Tub*. *Tub.* Right Worshipful,
I pray you, I am Worshipful my self.

Med. Your 'Squireship's Mother passeth by (her
Huisher,
Mr. *Pol-Martin*, bare-headed before her)

In her Velvet Gown. *Tub.* But how shall the Spectators,

As it might be I, or *Hilts*, know 'tis my Mother?
Or that *Pol-Martin*, there, that walks before her.

Med. O we do nothing, if we clear not that.

Cle. You ha' seen none of his Works, Sir?

Pan. All the Postures
Of the Train'd Bands o' the Countrey.

Scri. All their Colours.

Pan. And all their Captains.

Cle. All the Cries o' the City:
And all the Trades i' their Habits.

Scri. He has his Whistle
Of Command, Seat of Authority!
And Virge to interpret, tip'd with Silver, Sir,
You know not him. *Tub.* Well, I will leave all to him.

Med. Give me the brief o' your Subject. Leave
the whole
State o' the thing to me. *Hil.* Supper is ready, Sir,
My Lady calls for you. *Tub.* I'll send it you in
writing.

Med. Sir, I will render feazible and facile
What you expect. *Tub.* *Hilts*, be't your care,
To see the Wife of *Finsbury* made welcome:
Let 'em want nothing. Is old *Rosin* sent for?

[*The Squire goes out.*]

Hil. He's come within.

Scri. Lord, what a world of business
The 'Squire dispatches! *Med.* He is a learned Man:
I think there are but vew o' the Inns o' Court,
Or the Inns o' Chancery like him.

Cle. Care to fit 'un then.

[*The rest follow.*]

ACT V. SCENE VIII.

Jack, Hilts.

Jac. Yonder's another Wedding, Master *Basket*,
Brought in by Vicar *Hugh*.

Hil. What are they, *Jack*?

Jac. The High Constable's Man, *Ball Hanny*; and
Mrs. Wispes,

Our Lady's Woman. *Hil.* And are the Table merry?

Jac. There's a young Tile-maker makes all laugh;
He will not eat his Meat, but cries at th' Board,
He shall be hang'd. *Hil.* He has lost his Wench already:

As good be hang'd. *Jac.* Was she that is *Pol-Martin*,
Our Fellow's Mistress, Wench to that Sneak-*John*?

Hil. I faith, *Black Jack*, he should ha' been her
Bridegroom:

But I must go to wait o' my Wisemasters.

Jack, you shall wait on me, and see the Mask anon:
I am half Lord-Chamberlain i' my Masters absence:

Jac. Shall we have a Mask? who makes it?

Hil. In-and In,

The Master of *Islington*: Come, go with me
To the sage Sentences of *Finsbury*.

ACT V. SCENE IX.

Two GROOMS.

Gro. 1. COME, give us in the Great Chair for
my Lady,
And set it there: and this for Justice *Bramble*.

Gro.

Gro. 2. This for the 'Squire, my Master, on the Right-hand.

Gro. 1. And this for the High Constable.

Gro. 2. This his Wife.

Gro. 1. Then for the Bride and Bridegroom here, *Pol-martin.*

Gro. 2. And She-*Pol-martin* at my Lady's Feet.

Gro. 1. Right.

Gro. 2. And beside them Mr. *Hannibal Puppy.*

Gro. 1. And his She-*Puppy*, Mrs. *Wispie* that was:
Here's all are in the Note. *Gro. 2.* No, Mr. Vicar:
The petty Chanon *Hugh.* *Gro. 1.* And cast-by *Clay*:
There they are all. *Tub.* Then cry a Hall, a Hall!
'Tis merry in *Tottenbam Hall*, when Beards wag all.
Come, Father *Rosin*, with your Fiddle now,
And two tall-toters: Flourish to the Masque.

[*Loud Musick.*

ACT V. SCENE X.

Lady (*Preamble* before her) *Tub, Turfe, D. Turfe, Pol-Martin, Awdrey, Puppy, Wispie, Hugh, Clay*, all take their Seats. *Hilts* waits on the by.

Lady. **N**eighbours all welcome: Now doth *Totten-Hall*

Shew like a Court: and hence shall first be call'd fo.
Your witty short Confession, Mr. Vicar,
Within, hath been the *Prologue*, and hath open'd
Much to my Son's Device, his *Tale of a Tub.*

Tub. Let my Masque shew it self: and *In-and-In*,
The Architect appear: I hear the Whistle. [*Hil. Peace.*
[*Medlay* appears above the Curtain.

Med. Thus rise I first in my light Linnen Breeches,
To run the meaning over in short Speeches.
Here is a *Tub*, a *Tub* of *Totten-Court*:

An ancient *Tub* hath call'd you to this Sport :
 His Father was a Knight, the rich Sir *Peter* ;
 Who got his Wealth by a *Tub*, and by Salt-petre :
 And left all to his Lady *Tub*, the Mother
 Of this bold 'Squire *Tub*, and to no other.
 Now of this *Tub* and's Deeds, not done in Ale,
 Observe, and you shall see the very Tale.
 [*He draws the Curtain, and discovers the top of the Tub.*]

The First Motion.

[*Ha' peace. Loud Musick.*]
Med. **H**ERE Chanon *Hugh* first brings to *Totten-*
Hall

The High Constable's Council, tells the 'Squire all ;
 Which, though discover'd, (give the Devil his due :)
 The Wife of *Finsbury* do still pursue.
 Then with the Justice doth he counterplot,
 And his Clerk *Metaphor*, to cut that Knot :
 Whilst Lady *Tub*, in her sad Velvet-Gown,
 Missing her Son, doth seek him up and down.

Tub. With her *Pol-Martin* bare before her. *Med.* Yes,
 I have exprest it here in Figure, and Mis-
 tress *Wispie* her Woman, holding up her Train.

Tub. I' the next Page report your second Strain.

The Second Motion.

[*Hil. Ha' peace. Loud Musick.*]
Med. Here the High Constable and Sages walk
 To Church ; the Dame, the Daughter, Bride-maids
 talk

Of Wedding-business ; till a Fellow in comes,
 Relates the Robbery of one Captain *Thums* :
 Chargeth the Bridegroom with it ; troubles all,

And

And gets the Bride; who in the hands doth fall
Of the bold 'Squire; but thence soon is tane
By the sly Justice and his Clerk profane,
In shape of Purs'yvant; which he not long
Holds, but betrays all with his trembling Tongue:
As truth will break out and shew, &c.

Tub. O, thou hast made him kneel there in a corner,
I see now: there is a simple Honour for you, *Hilts!*

Hil. Did I not make him to confess all to you?

Tub. True, *In-and-In* hath done you right, you see.
Thy Third, I pray thee, witty *In-and-In*.

Cle. The 'Squire commends 'un: he doth like all
well.

Pat. He cannot chuse. This is Gear made to sell.

The Third Motion.

[*Hil.* Ha' peace. *Loud Musick.*

Med. The careful Constable here drooping comes,
In his deluded search of Captain *Thums*.

Puppy brings word his Daughter's run away
With the tall Serving-man. He frights Groom *Clay*
Out of his Wits. Returneth then the 'Squire,
Mocks all their Pains, and gives Fame out a Lyar,
For falsly charging *Clay*, when 'twas the Plot
Of subtle *Bramble*, who had *Awdrey* got
Into his hand by his winding Device.

The Father makes a Rescue in a trice:
And with his Daughter, like *St. George* on foot,
Comes home triumphing to his dear Heart-root.

And tells the Lady *Tub*, whom he meets there,
Of her Son's Courtesies, the Batchelor.

Whose words had made 'em fall the *Hue and Cry*.

When Captain *Thums* coming to ask him, why
He had so done? he cannot yield him cause:
But so he runs his Neck into the Laws.

The Fourth Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud Musick.

Med. The Laws, who have a Noose to crack his Neck,As Justice *Bramble* tells him, who doth peck
A Hundred Pound out of his Purse, that comes
Like his teeth from him, unto Captain *Thums*.
Thums is the Vicar in a false disguise:And employs *Metaphor* to fetch this Prize,
Who tells the Secret unto *Basket-Hilts*,
For fear of beating. This the 'Squire quilts
Within his Cap; and bids him but purloin
The Wench for him: they two shall share the Coyn,
Which the sage Lady in her 'foresaid Gown,
Breaks off, returning unto *Kentish-Town*,
To seek her *Wisp*: taking the 'Squire along,
Who finds *Clay John*, as hidden in Straw throng.*Hil.* O how am I beholden to the Inventer,
That would not, on Record, against me enter!
My slackness here to enter in the Barn:
Well, *In-and-In*, I see thou canst discern!*Tub.* On with your last, and come to a Conclusion,

The Fifth Motion.

[Hil. Ha' peace. Loud Musick.

Med. The last is known, and needs but small infusion
Into your Memories, by leaving in
These Figures as you sit: I, *In-and-In*,
Present you with the Show: First, of a Lady
Tub, and her Son, of whom this Masque here made I,
'Then Bridegroom *Pol*, and Mrs. *Pol* the Bride;
With the Sub-Couple, who sit them beside,*Tub.* That

Tub. That ould Verse I alter'd for the better,
ευφροια, gratia.

Med. Then Justice *Bramble*, with Sir *Hugh* the
Chanon:

And the Bride's Parents, which I will not stan' on,
Or the lost *Clay*, with the recovered *Giles*:
Who thus unto his Master him 'conciles,
On the 'Squire's Word, to pay old *Turse* his Club,
And so doth end our Tale here of a *Tub*.

THE EPILOGUE.

By 'Squire TUB.

THIS Tale of *Me*, the *Tub* of *Totten-Court*,
A Poet first invented for your Sport.

Wherein the Fortune of most empty *Tubs*,
Rowling in Love are shewn; and with what *Rubs*
W^o are commonly encountred: when the Wit
Of the whole Hundred so opposeth it.

Our petty Chanon's forked Plot in chief,
Sly Justice Arts, with the High Constable's Brief,
And brag Commands; my Lady Mother's Care,
And her Pol-Martin's Fortune; with the rare
Fate of poor John, thus tumbled in the Cask;

Got In-and-In to gi't you in a Masque:
That you be pleas'd, who come to see a Play,
With those that hear, and mark not what we say;
Wherein the Poet's Fortune is, I fear,
Still to be early up, but ne'er the near.

The

THE
Sad Shepherd:
OR, A
T A L E
OF
Robin Hood.

Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

Nec erubuit sylvas habitare Thaleia. Virg.

The PERSONS of the PLAY.

Robin Hood,	<i>The chief Woodman, Master of the Feast.</i>		
Marian,	<i>His Lady, the Mistress.</i>		
	<i>Their Family.</i>		
Friar Tuck,	<i>The Chaplain and Steward.</i>		
Little John,	<i>Bow-bearer.</i>		
Scarlet,	} <i>Two Brothers, Huntsmen.</i>		
Scathlock,			
George à Green,	<i>Huisher of the Bower.</i>		
Much,	<i>Robin Hood's Bailiff, or Acater.</i>		
	<i>The Guests invited.</i>		
Clarion,	{ <i>The Rich,</i>	{ <i>Shepherds.</i>	
Lionel,			<i>The Courteous,</i>
Alken,			<i>The Sage,</i>
Æglamour,			<i>The Sad,</i>
Karolin,	<i>The Kind.</i>		
Mellifleur,	{ <i>The Sweet,</i>	{ <i>Shepherdesses.</i>	
Amie,			<i>The Gentle,</i>
Larine,			<i>The Beautiful.</i>
	<i>The Troubles unexpected.</i>		
Maudlin,	<i>The Envious, the Witch of Papplewick.</i>		
Douce,	<i>The Proud, her Daughter.</i>		
Lorell,	<i>The Rude, a Swine'ard, the Witches Son.</i>		
Puck-hairy,	<i>Or, Robin Goodfellow, their Hine.</i>		
	<i>The Reconciler.</i>		
Reuben,	<i>A Devout Hermit.</i>		

The SCENE, SHERWOOD.

Consisting of a Landt-shape of a Forest, Hills, Valleys, Cottages, a Castle, a River, Pastures, Herds, Flocks, all full of Countrey-Simplicity. *Robin Hood's Bower, his Well, the Witches Dimble, the Swine'ard's Oak, the Hermit's Cell.*

The

The PROLOGUE

HE that hath feasted you these Forty Tears,
 And fitted Fables for your finer Ears,
 Although at first he scarce could hit the bore;
 Yet you, with patience barking more and more,
 At length have grown up to him, and made known,
 The working of his Pen is now your own:
 He prays you would vouchsafe, for your own sake,
 To bear him this once more, but sit awake.
 And though he now present you with such Wool,
 As from mere English Flocks his Muse can pull,
 He hopes when it is made up into Cloath,
 Not the most curious Head here will be loath
 To wear a Hood of it, it being a Fleece,
 To match or those of Sicily or Greece.
 His Scene is Sherwood, and his Play a Tale,
 Of Robin Hood's inviting from the Vale
 Of Be'voir, all the Shep'ards to a Feast:
 Where, by the casual absence of one Guest,
 The Mirth is troubled much, and in one Man
 As much of Sadness shown as Passion can.
 The sad young Shep'ard, whom we here present,
 Like his Woes Figure, dark and discontent,
 [The Sad Shep'ard passeth silently over the Stage.
 For his lost Love, who in the Trent is said
 To have miscarried; 'last! what knows the Head
 Of a calm River, whom the Feet have drown'd?
 Hear what his Sorrows are; and if they wound
 Your gentle Breasts, so that the End crown all,
 Which in the scope of one day's Chance may fall:
 Old Trent will send you more such Tales as these,
 And shall grow young again as one doth please.

[Here the Prologue thinking to end, returns
 upon a new Purpose, and speaks on,

But here's an Heresie of late let fall,
 That Mirth by no means fits a Pastoral;

Such

The P R O L O G U E. 93

*Such say so, who can make none, be presumes :
 Else there's no Scene more properly assumes
 The Sock. For whence can Sport in kind arise,
 But from the Rural Routs and Families ?
 Safe on this ground then we not fear to day,
 To tempt your Laughter by our Rustick Play.
 Wherein if we distate or be cry'd down,
 We think we therefore shall not leave the Town ;
 Nor that the Fore-wits that would draw the rest
 Unto their liking, always like the best.
 The wise and knowing Critick will not say,
 This worst, or better is, before he weigh ;
 Where every Piece be perfect in the kind :
 And then, though in themselves be difference find,
 Yet if the place require it where they stood,
 The equal fitting makes them equal good.
 You shall have Love, and Hate, and Jealousie,
 As well as Mirth, and Rage, and Melancholy :
 Or whatsoever else may either move,
 Or stir Affections, and your Likings prove.
 But that no Stile for Pastoral should go
 Current, but what is stamp'd with Ah and O :
 Who judgeth so, may singularly err ;
 As if all Poesie had one Character :
 In which, what were not written, were not right,
 Or that the Man who made such one poor Flight,
 In his whole Life, had with his winged Skill
 Advanc'd him upmost on the Muses Hill.
 When he like Poet yet remains, as those
 Are Painters who can only make a Rose.
 From such, your Wits redeem you, or your Chance,
 Left to a greater height you do advance
 Of Folly, to contemn those that are known
 Artificers, and trust such as are none.*

T H E

The Sad Shepherd:
OR, A
TALE of Robin Hood.

The ARGUMENT of the First Act.



ROBIN Hood, having invited all the Shep-
herds and Shep'erdesses of the Vale of Be-
voir to a Feast in the Forest of Sherwood,
and trusting to his Mistress, Maid Marian,
with her Woodmen, to kill him Venison
against the Day: Having left the like Charge with Friar
Tuck his Chaplain and Steward, to command the rest of
his merry Men to see the Bower made ready, and all things
in order for the Entertainment: meeting with his Guests
at their entrance into the Wood, welcomes and conducts
them to his Bower. Where, by the way, he receives the
Relation of the Sad Shep'erd Aeglamour, who is fall'n
into a deep Melancholy for the Loss of his beloved Earine,
reported to have been drowned in passing over the Trent,
some few days before. They endeavour, in what they can
to comfort him: But his Disease having taken so strong
Root, all is in vain, and they are forced to leave him.
In the mean time, Marian is come from Hunting with
the Huntsmen, where the Lovers interchangeably express
their Loves, Robin Hood enquires if she hunted the
Deer

Deer at force, and what Sport be made? how long he stood? and what Head he bore? All which is briefly answered, with a Relation of breaking him up, and the Raven, and her Bone. The suspect had of that Raven to be Maudlin the Witch of Papplewick, whom one of the Huntsmen met iⁿ the Morning at the rowling of the Deer, and is confirmed, by her being then in Robin Hood's Kitchen, iⁿ the Chimney-corner, broiling the same bit which was thrown to the Raven at the Quarry or Fall of the Deer. Marian being gone in to shew the Deer to some of the Shepherdesses, returns instantly to the Scene, discontented; sends away the Venison she had kill'd, to her they call the Witch; quarrels with her Love Robin Hood, abuseth him, and his Guests the Shepherds; and so departs, leaving them all in Wonder and Perplexity.

ACT I. SCENE I.

Eglamour.

HERE she was wont to go! and here! and here!
Just where those Daisies, Pinks and Violets grow:
The World may find the Spring by following her;
For other Print her airy Steps ne'er left:
Her treading would not bend a blade of Grass!
Or shake the downy Blow-ball from his Stalk!
But like the soft West Wind she shot along,
And where she went, the Flowers took thickest root,
As she had sow'd 'em with her odorous Foot.

ACT I. SCENE II.

Marian, Tuck, John, Woodmen, &c.

Mar. **K** NOW, you, or can you guess, my merry
Men, What

What 'tis that keeps your Master, *Robin Hood*,
So long, both from his *Marian*, and the Wood?

Tuc. Forsooth, Madam, he will be here by Noon,
And prays it of your Bounty, as a Boon,
That you by then have kill'd him Venison some,
To feast his jolly Friends, who hither come
In threaves to frolick with him, and make cheer;
Here's *Little John* hath harbour'd you a Deer,
I see by his tackling.

John. And a Hart of Ten,
I trow he be, Madam, or blame your Men:
For by his Slot, his Entries, and his Port,
His Frayings, Fewmets, he doth promise Sport,
And standing 'fore the Dogs, he bears a head,
Large and well-beam'd: with all Rights somm'd and
spread.

Mar. Let's rowse him quickly, and lay on the
Hounds.

John. *Scatblock* is ready with them on the Grounds:
So is his Brother *Scarlet*: now they 'ave found
His Layre, they have him sure within the Pound.

Mar. Away then, when my *Robin* bids a Feast,
'Twere sin in *Marian* to defraud a Guest.

ACT I. SCENE III.

Tuck, George à Green, Much, Æglamour.

Tuc. **A**ND I, the Chaplain, here am left to be
Steward to day, and charge you all in fee,
To d'on your Liveries, see the Bower drest,
And fit the fine devices for the Feast:
You, *George*, must care to make the Baldrick trim,
And Garland that must crown, or her, or him;
Whose Flock this Year hath brought the earliest Lamb.

Geo. Good Father *Tuck*, at your Commands I am
To

To cut the Table out o' the green Sword,
Or any other Service for my Lord ;
To carve the Guests large Seats, and these lain in
With Turfe (as soft and smooth as the Mole's Skin :
And hang the bulled Nofegays 'bove their Heads,
The Pipers Bank; whereon to sit and play,
And a fair Dial to meet out the Day.
Our Master's Feast shall want no just Delights :
His Entertainments must have all the Rites.

Muc. I, and all choice that Plenty can send in,
Bread, Wine, Acates, Fowl, Feather, Fish or Fin,
For which my Father's Nets have swept the Trent.
[*Æglamour falls in with them.*

Æg. And ha' you found her?

Muc. Whom? *Æg.* My drowned Love,
Earine! the sweet *Earine!*
The bright and beautiful *Earine!*
Have you not heard of my *Earine?*
Just by your Father's Mill (I think I am right)
Are not you *Much* the Miller's Son? *Muc.* I am,

Æg. And Bailiff to brave *Robin Hood?*

Muc. The same.

Æg. Close by your Father's Mills, *Earine!*
Earine was drown'd! O my *Earine!*
(Old *Mandlin* tells me so, and *Douce* her Daughter)
Ha' you swept the River, say you? and not found
her?

Muc. For Fowl and Fish we have.

Æg. O, not for her?

You're goodly Friends! right charitable Men!
Nay, keep your way; and leave me: make your
Toys,

Your Tales, your Poesies, that you talk'd of; all
Your Entertainments: you not injure me:
Only if I may enjoy my *Cypress* Wreath!
And you will let me weep! ('tis all I ask,)
Till I be turn'd to Water, as was she!

VOL. V.

H

And

And troth, what less Suit can you grant a Man?

Tuc. His Phantasie is hurt, let us now leave him:
The Wound is yet too fresh to admit searching.

Eg. Searching? Where should I search? or on what track?

Can my slow drop of Tears, or this dark Shade
About my Brows, enugh describe her Loss!

Earine! O my *Earine's* Loss!

No, no, no, no; this Heart will break first.

Geo. How will this sad disaster strike the Ears
Of bounteous *Robin Hood*, our gentle Master?

Muc. How will it mar his Mirth, abate his Feast;
And strike a Horror into every Guest!

Eg. If I could knit whole Clouds about my Brows,
And weep like *Swithin*, or those watry Signs,
The Kids that rise then, and drown all the Flocks
Of those rich Shepherds, dwelling in this Vale;
Those careless Shepherds that did let her drown!
Then I did something, or could make old *Trent*
Drunk with my Sorrow, to start out in breaches,
To drown their Herds, their Cattle, and their Corn;
Break down their Mills, their Dams, o'er-turn their
Wares,

And see their Houses and whole Livelihood
Wrought into Water with her, all were good:
I'd kiss the Torrent, and those Whirles of *Trent*,
That suck'd her in, my sweet *Earine!*

When they have cast their Body on the shore,
And it comes up as tainted as themselves,
All pale and bloodless, I will love it still,
For all that they can do, and make 'em mad,
To see how I will hug it in mine Arms!

And hang upon the Looks, dwell on her Eyes:
Feed round about her Lips, and eat her Kisses!
Suck of her drowned Flesh! and where's their Malice?
Not all their envious fousing can change that:
~~But~~ I will still study some Revenge past this!

I pray you give me leave, for I will study,
Though all the Bells, Pipes, Tabors, Timburlines ring,
That you can plant about me: I will study.

ACT I. SCENE IV.

To him.] *Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alkin, Tuck, Servants, with Musick of all sorts.*

Rob. **W**elcome, bright *Clarion*, and sweet *Mellifleur*,
The courteous *Lionel*, and fair *Amie*: all
My Friends and Neighbours to the jolly Bower
Of *Robin Hood*, and to the green Wood Walks:
Now that the shearing of your Sheep is done,
And the wash'd Flocks are lighted of their Wool,
The smoother Ewes are ready to receive
The Mounting Rams again; and both do feed,
As either promis'd to increase your Breed
At Eaning-time; and bring you Lusty Twins.
Why should or you or we so much forget
The Season in our selves, as not to make
Use of our Youth and Spirits to awake
The nimble Horn-pipe, and the Timburline,
And mix our Songs and Dances in the Wood,
And each of us cut down a Triumph-Bough?
Such were the Rites the youthful *June* allow.

Cl. They were, gay *Robin*, but the sower sort
Of Shepherds, now disclaim in all such Sport:
And say, our Flock the while are poorly fed,
When with such Vanities the Swains are led.

Tuc. Would they, wise *Clarion*, were not hurried more
With Covetise and Rage, when to their Store
They add the poor Man's Eanling, and dare sell
Both Fleece and Carcass, not gi'ing him the Fell.
When to one Goat they reach that prickly Weed,
Which maketh all the rest forbear to feed;

Or strew *Tods* Hairs, or with their Tails do sweep
 The dewy Grass, to do'ff the simpler Sheep;
 Or dig deep Pits their Neighbours Neat to vex,
 To drown the Calves, and crack the Heifers Necks.
 Or with pretence of chasing thence the Brock,
 Send in a Cur to worry the whole Flock.

Lio. O Friar, those are faults that are not seen,
 Ours open, and of worst Example been.
 They call ours *Pagan* Pastimes, that infect
 Our Blood with Ease, our Youth with all Neglect;
 Our Tongues with Wantonness, our Thoughts with
 Lust,

And what they censure ill, all others must.

Rob. I do not know what their sharp sight may see,
 Of late, but I should think it still might be
 (As 'twas) a happy Age, when on the Plains
 The Woodmen met the Damsels, and the Swains
 The Neat'ards, Plowmen, and the Pipers loud,
 And each did dance, some to the Kit, or Crowd,
 Some to the Bag-pipe, some the Tabret mov'd,
 And all did either love, or were belov'd.

Lio. The dextrous Shepherd then would try his Sling,
 Then dart his Hook at Daiesies, then would sing.
 Sometimes would wrastle.

Cl. I, and with a Lads:
 And give her a new Garment on the Grass;
 After a course at Barley-break, or Base.

Lio. And all these deeds were seen without offence,
 Or the least hazard of their Innocence.

Rob. Those charitable Times had no mistrust:
 Shepherds knew how to love, and not to lust.

Cl. Each minute that we lose thus, I confess,
 Deserves a Censure on us, more or less;
 But that a sadder Chance hath given allay,
 Both to the Mirth and Musick of this day.

Our fairest Shepherdess we had of late,
 Here upon *Trent* is drown'd; for whom her Mate,

Young

Young *Æglamour*, a Swain, who best could tread
Our Country Dances, and our Games did lead,
Lives like the melancholy Turtle, drown'd deeper
In Woe, than she in Water: crown'd
With *Tewgb Cypress*, and will scarce admit
The Physick of our Presence to his Fit.

Lio. Sometimes he sits, and thinks all day, then
walks,

Then thinks again, and sighs, weeps, laughs and talks;
And 'twixt his pleasing Frenzy, and sad Grief,
Is so distracted, as no sought Relief,
By all our Studies can procure his Peace.

Cl. The Passion finds in him that large increase,
As we doubt hourly we shall lose him too.

Rob. You should not cross him then, whate'er you
do.

For Phant'sie stopp'd, will soon take fire, and burn
Into an Anger, or to a Phrensie turn.

Cl. Nay, so we are advis'd by *Alken* here,
A good sage Shepherd, who, altho' he wear
An old worn Hat and Cloak, can tell us more
Than all the forward Fry, that boast their Lore.

Lio. See, yonder comes the Brother of the Maid,
Young *Karolin*! how curious and afraid
He is at once! willing to find him out,
And loth to offend him.

Alken. Sure he's here about.

ACT I. SCENE V.

*Robin Hood, Clarion, Mellifleur, Lionel, Amie, Alken,
Karolin, Æglamour, sitting upon a Bank by.*

Cl. SEE where he sits.

Æg. It will be rare, rare, rare!
An exquisite Revenge: but peace, no words!

H 3

Not

Not for the fairest Fleece of all the Flock;
 If it be known afore, 'tis all worth nothing!
 I'll carve it on the Trees, and in the Turf,
 On every Greensworth, and in every Path,
 Just to the Margin of the cruel *Trent*;
 There will I knock the Story in the Ground,
 In smooth great Peeble, and Moss fill it round,
 Till the whole Countrey read she was drown'd.
 And with the plenty of salt Tears there shed,
 Quite alter the Complexion of the Spring.
 Or I will get some old, old Grandam thither,
 Whose rigid Foot but dip'd into the Water,
 Shall strike that sharp and sudden Cold throughout,
 As it shall lose all Vertue; and those Nymphs,
 Those treacherous Nymphs pull'd in *Earine*,
 Shall stand curl'd up like Images of Ice,
 And never thaw! Mark, never! a sharp Justice:
 Or stay, a better! when the year's at hottest,
 And that *Dog-Star* foams, and the Stream boils,
 And curls, and works, and swells ready to sparkle:
 To sling a Fellow with a Fever in,
 To set it all on fire, till it burn
 Blue as *Scamander*, 'fore the Walls of *Troy*,
 When *Vulcan* leap'd in to him to consume him.

Rob. A deep hurt Phant'sie.

Æg. Do you not approve it?

Rob. Yes, gentle *Æglamour*, we all approve,
 And come to gratulate your just Revenge:
 Which, since it is so perfect, we now hope,
 You'll leave all care thereof, and mix with us,
 In all the profer'd Solace of the Spring.

Æg. A Spring, now she is dead: of what, of Thorns?
 Briars and Brambles? Thistles? Burs and Docks?
 Cold Hemlock? Yew? the Mandrake, or the Box?
 These may grow still; but what can spring beside?
 Did not the whole Earth sicken when she died?
 As if there since did fall one drop of Dew,

But

But what was wept for her! or any stalk
 Did bear a Flower! or any branch a Bloom,
 After her Wreath was made! In faith, in faith,
 You do not fair, to put these things upon me,
 Which can in no sort be: *Earine*,
 Who had her very Being, and her Name,
 With the first knots or buddings of the Spring,
 Born with the Primrose or the Violet,
 Or earliest Roses blown: when *Cupid* smil'd,
 And *Venus* led the Graces out to dance,
 And all the Flowers and Sweets in *Nature's* Lap
 Leap'd out, and made their solemn Conjunction,
 To last but while she liv'd: do not I know
 How the Vale wither'd the same day? how *Dove*,
Dean, *Eye* and *Erwash*, *Idel*, *Snite* and *Soare*,
 Each broke his Urn, and twenty Waters more,
 That swell'd proud *Trent*, shrunk themselves dry;
 that since,

No Sun or Moon, or other chearful Star,
 Look'd out of Heaven! but all the Cope was dark,
 As it were hung so for her Exequies!
 And not a Voice or Sound to ring her Knell:
 But of that dismal Pair, the scritch Owl,
 And buzzing Hornet! hark, hark, hark, the foul
 Bird! how she flutters with her wicker Wings!
 Peace, you shall hear her scritch.

Cla. Good *Karolin*, sing,
 Help to divert this Phant'sie. *Kar.* All I can.

The S O N G.

[Which, while *Karolin* sings, *Æglamour* reads.

Though I am young, and cannot tell,
 Either what Death or Love is well,
 Yet I have heard they both bear Darts,
 And both do aim at Humane Hearts;

The Sad Shepherd.

*And then again, I have been told,
Love wounds with Heat, as Death with Cold;
So that I fear they do but bring
Extreams to touch, and mean one thing,*

*As in a Ruine we it call,
One thing to be blown up, or fall;
Or to our End, like way may have,
By a flash of Lightning, or a Wave:
So Love's inflamed Shaft or Brand
May kill as soon as Death's cold Hand;
Except Love's Fires the Vertue have
To fright the Frost out of the Grave.*

*Æg. Do you think so? are you in that good Heresie?
I mean Opinion? If you be, say nothing:
I'll study it as a new Philosophy,
But by my self alone: Now you shall leave me.
Some of these Nymphs here will reward you; this,
This pretty Maid, although but with a Kiss.*

[He forces Amie to kiss him.]

*Liv'd my Earine, you should have twenty:
For every Line here, one I would allow 'em
From mine own Store, the Treasure I had in her:
Now I am poor as you. Kar. And I a Wretch!*

Cla. Yet keep an eye upon him, Karolin.

[Æglamour goes out, and Karolin follows him.]

*Mel. Alas! that ever such a generous Spirit
As Æglamour's should sink by such a Loss!*

*Cla. The truest Lovers are least fortunate,
Look all their Lives and Legends, what they call
The Lovers Scriptures, Heliodores or Tatii!
Longi! Eustathii! Prodomi! you'll find it!*

*What think you, Father? Alk. I have known some
few,*

*And read of more, wh' have had their dose, and deep,
Of these sharp bitter-sweets. Lio. But what is this*

To

To jolly *Robin*, who the Story is
Of all Beatitude in Love? *Cla.* And told
Here every day with wonder on the World.

Lio. And with Fame's Voice.

Alk. Save that some folk delight
To blend all good of others with some spight.

Cla. He and his *Marian* are the Sum and Talk
Of all that breathe here in the Green-Wood Walk.

Mel. Or *Be'voir* Vale.

Kar. The Turtles of the Wood.

Cla. The billing pair. *Alk.* And so are understood
For simple Loves, and sampled Lives beside.

Mel. Faith, so much Vertue should not be envy'd.

Alk. Better be so than pitied, *Mellifleur*!
For 'gainst all Envy, Vertue is a Cure;
But wretched Pity ever calls on Scorns.
The Deer's brought home; I hear it by their Horns.

ACT I. SCENE VI.

To *Robin*, &c.] *Marian*, *John*, *Scarlet*, *Scatblock*.

Rob. MY *Marian*, and my Mistress!

Mar. My lov'd *Robin*!

Mel. The Moon's at full, the happy Pair are met!

Mar. How hath this Morning paid me for my rising!
First, with my Sports; but most with meeting you!
I did not half so well reward my Hounds,
As she hath me to day: although I gave them
All the sweet Morfels call'd Tongue, Ears and Dowcets!

Rob. What? and the Inch-pin? *Mar.* Yes.

Rob. Your Sports then pleas'd you?

Mar. Your are a Wanton.

Rob. One, I do confess,
I wanted till you came; but now I have you,
I'll grow to your Embraces, till two Souls

Distilled

Distilled into Kisses through our Lips,
Do make one Spirit of Love.

Mar. O Robin! Robin!

Rob. Breathe, breathe a while, what says my gentle *Marian*?

Mar. Could you so long be absent?

Rob. What, a Week?

Was that so long?

Mar. How long are Lovers Weeks,
Do you think, *Robin*, when they are asunder?
Are they not Pris'ners Years?

Rob. To some they seem so;
But being met again, they are School-boys Hours.

Mar. That have got leave to play, and so we use them.

Rob. Had you good Sport i' your Chase to day?

John. O, prime!

Mar. A lusty Stag? *Rob.* And hunted ye at force?

Mar. In a full Cry. *John.* And never hunted change!

Rob. You had stanch Hounds then?

Mar. Old and sure; I love

No young rash Dogs, no more than changing Friends.

Rob. What Relays set you?

John. None at all; we laid not

In one fresh Dog. *Rob.* He stood not long then?

Scar. Yes,

Five Hours and more. A great large Deer!

Rob. What Head?

John. Forked! a Hart of Ten.

Mar. He is good Venison,

According to the Season i' the Blood,
I'll promise all your Friends, for whom he fell.

John. But at his fall there hap't a chance.

Mar. Worth mark?

Rob. I! what was that, sweet *Marian*? [He kisses her;

Mar. You'll not hear?

Rob. I love these interruptions in a Story;

They

They make it sweeter. *Mar.* You do know, as soon
As the Assay is taken. [He kisses her again.

Rob. On, my *Marian*.

I did but take the Assay. *Mar.* You stop ones Month,
And yet you bid 'em speak---when the Arbor's made.

Rob. Pull'd down, and Paunch turn'd out.

Mar. He that undoes him,
Doth cleave the Brisket-bone, upon the Spoon
Of which a little Gristle grows, you call it—

Rob. The Raven's Bone.

Mar. Now, o'er head fate a Raven,
On a fere Bough, a grown great Bird, and hoarse!
Who, all the while the Deer was breaking up,
So croak'd and cry'd fort, as all the Huntsmen
(Especially old *Scatblock*) thought it ominous!
Swore it was Mother *Maudlin*, whom he met
At the Day-dawn, just as he rows'd the Deer
Out of his Laire: but we made shift to run him
Off his four Legs, and sunk him e'er we left.
Is the Deer come? *Scat.* He lies within o' the Dresser:

Mar. Will you go see him, *Mellifleur*?

Mel. I attend you.

Mar. Come, *Amie*, you'll go with us?

Am. I am not well.

Lio. She's sick o' the young Shep'erd that bekist her:

Mar. Friend, chear your Friends up, we will eat
him merrily.

Alk. Saw you the Raven, Friend?

Scat. I, qu'ha suld let me?

I suld be afraid o' you, Sir, suld I?

Clar. Huntsman,

A drain more of Civility would not hurt you!

Rob. Nay, you must give them all their Rudenesses;
They are not else themselves without their Language.

Alk. And what do you think of her?

Scat. As of a Witch.

They

They call her a wise Woman, but I think her
An arrant Witch.

Clar. And wherefore think you so?

Scat. Because I saw her since broiling the Bone
Was cast her at the Quarry.

Alk. Where saw you her?

Scat. I' the Chimney-nuik, within : she's there now.

Rob. Marian.

ACT I. SCENE VII.

Marian.

[*To them.*]

YOUR Hunt holds in his Tale still ; and tells
more !

Mar. My Hunt ? what Tale?

Rob. How ! cloudy, *Marian !*

What Look is this ? *Mar.* A fit one, Sir, for you.
Hand off, rude Ranger ! Sirrah, get you in

[*To Scathlock.*]

And bear the Venison hence : It is too good
For these coarse Rustick Mouths, that cannot open,
Or spend a thank for't. A starv'd Mutton's Carcass
Would better fit their Palates. See it carried
To Mother *Maudlin's*, whom you call the Witch, Sir.
Tell her I sent it to make merry with,
She'll turn us thanks at least ! why stand'st thou,
Groom ?

Rob. I wonder he can move ! that he's not fix'd !
If that his feeling be the same with mine !

I dare not trust the Faith of mine own Senses.

I fear mine Eyes and Ears : this is not *Marian !*

Nor am I *Robin Hood !* I pray you ask her !

Ask her, good Shep'ards ! ask her all for me :

Or rather ask your selves, if she be she ;

Or I be I. *Mar.* Yes, and you are the Spy :

And

And the spy'd Spy that watch upon my Walks,
To inform what Deer I kill or give away!
Where! when! to whom! but spy your worst, good
Spy!

I will dispose of this where least you like!
Fall to your Cheese-cakes, Curds, and clawted Cream,
Your Fool, your Flaunes; and of Ale a stream
To wash it from your Livers: strain Ewes Milk
Into your Cyder Syllabubs, and be drunk
To him whose Fleece hath brought the earliest Lamb
This year; and wears the Baudrick at your Bord!
Where you may all go whistle; and record
This i' your Dance: and foot it lustily.

[She leaves them.]

Rob. I pray you, Friends, do you hear and see as
I do?

Did the same Accents strike your Ears? and Objects?
Your Eyes as mine?

Alk. We taste the same Reproaches!

Lio. Have seen the Changes!

Rob. Are we not all chang'd,
Transformed from our selves? Lio. I do not know!
The best is Silence! Alk. And to await the issue.

Rob. The dead or lazy wait for't: I will find it.

The ARGUMENT of the Second Act.

THE Witch Maudlin having taken the Shape of Marian to abuse Robin Hood, and perplex his Guests, cometh forth with her Daughter Douce, reporting in what Confusion she had left them; defrauded them of their Venison, made them suspicious each of the other; but most of all, Robin Hood so jealous of his Marian, as she hopes no effect of Love would ever reconcile them; glorying so far in the extent of her Mischief, as she confesseth to have surpriz'd

priz'd Earine, stripp'd her of her Garments, to make her Daughter appear fine at this Feast in them; and to have shut the Maiden up in a Tree, as her Son's Prize, if he could win her; or his Prey, if he would force her. Her Son, a rude bragging Swine'ard, comes to the Tree to woo her, (his Mother and Sister stepping aside to over-hear him) and first boasts his Wealth to her, and his Possessions; which move not. Then he presents her Gifts, such as himself is taken with, but she utterly shows a Scorn and Loathing both of him and them. His Mother is angry, rates him, instructs him what to do the next time, and persuades her Daughter to show herself about the Bower: tells how she shall know her Mother, when she is transformed, by her broidered Belt. Mean while the young Shep'erde's Amie, being kiss'd by Karolin, Earine's Brother, before, falls in Love; but knows not what Love is: but describes her Disease so innocently, that Marian pities her. When Robin Hood, and the rest of his Guests invited, enter to Marian, upbraiding her with sending away their Venison to Mother Maudlin by Scathlock, which she denies; Scathlock affirms it; but seeing his Mistress weep, and to forswear it, begins to doubt his own Understanding, rather than affront her farther; which makes Robin Hood and the rest to examine themselves better. But Maudlin entering like herself, the Witch comes to thank her for her Bounty: at which Marian is more angry, and more denies the Deed. Scathlock enters, tells he has brought it again, and delivered it to the Cook. The Witch is inwardly vext the Venison is so recover'd from her by the rude Huntsman, and murmurs and curses; bewitches the Cook, mocks poor Amie and the rest; discovereth her ill Nature, and is a means of reconciling them all. For the sage Shepherd suspecteth her Mischief, if she be not prevented: and so persuadeth to seize on her. Whereupon Robin Hood dispatcheth out his Woodmen to hunt and take her. Which ends the Act.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE I.

Mandlin, Douce.

Mau. **H**AVE I not left 'em in a brave Confusion?
Amaz'd their Expectation? got their Ve-
nison?

Troubled their Mirth and Meeting? made them doubt-
ful

And jealous of each other? all distracted?

And, i' the close, uncertain of themselves?

This can your Mother do, my dainty *Douce*!

Take any Shape upon her! and delude

The Senses best acquainted with their Owners!

The jolly *Robin*, who hath bid this Feast,

And made this solemn Invitation;

I ha' possess'd so, with fyke dislikes

Of his own *Marian*, that all-be he know her,

As doth the vaunting Hart his venting Hind,

He ne'er fra' hence, fall neis her i' the wind,

To his first liking.

Dou. Did you so distate him?

Mau. As far as her proud scorning him could 'bate
Or blunt the edge of any Lover's Temper.

Dou. But were ye like her, Mother?

Mau. So like, *Douce*,

As had she seen me hersel', her sel' had doubted

Whether had been the liker of the twa!

This can your Mother do, I tell you, Daughter!

I ha' but dight ye yet, i' the out-dress,

And 'pparel of *Earine*! but this Raiment,

These very Weeds shall make ye, as but coming

In view or ken of *Æglamour*, your Form

Shall show too slippery to be look'd upon!

And

And all the Forest swear you to be she!
 They shall rin after ye, and wage the odds,
 Upo' their own deceived fights, ye are her!
 Whilst she (poor Lass) is stock'd up in a Tree;
 Your Brother *Lorel's* Prize! For so my largess
 Hath lotted her to be your Brother's Mistress,
 Gif she can be reclaim'd: gif not, his Prey!
 And here he comes new claiethed, like a Prince
 of Swine'erds! syke he seems! dight i' the Spoils
 Of those he feeds! a mighty Lord of Swine!
 He is command now to woo. Let's step aside,
 And hear his Love-craft! See, he opes the door!
 And takes her by the Hand, and helps her forth!
 This is true Courtship, and becomes his Ray.

ACT II. SCENE II.

Lorel, Earine, Maudlin, Douce.

Lor. YE kind to others, but ye coy to me,
 Deft Mistress! whiter than the Cheese new
 prest!

Smoother than Cream! and softer than the Curds!
 Why start ye from me e'er ye hear me tell
 My wooing Errand, and what Rents I have?
 Large Herds and Pastures! Swine and Kie mine own!
 And though my Na'se be camus'd, my Lips thick,
 And my Chin bristled! *Pan*, great *Pan*, was such!
 Who was the Chief of Herdsmen, and our Sire!
 I am na' Fay! na' Incubus! na' Changlin!
 But a good Man, that lives o' my awn Geer.
 This House! these Grounds! this Stock is all my awn!

Ear. How better 'twere to me, this were not known!

Man. She likes it not: but it is boasted well!

Lor. An hundred Udders for the Pail I have,
 That gi' me Milk and Curds, that make me Cheese

To

to cloy the Markets ! twenty Swarm of Bees,
 Whilke (all the Summer) hum about the Hive,
 And bring me Wax and Honey in by live.
 An aged Oak, the King of all the Field,
 With a broad Beech there grows before my dur,
 that mickle Mast unto the Ferm doth yield.
 A Chestnut, whilke hath larded mony a Swine,
 Whose Skins I wear to fend me fra' the Cold.
 A Poplar Green, and with a kerved Seat,
 Under whose Shade I solace in the Heat;
 And thence can see gang out and in my Neat.
 Twa trilland Brooks, each (from his Spring) doth
 meet,

And make a River to refresh my Feet:
 In which each Morning e'er the Sun doth rise,
 I look my self, and clear my pleasant Eyes,
 Before I pipe; For therein I have skill
 'Bove other Swine'erds. Bid me, and I will
 Straight play to you, and make you Melody.

Ear. By no means. Ah! to me all Minstrelsie
 Is irksome, as are you.

Lor. Why scorn you me?
 Because I am a Herdsman, and feed Swine!

[He draws out other Present.]

I am a Lord of other Geer! this fine
 Smooth Bawsons Cub, the young Grice of a Gray;
 Twa tyny Urshins, and this Ferret gay.

Ear. Out on 'em! what are these?

Lor. I give 'em ye,
 As Presents, Mistris. *Ear.* O the Fiend and thee!
 Gar take them hence: they fewmand all the claites,
 And prick my Coats: hence with 'em, limmer Lown,
 Thy Vermine and thy self, thy self art one;
 I lock me up. All's well when thou art gone.

ACT II. SCENE III.

Lorel, Mandlin, Douce.

Lor. **D**ID you hear this? she wish'd me at the
Fiend,

With all my Presents! *Mau.* A tu lucky end
She wishend thee, foul Limmer! dritty Lown!
Gud faith, it duills me that I am thy Mother!
And see, thy Sister scorns thee for her Brother!
Thou woo thy Love, thy Mistris, with twa Hedge-
hogs?

A stinkand Brock, a Polcat? out thou Houlet!
Thou should'st ha' given her a Madge-Owl! and then
Th' hadst made a Present o' thy self, Owl-Spiegle!

Dou. Why, Mother, I have heard ye bid to give;
And often as the Cause calls. *Mau.* I know well,
It is a witty part sometimes to give.

But what? to whame? no Monsters! nor to Maidens!
He suld present them with mare pleasant things,
Things natural, and what all Women covet
To see, the common Parent of us all!

Which Maids will twire at 'tween their Fingers thus!
With which his Sire gat him! he's get another!
And so beger Posterity upon her!

This he should do! (false-Gelden) gang thy gait,
And do thy turns berimes: or I's gar take
Thy new Breikes fra' thee, and thy Dublet tu.
the Talleur and the Sowter fall undu'

All they ha' made; except thou manlier woo!

[*Lorel goes out.*]

Dou. Gud Mother, gif yow chide him, he'll du
wairs.

Mau. Hang him: I geif him to the Devil's Eirs.
But, ye my *Douce*, I charge ye, shew your fell

Tu

Tu all the Shep'ers bauldly : gaing amang 'em.
 Be mickel i' their Eye, frequent and fugeand.
 And gif they ask ye of *Earine*,
 Or of these Claithes, say, that I ga' 'em ye,
 And sa no more. I ha' that wark in hand,
 That web upo' the Luime, sall gar 'em think
 By then, they feeling their own Frights and Fears,
 I' is pu' the World or Nature 'bout their Ears.
 But, hear ye, *Douce*, bycause ye may meet me
 In many Shapes to day, where-e'er you spy
 This browdred Belt with Characters, 'tis I.
 A Gypsan Lady, and a right Beldam, wrought it by
 Moon-shine, for me, and Star-light,
 Upo' your Granam's Grave, that very Night
 We earth'd her in the Shades ; When our Dame *Hecate*
 Made it her gaing Night over the Kirk-yard
 With all the Bark and Parish-Tykes set at her,
 While I sat whyrland of my brazen Spindle :
 At every twisted thrid my rock let fly
 Unto the sew'fter, who did sit me nigh,
 Under the Town-turn-pike ; which ran each spell
 She stiched in the Work, and knit it well.
 See that ye take tent to this, and ken your Mother.

ACT II. SCENE IV.

Marian, Mellifleur, Amie.

Mar. **H**OW do you, sweet *Amie*, yet?

Mel. She cannot tell,
 If she could sleep, she says, she should do well.
 She feels a hurt, but where, she cannot show
 Any least sign, that she is hurt or no.
 Her Pain's not doubtful to her ; but the seat
 Of her Pain is. Her thoughts too work and beat,

Opprest with Cares: but why she cannot say.
All matter of her Care is quite away.

Mar. Hath any Vermin broke into your Fold?
Or any Rot seiz'd on your Flock? or Cold?
Or hath your feiting Ram burst his hard Horn?
Or any Ewe her Fleece? or Bag hath torn, my gentle *Amie*?

Am. *Marian*, none of these.

Mar. Ha' you been stung by Wasps, or angry Bees?
Or ras'd with some rude Bramble or rough Briar?

Am. No, *Marian*, my Disease is somewhat nigher.
I weep, and boil away my self in Tears;
And then my panting Heart would dry those Fears:
I burn, though all the Forest lend a Shade;
And freeze, tho' the whole Wood on fire were made.

Mar. Alas!

Am. I often have been torn with Thorn and Briar,
Both in the Leg, and Foot, and somewhat higher:
Yet gave not then such fearful Shrieks as these. Ah!
I often have been stung too with curst Bees,
Yet not remember that I then did quit
Either my Company or Mirth for it. Ah!
And therefore what it is that I feel now,
And know no Cause of it, nor where, nor how,
It entred in me, nor least print can see,
I feel, afflicts me more than Briar or Bee. Oh!
How often, when the Sun, Heaven's brightest Birth,
Hath with his burning fervour cleft the Earth,
Under a spreading Elm or Oak, hard by
A cool clear Fountain, could I sleeping lie
Safe from the Heat? but now no shady Tree,
Nor purling Brook, can my refreshing be?
Oft when the Meadows were grown rough with Frost,
The Rivers Ice-bound, and their Currents lost,
My thick warm Fleece I wore, was my defence;
Or, large good Fires I made, drove Winter thence.

But

But now my whole Flocks Fells, nor this thick Grove,
Enflam'd to Ashes, can my Cold remove.
It is a Cold and Heat that does out-go
All sense of Winters, and of Summers so.

ACT II. SCENE V.

Robin Hood, Clarion, Lionel, Alken.

Rob. O are you here, my Mistris?

Mar. I my Love!

[She seeing him, runs to embrace him.]

Where should I be but in my Robin's Arms?

The Sphere which I delight in so to move?

Rob. What the rude Ranger? and spied Spy? hand
off:

You are for no such Rusticks. *[He puts her back.]*

Mar. What means this,

Thrice worthy *Clarion*? or wise *Alken*? know ye?

Rob. 'Las, no not they! a poor starv'd Mutton's
Carcass

Would better fit their Palat's, than your Venison.

Mar. What Riddle is this? unfold your self, dear
Robin.

Rob. You ha' not sent your Venison hence by
Scatblock,

To Mother *Maudlin*?

Mar. I, to Mother *Maudlin*?

Will *Scatblock* say so?

Rob. Nay, we will all swear so.

For all did hear it when you gave the Charge so.

Both *Clarion*, *Alken*, *Lionel*, and my self.

Mar. Good honest Shep'ers, Masters of your Flocks,
Simple and vertuous Men, no others Hirelings;
Be not you Eade to speak against your Conscience,
That which may soil the truth. I send the Venison

Away by *Scathlock*? and to Mother *Maudlin*?
 I came to shew it here to *Mellifleur*,
 I do confess; but *Amie*'s falling ill
 Did put us off it: Since we imploy'd our selves
 In comforting of her. O, here he is! [*Scathlock enters.*
 Did I, Sir, bid you bear away the Venison
 To Mother *Maudlin*?

Sca. I, gud faith, Madam,
 Did you, and I ha' done it.

Mar. What ha' you done?

Sca. Obey'd your Hests, Madam; done your
 Commands.

Mar. Done my Commands, dull Groom! Fetch it
 again,

Or kennel with the Hounds. Are these the Arts,
Robin, you read your rude ones o' the Wood,
 To countenance your Quarrels and Mistakings?
 Or are the Sports to entertain your Friends,
 Those formed Jealousies? Ask of *Mellifleur*,
 If I were ever from her, here, or *Amie*,
 Since I came in with them; or saw this *Scathlock*
 Since I related to you his Tale o' the Raven?

Sca. I, say you so? [*Scathlock goes out.*

Mel. She never left my side
 Since I came in here, nor I hers. *Cl.* This is strange!
 Our best of Senses were deceiv'd, our Eyes, then!

Lio. And Ears too. *Mar.* What you have concluded
 on,

Make good, I pray you. *Am.* O my heart, my heart!

Mar. My heart it is, is wounded, pretty *Amie*,
 Report not you your Grievs: I'll tell for all.

Mel. Some body is to blame, there is a fault.

Mar. Try if you can take rest. A little Slumber
 Will much refresh you, *Amie.* *Alk.* What's her Grief?

Mar. She does not know; and therein she is happy.

A C T

ACT II. SCENE VI.

To them.] *John, Maudlin, and Scatblock after.*

John. **H**ERE's Mother *Maudlin* come to give you thanks,

Madam, for some late Gift she hath received —
Which she's not worthy of, she says, but cracks,
And wonders of it; hops about the House;
Transported with the Joy. [*She danceth.*]

Maud. Send me a Stag!

A whole Stag, Madam, and so fat a Deer!
So fairly hunted, and at such a time too!
When all your Friends were here!

Rob. Do you mark this, *Clarion*?
Her own Acknowledgement?

Maud. 'Twas such a Bounty
And Honour done to your poor Beads-woman,
I know not how to owe it, but to thank you.
And that I come to do: I shall go round,
And giddy with the toy of the good turn.
[*She turns round till she falls.*]

*Look out, look out, gay Folk about
And see me spin the Ring I am in
Of Mirth and Glee, with thanks for Fee
The Heart puts on, for th' Venison
My Lady sent, which shall be spent
In draughts of Wine, to fume up fine
Into the Brain, and down again
Fall in a swoon, upo' the Grown.*

Rob. Look to her, she is mad.

Maud. My Son hath sent you
A Pot of Strawberries, gather'd i' the Wood
(His Hogs would else have rooted up, or trod)

With a choice dish of Wildings here, to scald
And mingle with your Cream.

Mar. Thank you, good *Maudlin*,
And thank your Son. Go, bear 'em in to *Much*
Th' Acater, let him thank her. Surely, Mother,
You were mistaken, or my Woodmen more,
Or most my self, to send you all our store
Of Venison, hunted for our selves this day!
You will not take it, Mother, I dare say,
If we'll intreat you, when you know our Guests:
Red Dear is Head still of the Forest Feasts.

Maud. But I know ye, a right free-hearted Lady
Can spare it out of Superfluity:
I have departit it 'mong my poor Neighbours
To speak your Largesse. *Mar.* I not gave it, Mother,
You have done wrong then: I know how to place
My Gifts, and where; and when to find my Seasons
To give, not throw away my Curtesies.

Maud. Count you this thrown away?

Mar. What's ravished from me
I count it worse, as stol'n: I lose my thanks.
But leave this quest: they fit not you nor me,
Maudlin, Contentions of this Quality,
How now? [Scathlocke *ters.*

Sca. Your Stag's return'd upon my Shoulders,
He has found his way into the Kitchen again;
With his two Legs, if now your Cook can dress him;
'Slid, I thought the Swine'erd would ha' beat me,
He looks so big! the sturdy Karl, lewd *Lorel*!

Mar. There *Scathlock*, for thy pains thou hast de-
serv'd it. [Marian gives him Gold.

Maud. Do you give a thing, and take a thing,
Madam?

Mar. No, *Maudlin*, you had imparted to your
Neighbours;
As much good do't them: I ha' done no wrong.

The

The Sad Shepherd.

121

The First CHARM.

Maud. *The Spit stand still, no Broches turn
Before the Fire, but let it burn
Both Sides and Flanches, till the whole
Converted be into one Cole.*

Cla. What Devil's Pater Noster mumbles she?

Alk. Stay, you will hear more of her Witchery.

II.

Maud. *The Swilland Dropfie enter in
The lazy Cuke, and swell his Skin;
And the old Mort-mal on his Shin
Now prick, and itch, withouten blin.*

Cla. Speak out Hag, we may hear your Devil's
Mattins.

III.

Maud. *The Paine we call St. Anton's Fire,
The Gout, or what we can desire,
To cramp a Cuke, in every Limb,
Before they dine, yet, seize on him.*

Alk. A foul ill Spirit hath possessed her.

Am. O Karol, Karol, call him back again.

Lio. Her thoughts do work upon her in her Slumber,
And may express some part of her Disease.

Rob. Observe, and mark, but trouble not her ease.

Am. O, O. Mar. How is't, Amie?

Mel. Wherefore start you?

Am. O, Karol, he is fair and sweet.

Maud. What then?

Are there not Flowers as sweet and fair as Men?

The Lilly is fair, and Rose is sweet! Am. I, so!

Let all the Roses and the Lillies go:

Karol is only fair to me! Mar. And why?

Am. Alas,

Am. Alas, for *Karol*, *Marian*, I could die.
Karol, he singeth sweetly too! *Maud.* What then?
 Are there not Birds sing sweeter far than Men?

Am. I grant, the Linnet, Lark and Bull-finch sing,
 But best, the dear good Angel of the Spring,
 The Nightingale. *Maud.* Then why? then why, alone,
 Should his Notes please you? *Am.* I not long ago
 Took a delight with wanton Kids to play,
 And sport with little Lambs a Summers-day!
 And view their Frisks! methought it was a fight
 Of Joy to see my two brave Rams to fight!
 Now *Karol* only all delight doth move
 All that is *Karol*, *Karol* I approve!
 This very Morning, but—I did bestow
 (It was a little 'gainst my will I know)
 A single Kiss upon the silly Swain,
 And now I wish that very Kiss again.
 His Lip is softer, sweeter than the Rose;
 His Mouth and Tongue with dropping Honey flows.
 The relish of it was a pleasing thing.

Maud. Yet, like the Bees, it had a little Sting.

Am. And sunk, and sticks yet in my Marrow deep;
 And what doth hurt me, I now wish to keep.

Mar. Alas, how innocent her Story is!

Am. I do remember, *Marian*, I have oft
 With pleasure kist my Lambs and Puppies soft:
 And once a dainty fine Roe-fawn I had,
 Of whose out-skipping Bounds, I was as glad
 As of my Health: and him I oft would kifs:
 Yet had his, no such Sting, or Pain, as this.
 They never prick'd or hurt my Heart. And, for
 They were so blunt and dull, I wish no more.
 But this, that hurts and pricks, doth please; this
 sweet

Mingled with fowre, I wish again to meet:
 And that delay, methinks, most tedious is,
 That keeps or hinders me of *Karol's* Kifs.

Mar. We'll

Mar. We'll fend for him, sweet *Anie*, to come to you.

Maud. But I will keep him off, if Charms will do it.
[*She goes murmuring out.*]

Cla. Do you mark the murmuring Hag, how she doth mutter?

Rob. I like her not. And less her Manners now.

Alk. She is a shrewd deformed piece, I vow.

Lio. As crooked as her Body. *Rob.* I believe She can take any Shape, as *Scatblock* says.

Alk. She may deceive the Sense, but really She cannot change herself.

Rob. would I could see her
Once more in *Marian's* Form! for I am certain
Now, it was she abus'd us; as I think
My *Marian*, and my Love, now innocent:
Which Faith I seal unto her with this Kiss,
And call you all to witness of my Pennance.

Alk. It was believ'd before, but now confirm'd,
That we have seen the Monster.

ACT II. SCENE VII.

To them.] *Tuck, John, Muck, Scarlet.*

Tuc. **H**EAR you how
Poor *Tom* the Cook is taken! all his Joynts
Do crack, as if his Limbs were tied with points:
His whole frame slackens; and a kind of rack
Runs down along the Spondils of his Back;
A Gout or Cramp now seizeth on his Head,
Then falls into his Feet; his Knees are Lead;
And he can stir his either Hand no more
than a dead stump, to his Office, as before.

Alk. He is bewitched. *Cla.* This is an argument
Both of her Malice and her Power, we see.

Alk. She

Alk. She must by some device restrained be,
Or she'll go far in Mischief. *Rob.* Advise how,
Sage Shep'erd, we shall put it strait in practice.

Alk. Send forth your Woodmen, then, into the Walks,
Or let 'em prick her footing hence; a Witch
Is sure a Creature of Melancholy,
And will be found or sitting in her Fourn,
Or else, at relief, like a Hare. *Cla.* You speak,
Alken, as if you knew the Sport of Witch-hunting,
Or starting of a Hag.

[Enter George to the Huntsmen; who by themselves continue the Scene: the rest going off.]

Rob. Go, Sirs, about it,
Take George, here, with you, he can help to find her;
Leave Tuck and Much behind to dress the Dinner,
'T the Cook's stead. *Muc.* We'll care to get that done.

Rob. Come, *Marian*, let's withdraw into the Bower.

ACT II. SCENE VIII.

John, Scarlet, Scathlock, George, Alken.

John. **R**ARE Sport, I swear, this hunting of the
Witch

Will make us. *Scar.* Let's advise upon't like Huntsmen.

Geo. And we can spy her once, she is our own.

Scat. First, think which way she fourmeth, on
what Wind:

Or North, or South. *Geo.* For as the Shep'erd said,
A Witch is a kind of Hare.

Scat. And marks the Weather,

As the Hare does. *John.* Where shall we hope to
find her?

[Alken returns.]

Alk. I have ask'd leave to assist you, jolly Huntsmen,
If an old Shep'erd may be heard among you;

Not

Not jeard or laught at. *John.* Father, you will see
Robin Hood's Household know more Curtesie.

Scat. Who scorns at eld, peels of his own young
Hairs.

Alk. Ye say right well : know ye the Witches Dell?

Scar. No more than I do know the Walks of Hell.

Alk. Within a gloomy Dimble she doth dwell,
Down in a Pit, o'er-grown with Brakes and Briars,
Close by the Ruines of a shaken Abbey,
Torn with an Earthquake down unto the Ground,
'Mongst Graves and Grots, near an old Charnel-house,
Where you shall find her sitting in her Fourm,
As fearful and melancholique as that
She is about ; with Caterpillars Kells,
And knotty Cobwebs, rounded in with Spells :
Thence she steals forth to Relief in the Fogs
And rotten Mists, upon the Fens and Bogs,
Down to the drowned Lands of *Lincolnshire* ;
To make Ewes cast their Lambs ! Swine eat their
Farrow !

The House-wives Tun not work ! nor the Milk churn !
Writhe Childrens Wrists ! and suck their breath in
sleep !

Get Vials of their Blood ! and where the Sea
Casts up his slimy Owze, search for a Weed
To open Locks with, and to rivet Charms,
Planted about her in the wicked feat
Of all her Mischiefs, which are manifold.

John. I wonder such a Story could be told,
Of her dire Deeds. *Geo.* I thought a Witches Banks
Had inclos'd nothing but the merry Pranks
Of some old Woman. *Scar.* Yes, her Malice more !

Scat. As it would quickly appear, had we the store
Of his Collects. *Geo.* I, this gud learned Man
Can speak her right. *Scar.* He knows her shifts and
haunts !

Alk. And

Alk. And all her wiles and turns. The venom'd
Plants

Wherewith she kills! where the sad Mandrake grows,
Whose groans are deathful! the dead-numming Night-
shade!

The stupifying Hemlock! Adders Tongue!
And Martagan! the shrieks of luckless Owles
We hear! and croaking Night-Crows in the Air!
Green-bellied Snakes! blue Fire-drakes in the Sky!
And giddy Flitter-mice with Leather Wings!

The scaly Beetles, with their habergeons,
That make a humming murmur as they fly!
There in the stocks of Trees, white Faies do dwell,
And span-long Elves, that dance about a Pool!
With each a little Changeling in their Arms!

The airy Spirits play with falling Stars!
And mount the Sphere of Fire to kiss the Moon!
While she sits reading by the Gloe-worms Light,
Or rotten Wood (o'er which the Worm hath crept)
The baneful Schedule of her nocent Charms,
And binding Characters, through which she wounds
Her Puppets, the *Sigilla* of her Witchcraft.

All this I know, and I will find her for you;
And shew you her sitting in her Fourn; I'll lay
My hand upon her, make her throw her Skut
Along her Back, when she doth start before us.
But you must give her Law: and you shall see her
Make twenty leaps and doubles: cross the Paths,
And then squat down beside us. *John.* Crafty Croan!
I long to be at the Sport, and to report it.

Scar. We'll make this hunting of the Witch as
famous,

As any other blast of Venery.

Scar. Hang her, foul Hag, she'll be a stinking Chase.
I had rather ha' the hunting of her Heir.

Geo. If we could come to see her cry, so haw, once!

Alk. That I do promise, or I am no good Hag-finder.

The

The ARGUMENT of the Third Act.

Puck-hairy discovereth himself in the Forest, and discourseth his Offices with their Necessities, briefly; after which, Douce entring in the habit of Earine, is pursued by Karol, who mistaking her at first to be his Sister, questions her how she came by those Garments. She answers, by her Mother's Gift. The Sad Shepherd coming in the while, she runs away affrighted, and leaves Karol suddenly; Æglamour thinking it to be Earine's Ghost he saw, falls into a melancholick expression of his Phantse to Karol, and questions him sadly about that Point, which moves Compassion in Karol of his Mistake still. When Clarion and Lionel enter to call Karol to Amie, Karol reports to them Æglamour's Passion, with much Regret. Clarion resolves to seek him. Karol to return with Lionel. By the way, Douce and her Mother (in the shape of Marian) meet them, and would divert them, affirming Amie to be recovered, which Lionel wondred at to be so soon. Robin Hood enters, they tell him the Relation of the Witch, thinking her to be Marian; Robin suspecting her to be Maudlin, lays hold of her Girdle suddenly, but she striving to get free, they both run out, and he returns with the Belt broken. She following in her own Shape, demanding it, but at a distance, as fearing to be seiz'd upon again; and seeing she cannot recover it, falls into a Rage, and cursing, resolving to trust to her old Arts, which she calls her Daughter to assist in. The Shepherds, content with this Discovery, go home triumphing, make the Relation to Marian. Amie is gladdened with the sight of Karol, &c. In the mean time, enters Lorel, with purpose to ravish Earine, and calling her forth to that lewd end, he by the hearing of Clarion's footing is staid, and forced to commit her hastily to the Tree again; where Clarion coming by, and hearing a Voice singing, draws near unto it;

it; but Æglamour hearing it also, and knowing it to be Earine's, falls into a superstitious Commendation of it; as being an Angel's, and in the Air; when Clarion espies a Hand put forth from the Tree, and makes towards it, leaving Æglamour to his wild Phant'sie, who quitteth the place: and Clarion beginning to court the Hand, and make Love to it, there ariseth a Mist suddenly, which darkening all the Place, Clarion loseth himself, and the Tree where Earine is inclosed, lamenting his Misfortune, with the unknown Nymph's Misery. The Air clearing, enters the Witch, with her Son and Daughter, tells them how she had caused that late Darknes, to free Lorel from Surprisal, and his Prey from being rescued from him: bids him look to her, and lock her up more carefully, and follow her, to assist a Work she hath in hand, of recovering her lost Girdle; which she laments the loss of with Cursings, Execrations, wishing Confusion to their Feast and Meeting, sends her Son and Daughter to gather certain Simples for her purpose, and bring them to her Dell. This Puck hearing, prevents, and shews her Error still. The Huntsmen having found her Footing, follow the Tract, and prick after her. She gets to her Dell, and takes her Form. Enter, Alken has spied her sitting with her Spindle, Threads and Images. They are eager to seize her presently, but Alken perswades them to let her begin her Charms, which they do. Her Son and Daughter come to her: the Huntsmen are afrighted as they see her work go forward. And over-hasty to apprehend her, she escapeth them all, by the help and delusions of Puck.

ACT III. SCENE I.

Puck-bairy.

THE Fiend hath much to do, that keeps a School;
Or is the Father of a Family; Or

Or governs but a Countrey Academy :
 His Labours must be great, as are his Cares,
 To watch all turns, and cast how to prevent 'em.
 This Dame of mine here, *Maud*, grows high in Evil,
 And thinks she does all, when 'tis I, her Devil,
 That both delude her, and must yet protect her :
 She's confident in Mischief, and presumes
 The changing of her Shape will still secure her.
 But that may fail, and divers hazards meet
 Of other consequence, which I must look to :
 Not let her be surpriz'd on the first catch.
 I must go dance about the Forest now,
 And firke it like a Goblin, till I find her.
 Then will my service come worth acceptation :
 When not expected of her, when the help
 Meets the necessity, and both do kiss,
 'Tis call'd the timing of a Duty, this.

ACT III. SCENE II.

Karol, Douce, to them Æglamour.

Kar. SURE, you are very like her ! I conceiv'd
 You had been she, seeing you run afore me :
 For such a Suit she made her 'gainst this Feast,
 In all resemblance, or the very same ;
 I saw her in it, had she liv'd t' enjoy it,
 She had been there an acceptable Guest
 To *Marian*, and the gentle *Robin Hood*,
 Who are the Crown and Garland of the Wood.

Dou. I cannot tell, my Mother gave it me,
 And bad me wear it.

Kar. Who, the wise good Woman,
 Old *Maud* of *Paplewick* ? *Dou.* Yes, this fullen *M*
 I cannot like him, I must take my leave.

[*Æglamour enters, and Douce goes out.*

VOL. V.

K

Æg. What

Æg. What said she to you? *Kar.* Who? *Æg. Earine.*
 I saw her talking with you, or her Ghost;
 For she indeed is drown'd in old *Trent's* bottom.
 Did she not tell who would ha' pull'd her in,
 And had her Maiden-head upon the place,
 The River's brim, the Margin of the Flood?
 No Ground is holy enough, (you know my meaning)
 Lust is committed in Kings Palaces,
 And yet their Majesties not violated!
 No Words! *Kar.* How sad and wild his thoughts
 are! gone?

[*Æglamour goes out, but comes in again.*

Æg. But she, as chaste as was her Name, *Earine*,
 Dy'd undeflower'd: and now her sweet Soul hovers
 Here in the Air above us; and doth haste
 To get up to the *Moon*, and *Mercury*;
 And whisper *Venus* in her Orb; then spring
 Up to old *Saturn*, and come down by *Mars*,
 Consulting *Jupiter*, and seat herself
 Just in the midst with *Phæbus*, temp'ring all
 The jarring Spheres, and giving to the World
 Again his first and tuneful planetting!
 O what an Age will here be of new Concords!
 Delightful Harmony! to rock old Sages,
 Twice Infants, in the Cradle o' Speculation,
 And throw a Silence upon all the Creatures!

[*He goes out again, but returns as soon as before.*

Kar. A Cogitation of the highest Rapture!

Æg. The loudest Seas, and most enraged Winds,
 Shall lose their Clangor; Tempest shall grow hoarse,
 Loud Thunder dumb, and every speece of Storm
 Laid in the lap of list'ning Nature hush'd,
 To hear the changed chime of his eighth Sphere
 Take tent, and hearken for it, lose it not.

[*Æglamour departs.*

A C T

ACT III. SCENE III.

Clarion, Lionel, Karol.

Cla. **O** here is *Karol*! was not that the *Sad Shepherd* slip'd from him?

Lio. Yes, I guess it was:
Who was that left you, *Karol*? *Kar.* The last Man.
Whom we shall never see himself again;
Or ours, I fear! He starts away from hand so,
And all the touches or soft strokes of Reason
Ye can apply! No Colt is so unbroken!
Or Hawk yet half so haggard or unmann'd!
He takes all Toys that his wild Phantseie proffers,
And flies away with them. He now conceives
That my lost Sister, his *Earine*,
Is lately turn'd a Sphere amid the Seven:
And reads a Musick-Lecture to the Planets!
And with this thought he's run to call 'em Hearers!

Cla. Alas, this is a strain'd, but innocent Phantseie!
I'll follow him, and find him if I can:
Meantime, go you with *Lionel*, sweet *Karol*:
He will acquaint you with an accident
Which much desites your Presence on the place.

ACT III. SCENE IV.

Karol, Lionel.

Kar. **W**HAT is it, *Lionel*, wherein I may
serve you?

Why do you so survey and circumscribe me?
As if you stuck one Eye into my Breast,
And with the other took my whole Dimensions.

K 2

Lio. I

Lio. I wish you had a Window i' your Bosom,
 Or i' your Back, I might look thorough you,
 And see your in-parts, *Karol*, Liver, Heart ;
 For there the seat of Love is : whence the Boy
 (The winged Archer) hath shot home a Shaft
 Into my Sister's Breast, the innocent *Amie*,
 Who now cries out, upon her Bed, on *Karol*,
 Sweet singing *Karol* ! the delicious *Karol* !
 That kifs'd her like a *Cupid* ! In your Eyes,
 She says, his stand is ! and between your Lips
 He runs forth his Divisions to her Ears,
 But will not 'bide there, 'less your self do bring him.
 Go with me, *Karol*, and bestow a Visit
 In Charity, upon the afflicted Maid,
 Who pineth with the langour of your Love.

Mar. Whither intend you ? *Amie* is recover'd,
 Feels no such Grief as she complain'd of lately.

[*To them Maudlin and Douce, but Maudlin
 appearing like Marian.*]

This Maiden hath been with her from her Mother
Maudlin, the cunning Woman, who hath sent her
 Herbs for her Head, and Simples of that Nature,
 Have wrought upon her a miraculous Cure ;
 Settled her Brain to all our wish and wonder !

Lio. So instantly ? you know I now but left her,
 Possess'd with such a Fit, almost to a Phrensie :
 Your self too fear'd her, *Marian*, and did urge
 My haste to seek out *Karol*, and to bring him.

Mar. I did so. But the Skill of that wise Woman,
 And her great Charity of doing good,
 Hath by the ready hand of this deft Lass
 Her Daughter, wrought effects beyond belief,
 And to astonishment ; we can but thank,
 And praise, and be amazed, while we tell it.

[*They go out.*]

Lio. 'Tis strange, that any Art should so help
 Nature

In

In her Extreame. *Kar.* Then it appears most real,
When th' other is deficient. [*Enter Robin Hood.*

Rob. Wherefore stay you
Discourfing here, and hafte not with your Succours
To poor afflicted *Amie*, that fo needs them?

Lio. She is recover'd well, your *Marian* told us
But now here: See, fhe is return'd to affirm it!

[*Enter Maudlin like Marian: Maudlin efpying
Robin Hood, would run out, but he flays
her by the Girdle, and runs in with her:
He returns with the Girdle broken, and fhe
in her own Shape.*

Rob. My *Marian*? *Mar.* Robin Hood? is he here?

Rob. Stay?

What was't you ha' told my Friend?

Mar. Help, Murder, Help!

You will not rob me, Out-law? Thief, reftore
My Belt that ye have broken! *Rob.* Yes, come near.

Maud. Not i' your gripe.

Rob. Was this the charmed Circle?

The Copy that fo cozen'd and deceiv'd us?

I'll carry hence the Trophy of your Spoils.

My Men fhall hunt you too upon the ftart,

And courfe you foundly. *Maud.* I fhall make 'em fport,

And fend fome home without their Legs or Arms.

I'll teach 'em to climb Stiles, leap Ditches, Ponds,

And lie i' the Waters, if they follow me.

Rob. Out, murmuring Hag.

Maud. I muft ufe all my Powers,

Lay all my Wits to piecing of this Lofs.

Things run unluckily: where's my *Puck-hairy*?

ACT III. SCENE V.

*Maudlin, Puck-bairy.***H**ATH he forsook me?*Puck.* At your beck, Madam.*Maud.* O *Puck*, my Goblin! I have lost my Belt,
The strong Thief, *Robin Out-law*, forc'd it from me.*Puck.* They are other Clouds and blacker threat
you Dame;

You must be wary, and pull in your Sails,
And yield unto the Weather of the Tempest.
You think your Power's infinite as your Malice;
And would do all your Anger prompts you to:
But you must wait occasions, and obey them:
Sail in an Egg-shell, make a Straw your Mast,
A Cobweb all your Cloth, and pass unseen,
Till you have 'scap'd the Rocks that are about you.

Maud. What Rocks about me?*Puck.* I do love, Madam,

To shew you all your Dangers, when you are past
'em.

Come, follow me, I'll once more be your Pilot,
And you shall thank me.

Maud. Lucky, my lov'd Goblin!

Where are you gaang now?

[*Lorel meets her.*]*Lor.* Unto my Tree,

To see my Maistress. *Maud.* Gang thy gait, and try
Thy turns with better luck, or hang thy sel'.

UNDER-

UNDER-WOODS.

Consisting of divers

POEMS.

By BEN. JOHNSON.

Cineri, gloria secula venit.----- Martial.

To the READER.

WITH the same leave the Ancients call'd
that kind of Body Sylva, or ὕλη, in
which there were Works of divers Nature and
Matter congested. As the Multitude call Timber-
trees promiscuously growing, a Wood or Forest ; so
am I bold to entitle these lesser Poems, of later
growth, by this of Underwood, out of the Ana-
logy they hold to the Forest in my former Book,
and no otherwise.

BEN. JOHNSON.

UNDER-WOODS.

POEMS
OF
DEVOTION.

The Sinners Sacrifice.

To the Holy Trinity.

1.  Holy, blessed, glorious *Trinity*
Of Persons, still one God, in *Unity*.
The faithful Man's believed *Mystery*,
Help, help to lift

2. My self up to thee, harrow'd, torn and bruis'd
By Sin and Satan; and my Flesh misus'd,
As my Heart lies in pieces, all confus'd,

O take my Gift.

3. All.

3. All-gracious God, the *Sinners Sacrifice*,
 A broken Heart thou wert not wont despise,
 But 'bove the fat of Rams, or Bulls, to prize
 An Offering meet,
4. For thy acceptance. O, behold me right,
 And take compassion on my grievous plight.
 What Odour can be, than a Heart contrite,
 To thee more sweet?
5. *Eternal Father*, God, who did'st create
 This All of Nothing, gav'st it Form and Fate,
 And breath'st into it, Life, and Light, with State
 To worship thee.
6. *Eternal God the Son*, who not deny'dst
 To take our Nature; becam'st Man, and dy'dst,
 To pay our Debts, upon thy Cross, and cry'dst
 All's done in me.
7. *Eternal Spirit*, God from both proceeding,
 Father and Son; the Comforter, in breeding
 Pure thoughts in Man: with fiery Zeal them feeding
 For acts of Grace.
8. Increase those acts, O glorious *Trinity*
 Of Persons, still one God in *Unity*;
 Till I attain the long'd-for *Mystery*
 Of seeing your Face.
9. Beholding One in Three, and Three in One,
 A *Trinity*, to shine in *Unity*;
 The gladdest Light, dark Man can think upon;
 O grant it me!
10. Father, and Son, and Holy Ghost, you Three,
 All Co-eternal in your Majesty,
 Distinct in Persons, yet in *Unity*
 One God to see.
11. My Maker, Saviour, and my Sanctifier;
 To hear, to meditate, sweeten my desire,
 With Grace, with Love, with Cherishing intire:
 O, then how blest!

12. Among

12. Among thy Saints elected to abide,
And with thy Angels placed, side by side,
But in thy presence, truly glorify'd

Shall I there rest!

An HYMN to God the Father.

Hear me, O God!
A broken Heart,
Is my best part:

Use still thy Rod,
That I may prove
Therein, thy Love.

If thou hadst not
Been stern to me,
But left me free,
I had forgot
My self and thee.

For, sins so sweet,
As minds ill bent
Rarely repent,
Until they meet
Their punishment.

Who more can crave
Than thou hast done?
That gav'st a Son,
To free a Slave:
First made of nought;
Withal since bought.

Sin,

Sin, Death, and Hell,
His glorious Name
Quite overcame,
Tet I rebel,
And fight the same.

But, I'll come in,
Before my loss,
Me farther toss,
As sure to win
Under his Cross.

An HYMN on the Nativity of my Saviour.

I Sing the Birth was born to Night,
The Author both of Life and Light;
The Angels so did sound it.
And like the ravish'd Shep'ers said,
Who saw the Light, and were afraid,
Tet search'd, and true they found it.

The Son of God, th' Eternal King,
That did us all Salvation bring,
And freed the Soul from danger;
He whom the whole World could not take,
The Word, which Heaven and Earth did make;
Was now laid in a Manger.

The Father's Wisdom will'd it so,
The Son's Obedience knew no No,
Both Wills were in one stature;
And as that Wisdom had decreed,
The Word was now made Flesh indeed,
And took on him our Nature.
What

*What comfort by him do we win,
Who made himself the price of Sin,*

To make us Heirs of Glory.

To see this Babe, all Innocence ;

A Martyr born in our Defence :

Can Man forget this Story?

A Celebration of CHARIS in Ten Lyrick Pieces;

I. His Excuse for Loving.

LET it not your wonder move,
Lefs your Laughter, that I love.
Though I now write fifty Years,
I have had, and have my Peers ;
Poets, though divine, are Men :
Some have lov'd as old agen.
And it is not always Face,
Clothes, or Fortune gives the Grace ;
Or the Feature, or the Youth :
But the Language, and the Truth,
With the Ardor, and the Passion,
Gives the Lover Weight, and Fashion.
If you then will read the Story,
First, prepare you to be sorry,
That you never knew till now,
Either whom to love, or how :
But be glad, as soon with me,
When you know that this is she,
Of whose Beauty it was sung,
She shall make the old Man young.
Keep the middle Age at stay,
And let nothing high decay,
Till she by the reason why,
All the World for Love may die.

II. How

II. *How he saw her.*

I Beheld her on a Day,
 When her Look out-flourish'd *May* :
 And her Dressing did out-brave
 All the Pride the Fields then have :
 Far I was from being stupid,
 For I ran and call'd on *Cupid*,
 Love, if thou wilt ever see
 Mark of Glory, come with me ;
 Where's thy Quiver ? bend thy Bow :
 Here's a Shaft, thou art too slow !
 And (withal) I did untie
 Every Cloud about his Eye ;
 But, he had not gain'd his fight
 Sooner than he lost his Might,
 Or his Courage ; for away
 Strait he ran, and durst not stay,
 Letting Bow and Arrow fall :
 Nor for any Threat, or Call,
 Could be brought once back to look,
 I fool-hardy, there up took
 Both the Arrow he had quit,
 And the Bow, which thought to hit
 This my Object : but she threw
 Such a Lightning (as I drew)
 At my Face, that took my Sight,
 And my Motion from me quite ;
 So that there I stood a Stone,
 Mock'd of all ; and call'd of one
 (Which with Grief and Wrath I heard)
Cupid's Statue with a Beard ;
 Or else one that plaid his *Ape*,
 In a *Hercules* his Shape.

III. *What*

III. What he suffered.

After many Scorns like these,
 Which the prouder Beauties please,
 She content was to restore
 Eyes and Limbs, to hurt me more,
 And would on Conditions, be
 Reconcil'd to Love and me.
 First, that I must kneeling yield
 Both the Bow and Shaft I held
 Unto her; which Love might take
 At her Hand, with Oath, to make
 Me the scope of his next draught
 Aimed with that self-same Shaft:
 He no sooner heard the Law,
 But the Arrow home did draw,
 And (to gain her by his Art)
 Left it sticking in my Heart:
 Which when she beheld to bleed,
 She repented of the deed,
 And would fain have chang'd the Fate,
 But the pity comes too late.
 Loofer-like, now, all my wreak
 Is, that I have leave to speak.
 And in either Prose, or Song,
 To revenge me with my Tongue;
 Which how dexterously I do
 Hear and make Example too.

IV. Her Triumph.

SEE the Chariot at hand here of Love,
 Wherein my Lady rideth!
 Each that draws, is a Swan, or a Dove,
 And well the Car Love guideth.

As

As she goes, all Hearts do Duty
 Unto her Beauty,
 And enamour'd, do wish, so they might
 But enjoy such a sight,
 That they still were to run by her side,
 Thro' Swords, through Seas, whither she would ride.

Do but look on her Eyes, they do light
 All that Love's World comprizeth!
 Do but look on her Hair, it is bright
 As Love's Star when it riseth!
 Do but mark, her Forehead's smoother
 Than Words that sooth her!
 And from her arched Brows, such a Grace
 Sheds it self through the Face,
 As alone there triumphs to the Life
 All the Gain, all the Good of the Elements Strife.

Have you seen but a bright Lilly grow,
 Before rude hands have touch'd it?
 Ha' you mark'd but the fall o' the Snow
 Before the Soil hath smutch'd it?
 Ha' you felt the Wool o' Bever?
 Or Swans down ever?
 Or have smelt o' the Bud o' the Briar?
 Or the Nard in the Fire?
 Or have tasted the Bag of the Bee?
 O so white! O so soft! O so sweet is she!

V. *His Discourse with Cupid.*

NOblest *Charis*, you that are
 Both my Fortune and my Star!
 And do govern more my Blood,
 Than the various Moon the Flood!
 Hear, what late discourse of you,
 Love and I have had; and true.

'Mongst

'Mongst my Muses finding me,
 Where he chanc'd your Name to see
 Set, and to this softer strain;
 Sure, said he, if I have Brain,
 This here sung, can be no other,
 By description, but my Mother!
 So hath *Homer* prais'd her Hair;
 So *Anacreon* drawn the Air
 Of her Face, and made to rise
 Just about her sparkling Eyes,
 Both her Brows bent like my Bow.
 By her Looks I do her know,
 Which you call my Shafts. And see!
 Such my Mother's Blushes be,
 As the Bath your Verse discloses
 In her Cheeks of Milk and Roses;
 Such as oft I wanton in?
 And, above her even Chin,
 Have you plac'd the Bank of Kisses,
 Where, you say, Men gather Bliss,
 Ripen'd with a Breath more sweet,
 Than when Flowers and West-winds meet.
 Nay, her white and polish'd Neck,
 With the Lace that doth it deck,
 Is my Mother's! Hearts of slain
 Lovers, made into a Chain!
 And between each rising Breast,
 Lies the Valley, call'd my Nest,
 Where I sit and proyn my Wings
 After flight, and put new stings
 To my Shafts! Her very Name,
 With my Mother's, is the same.
 I confess all, I reply'd,
 And the Glass hangs by her side,
 And the Girdle 'bout her Waist,
 All is *Venus*, save unchaste.

But alas, thou see'st the least
 Of her good, who is the best
 Of her Sex: but could'st thou, *Love*,
 Call to mind the Forms that strove
 For the Apple, and those three
 Make in one, the same were she.
 For this Beauty yet doth hide,
 Something more than thou hast spy'd:
 Outward Grace weak Love beguiles:
 She is *Venus*-when she smiles;
 But she's *Juno*, when she walks;
 And *Minerva*, when she talks.

VI. Claiming a Second Kiss by Desert.

CHaris, guess, and do not miss,
 Since I drew a Morning-Kiss
 From your Lips, and suck'd an air
 Thence, as sweet, as you are fair.

What my Muse and I have done:
 Whether we have lost, or won,
 If by us, the odds were laid,
 That the Bride (allow'd a Maid)
 Look'd not half so fresh and fair,
 With th' advantage of her Hair,
 And her Jewels, to the view
 Of the Assembly, as did you!

Or, that did you sit, or walk,
 You were more the Eye, and talk
 Of the Court, to day, than all
 Else that glister'd in *Whitehall*,
 So, as those that had your sight,
 Wish'd the Bride were chang'd to Night:
 And did think such Rites were due
 To no other Grace but you!

Or, if you did move to Night
 In the Dances, with what spirit

Of your Peers you were beheld,
 That at every Motion swell'd
 So to see a Lady tread,
 As might all the Graces lead,
 And was worthy (being so seen)
 To be envy'd of the Queen,
 Or if you would yet have stay'd,
 Whether any would up-braid
 To himself his loss of Time;
 Or have charg'd his sight of Crime,
 To have left all fight for you.

Guess of these, which is the true;
 And, if such a Verse as this,
 May not claim another Kifs.

VII. *Begging another, on colour of mending the former.*

FOR Loves-sake, kifs me once again,
 I long, and should not beg in vain,
 Here's none to spy, or see;
 Why do you doubt, or stay?
 I'll taste as lightly as the Bee,
 That doth but touch his Flower, and flies away.
 Once more, and (faith) I will be gone,
 Can he that loves, ask less than one?
 Nay, you may err in this,
 and all your Bounty wrong:
 This could be call'd but half a Kifs.
 What we 're but once to do, we should do long,
 I will but mend the last and tell
 Where, how it would have relish'd well;
 Joyn Lip to Lip, and try:
 Each suck others breath,
 And whilst our Tongues perplexed lie,
 Let who will think us dead, or wish our Death.

VIII. *Urging*

VIII. Urging her of a Promise.

Charis one day in discourse
 Had of Love, and of his Force,
 Lightly promis'd she would tell
 What a Man she could love well:
 And that promise set on fire
 All that heard her, with desire.
 With the rest, I long expected,
 When the Work would be effected;
 But we find that cold delay,
 And Excuse spun every day;
 As, until she tell her one,
 We all fear, she loveth none.
 Therefore, *Charis*, you must do't;
 For I will so urge you to't,
 You shall neither eat, nor sleep,
 No, nor forth your Window peep;
 With your Emissary Eye,
 To fetch in the Forms go by:
 And pronounce, which Band or Lace,
 Better fits him than his Face;
 Nay, I will not let you sit
 'Fore your Idol Glass a whit,
 To say over every purl
 There; or to reform a Curl;
 Or with Secretary *Sis*
 To consult, if *Fucus* this
 Be as good, as was the last:
 All your sweet of Life is past;
 Make accompt, unless you can,
 (And that quickly) speak your Man.

IX. Her Man described by her own Dictamen.

OF your Trouble, *Ben*, to ease me;
 I will tell what Man would please me.

I would have him, if I could,
 Noble ; or of greater Blood ;
 Titles, I confess, do take me,
 And a Woman God did make me,
French to boot, at least in fashion,
 And his Manners of that Nation.

Young I'd have him too, and fair,
 Yet a Man ; with crisped Hair,
 Cast in thousand Snares and Rings,
 For *Love's* Fingers, and his Wings :
 Chesnut Colour, or more slack
 Gold, upon a ground of Black.
Venus and *Minerva's* Eyes,
 For he must look wanton-wise.

Eye-brows bent, like *Cupid's* Bow,
 Front, an ample Field of Snow ;
 Even Nose, and Cheek, (withal)
 Smooth as is the Billiard-Ball :
 Chin as woolly as the Peach ;
 And his Lip should kissing teach,
 Till he cherish'd too much Beard,
 And make *Love* or me afeard.

He would have a Hand as soft
 As the Down, and shew it oft ;
 Skin as smooth as any Rush,
 And so thin to see a Blush
 Rising through it, e'er it came ;
 All his Blood should be a Flame,
 Quickly fir'd, as in beginners
 In *Love's* School, and yet no Sinners.

'Twere too long to speak of all,
 What we Harmony do call,
 In a Body should be there.
 Well he should his Clothes to wear ;
 Yet no Taylor help to make him
 Drest, you still for Man should take him,

And

And not think h' had eat a Stake,
Or were set up in a Brake,

Valiant he should be as Fire,
Shewing Danger more than Ire.
Bounteous as the Clouds to Earth,
And as honest as his Birth.
All his Actions to be such,
As to do nothing too much.
Nor o'er-praise, nor yet condemn;
Nor out-value, nor contemn;
Nor do Wrongs, nor Wrongs receive;
Nor tie Knots, nor Knots unweave;
And from baseness to be free,
As he durst love Truth and Me.

Such a Man, with every part,
I could give my very Heart;
But of one, if short he came,
I can rest me where I am.

X. *Another Lady's Exception, present at the bearing.*

FOR his Mind, I do not care,
That's a Toy that I could spare:
Let his Title be but great,
His Clothes rich, and Band sit neat,
Himself young, and Face be good,
All I wish is understood.
What you please, you part may call,
'Tis one good part I'd lie withal.

The MUSICAL STRIFE: In a Pastoral Dialogue.

She.

COME, with our Voices, let us war,
And challenge all the Sphears,

L 3

Till

Under-woods.

*Till each of us be made a Star,
And all the World turn Ears,*

He.

*At such a Call, what Beast or Fowl,
Of Reason empty is!
What Tree or Stone doth want a Soul?
What Man but must lose his?*

She.

*Mix then your Notes, that we may prove
To stay the running Floods?
To make the Mountain Quarries move?
And call the walking Woods?*

He.

*What need of me? do you but sing
Sleep, and the Grave will wake:
No Tunes are sweet, nor Words have Sing,
But what those Lips do make.*

She.

*They say, the Angels mark each Deed,
And exercise below,
And out of inward Pleasure feed
On what they viewing know.*

He.

*O sing not you then, lest the best
Of Angels should be driven
To fall again, at such a Feast,
Mistaking Earth for Heaven.*

She.

*Nay, rather both our Souls be strain'd
To meet their high Desire;
So they in State of Grace retain'd,
May wish us of their Quire.*

A S O N G.

O *H do not wanton with those Eyes,
Lest I be sick with seeing;*

Nor

Nor cast them down, but let them rise,
 Lest Shame destroy their being.
 O be not angry with those Fires;
 For then their Threats will kill me:
 Nor look too kind on my desires,
 For then my Hopes will spill me.
 O do not steep them in thy Tears;
 For so will Sorrow slay me;
 Nor spread them as distract with Fears;
 Mine own enough betray me.

In the Person of Womankind.

A SONG Apologetick.

ME N, if you love us, play no more
 The Fools or Tyrants with your Friends,
 To make us still sing o'er and o'er,
 Our own false Praises, for your Ends:
 We have both Wits and Fancies too,
 And if we must, let's sing of you.

Nor do we doubt, but that we can,
 If we would search with care and pain,
 Find some one good, in some one Man;
 So going thorow all your Strain,
 We shall at last, of parcels make
 One good enough for a Songs sake.

And as a cunning Painter takes
 In any curious Piece you see
 More Pleasure while the thing he makes,
 Than when 'tis made, why, so will we.
 And having pleas'd our Art, we'll try
 To make a new, and hang that by.

Another.

In Defence of their Inconstancy.

A S O N G.

HAng up those dull and envious Fools
 That talk abroad of Womans Change,
 We were not bred to sit on Stools,
 Our proper Vertue is to range:
 Take that away, you take our Lives,
 We are no Women, then, but Wives.

Such as in Valour would excel,
 Do change, though Man, and often fight,
 Which we in Love must do as well,
 If ever we will love aright.
 The frequent varying of the Deed,
 Is that which doth Perfection breed.

Nor is't Inconstancy to change
 For what is better, or to make
 (By searching) what before was strange,
 Familiar, for the uses sake:
 The good, from bad, is not descry'd,
 But as 'tis often vex'd and try'd.

And this Profession of a Store
 In Love, doth not alone help forth
 Our Pleasure; but preserves us more
 From being forsaken, than doth worth:
 For were the worthiest Woman curst
 To love one Man, he'd leave her first.

A Nymph's Passion.

I Love, and he loves me again,
Yet dare I not tell who ;
For if the Nymphs should know my Swain,
I fear they'd love him too ;
Yet if it be not known,
The Pleasure is as good as none,
For that's a narrow Joy is but our own.

I'll tell, that if they be not glad,
They yet may envy me :
But then if I grow jealous mad,
And of them pitied be,
It were a Plague 'bove Scorn,
And yet it cannot be forborn,
Unless my heart would as my thought be torn.

He is, if they can find him, fair,
And fresh and fragrant too,
As Summers Sky, or purged Air,
And looks as Lillies do,
That are this Morning blown ;
Yet, yet I doubt he is not known,
And fear much more, that more of him be shown.

But he hath Eyes so round, and bright,
As make away my doubt,
Where Love may all his Torches light,
Though Hate had put them out :
But then t' increase my Fears,
What Nymph soe'er his Voice but hears,
Will be my Rival, though she have but Ears.

I'll tell no more, and yet I love,
 And he loves me ; yet no
 One unbecoming thought doth move
 From either Heart I know ;
 But so exempt from blame,
 As it would be to each a Fame :
 If Love or Fear, would let me tell his Name,

The Hour-Glass.

DO but consider this small Dust,
 Here running in the Glass,
 By Atomes mov'd ;
 Could you believe, that this
 The Body was
 Of one that lov'd ?
 And in his Mistress Flame, playing like a Fly,
 Turn'd to Cinders by her Eye ?
 Yes, and in Death, as Life unblest,
 To have't exprest,
 Even ashes of Lovers find no rest.

My Picture left in Scotland.

I Now think, Love is rather deaf than blind,
 For else it could not be,
 That she,
 Whom I adore so much, should so slight me,
 And cast my Love behind :
 I'm sure my Language to her, was as sweet,
 And every close did meet
 In Sentence of as subtil Feet,
 As hath the youngest He,
 That sits in shadow of *Apollo's* Tree,
 Oh, but my conscious Fears,

That

That fly my thoughts between,
Tell me that she hath seen
My Hundreds of Gray Hairs,
Told seven and Forty Years.
Read so much waste, as she cannot embrace
My Mountain Belly, and my Rocky Face,
And all these through her Eyes, have stop't her Ears,

Against Jealousie.

Wretched and foolish Jealousie,
How cam'st thou thus to enter me?
I ne'er was of thy kind:
Nor have I yet the narrow Mind
To vent that poor desire,
That others should not warm them at my fire:
I wish the Sun should shine
On all Mens Fruits and Flowers, as well as mine:

But under the disguise of Love,
Thou say'st, thou only cam'st to prove
What my Affections were.
Think'st thou that Love is help'd by Fear?
Go, get thee quickly forth,
Loves sickness, and his noted want of worth,
Seek doubting Men to please,
I ne'er will owe my Health to a Disease.

The DREAM.

OR Scorn, or Pity, on me take,
I must the true Relation make,
I am undone to Night:
Love in a subtil Dream disguis'd,
Hath both my Heart and me surpris'd,

Whom

Whom never yet he durst attempt t' awake;
Nor will he tell me for whose sake

He did me the Delight,
Or Spight,

But leaves me to inquire,

In all my wild desire

Of sleep again, who was his aid,

And sleep so guilty and afraid,

As since he dares not come within my sight.

An Epitaph on Master Vincent Corbet.

I Have my Piety too, which, could
It vent it self but as it would,

Would say as much, as both have done.

Before me here, the Friend and Son :

For I both lost a Friend and Father,

Of him whose Bones this Grave doth gather :

Dear *Vincent Corbet*, who so long

Had wrestled with Diseases strong,

That though they did possess each Limb,

Yet he broke them, e'er they could him :

With the just Canon of his Life,

A Life that knew nor Noise, nor Strife :

But was by sweetning so his Will,

All Order and Disposure, still

His Mind as pure, and neatly kept,

As were his Nourceries, and swept

So of Uncleanneſs, or Offence,

That never came ill odour thence !

And add his Actions unto these,

They were as specious as his Trees.

'Tis true, he could not reprehend

His very Manners, taught t' amend,

They were so even, grave, and holy ;

No Stubborness so stiff, nor Folly

To licence ever was so light,
 As twice to trespass in his sight:
 His Looks would so correct it, when
 It chid the Vice, yet not the Men.
 Much from him, I profess, I won,
 And more, and more, I should have done,
 But that I understood him scant,
 Now I conceive him by my want;
 And pray who shall my Sorrows read,
 That they for me their Tears will shed;
 For truly, since he left to be,
 I feel, I'm rather dead than he!

Reader, whose Life and Name did e'er become
 An *Epitaph*, deserv'd a *Tomb*:
 Nor wants it here through Penury or Sloth,
 Who makes the *one*, so't be first, makes *both*.

*An Epistle to Sir Edward Sackville, now
 Earl of Dorset.*

IF *Sackville*, all that have the Power to do
 Great and good Turns, as well could time them too,
 And knew their how, and where: we should have then
 Less list of proud, hard, or ingrateful Men.
 For benefits are ow'd with the same Mind
 As they are done, and such Returns they find:
 You then, whose Will not only, but Desire
 To succour my Necessities, took fire,
 Not at my Prayers, but your Sense; which laid
 The way to meet, what others would upbraid;
 And in the Act did so my blush prevent,
 As I did feel it done, as soon as meant:
 You cannot doubt, but I who freely know
 This good from you, as freely will it owe;

And

And though my Fortune humble me, to take
 The smallest Courtesies with thanks, I make
 Yet choice from whom I take them; and would shame
 To have such do me good, I durst not name:
 They are the noblest benefits, and sink
 Deepest in Man, of which, when he doth think,
 The Memory delights him more, from whom
 Than what he hath receiv'd. Gifts stink from some;
 They are so long a coming, and so hard,
 Where any Deed is forc'd, the Grace is marr'd.

Can I owe Thanks for Courtesies receiv'd
 Against his Will that does 'em? That hath weav'd
 Excuses or Delays? or done 'em scant,
 That they have more oppress me than my Want?
 Or if he did it not to succour me,
 But by meer chance? for Interest? or to free
 Himself of farther trouble, or the weight
 Of pressure, like one taken in a strait?
 All this corrupts the thanks, less hath he won;
 That puts it in his Debt-Book e'er't be done;
 Or that doth sound a Trumpet, and doth call
 His Grooms to witness; or else lets it fall
 In that proud manner; as a good so gain'd,
 Must make me sad for what I have obtain'd.

No! Gifts and Thanks should have one cheerful
 Face,

So each that's done, and tane, becomes a Brace:
 He neither gives, or do's, that doth delay
 A benefit: or that doth throw't away,
 No more than he doth thank, that will receive
 Nought but in Corners, and is loth to leave,
 Left Air, or Print, but flies it: such Men would
 Run from the Conscience of it, if they could.

As I have seen some Infants of the Sword
 Well known, and practis'd Borrowers on their Word,
 Give thanks by stealth, and whispering in the Ear,
 For what they straight would to the World forswear;
 And

And speaking worst of those, from whom they went
But then, fist-fill'd, to put me off the scent.
Now, dam' me, Sir, if you shall not command
My Sword ('tis but a poor Sword understand)
As far as any poor Sword i' the Land;
Then turning unto him is next at hand,
Damns whom he damn'd too, is the veriest Gull,
H'as Feathers, and will serve a Man to pull.

Are they not worthy to be answer'd so,
That to such Natures let their full Hands flow,
And seek not Wants to succour: but enquire,
Like Money-brokers, after Names, and hire
Their bounties forth, to him that last was made,
Or stands to be'n Commission o' the Blade?
Still, still the Hunters of false Fame apply
Their Thoughts and Means to making loud the Cry:
But one is bitten by the Dog he fed,
And hurt, seeks Cure; the Surgeon bids, take bread,
And Sponge-like, with it dry up the blood quite:
Then give it to the Hound that did him bite:
Pardon, says he, that were a way to see
All the Town-Curs take each their snatch at me.
O, is it so? knows he so much? and will
Feed those, at whom the Table points at still?
I not deny it, but to help the need
Of any, is a Great and Generous Deed:
Yea, of the ingrateful: and he forth must tell
Many a Pound, and Piece will pace one well;
But these Men ever want: their very Trade
Is borrowing; that but stopt, they do invade
All as their Prize, turn Pyrates here at Land,
Ha' their *Bermudas*, and their *Streights* i' th' *Strand*:
Man out of their Boats to th' *Temple*, and not shift
Now, but command; make Tribute what was Gift,
And it is paid 'em with a trembling Zeal,
And Superstition, I dare scarce reveal,

If

If it were clear ; but being so in Cloud
 Carried and wrapt, I only am allow'd
 My Wonder ! Why ? the taking a Clown's Purse,
 Or robbing the poor Market-folks, should nurse
 Such a Religious Horror in the Breasts
 Of our Town-Gallantry ! or why there rests
 Such Worship due to kicking of a Punck !
 Or swaggering with the Watch, or Drawer drunk ;
 Or feats of Darknells acted in Mid-Sun,
 And told of with more License than th' were done !
 Sure there is Mystery in it, I not know
 That Men such Reverence to such Actions show !
 And almost deifie the Authors ! make
 Loud Sacrifice of Drink, for their Healths-sake :
 Rear Suppers in their Names ! and spend whole Nights
 Unto their Praise in certain Swearing-Rites :
 Cannot a Man be reck'ned in the State
 Of Valour, but at this Idolatrous rate ?
 I thought that Fortitude had been a mean
 'Twixt Fear and Rashness ; not a Lust obscene,
 Or appetite of offending, but a Skill,
 Or Science of a discerning Good and Ill.
 And you, Sir, know it well, to whom I write,
 That with these Mixtures we put out her Light,
 Her Ends are Honesty, and Publick Good !
 And where they want, she is not understood.
 No more are these of us, let them then go,
 I have the List of mine own Faults to know,
 Look too and cure : He's not a Man hath none,
 But like to be, that every day mends one,
 And feels it : Else he tarries by the Beast :
 Can I discern how Shadows are decreast,
 Or grown ; by height or lowness of the Sun ?
 And can I less of Substance ? when I run,
 Ride, sail, am coach'd, know I how far I have gone.
 And my Minds Motion not ? or have I none :

No! he must feel and know, that I will advance.
 Men have been great, but never good by chance,
 Or on the sudden. It were strange, that he
 Who was this Morning such a one, should be
Sydney e'er Night? or that did go to Bed
Coriat, should rise the most sufficient Head
 Of Christendom; And neither of these know,
 Were the Rack offer'd them, how they came so:
 'Tis by degrees that Men arrive at glad
 Profit, in ought each day some little add,
 In time 'twill be a heap: this is not true
 Alone in Money, but in Manners too.
 Yet we must more than move still, or go on;
 We must accomplish: 'tis the last Key-stone
 That makes the Arch; the rest that there were put
 Are nothing till that comes to bind and shut.
 Then stands it a triumphal Mark! then Men
 Observe the strength, the height, the why, and when
 It was erected; and still walking under,
 Meet some new Matter to look up and wonder!
 Such Notes are vertuous Men! they live as fast
 As they are high; are rooted, and will last.
 They need no Stilts, nor rise upon their Toes,
 As if they would belye their stature; those
 Are Dwarfs of Honour, and have neither weight
 Nor fashion, if they chance aspire to height,
 'Tis like light Canes, that first rise big and brave,
 Shoot forth in smooth and comely spaces; have
 But few and fair Divisions: but being got
 Aloft, grow less and streightned: full of knot.
 And last, go out in nothing: You that see
 Their difference, cannot chuse which you will be.
 you know (without my flatt'ring you) too much
 For me to be your Indice. Keep you such,
 That I may love your Person (as I do)
 Without your Gift, though I can rate that too,

By thanking thus the Courtesie to Life,
Which you will bury, but therein, the Strife
May grow so great to be Example, when
(As their true Rule or Lesson) either Men
Donnor's or Donnee's to their practice shall
Find you to reckon nothing, me owe all.

An Epistle to Master John Selden.

I Know to whom I write here, I am sure,
Though I am short, I cannot be obscure:
Less shall I for the Art or Dressing care,
Truth, and the Graces best, when naked are.
Your Book, my *Selden*, I have read, and much
Was trusted, that you thought my Judgment such
To ask it: though in most of Works it be
A Pennance, where a Man may not be free.
Rather than Office, when it doth, or may
Chance that the Friends Affection proves allay
Unto the Censure. Yours all need doth fly
Of this so vitious Humanity.
Than which there is not unto Study, a more
Pernicious Enemy we see before
A many of Books, even good Judgments wound
Themselves thro' favouring what is there not found:
But I on yours far otherwise shall do,
Not fly the Crime, but the Suspicion too:
Though I confess (as every Muse hath err'd,
And mine not least) I have too oft preferr'd
Men past their terms, and prais'd some Names too much,
But 'twas with purpose to have made them such,
Since being deceiv'd, I turn a sharper Eye
Upon my self, and ask to whom? and why?
And what I write? and vex it many days
Before Men get a Verse; much less a Praise:
So that my Reader is assur'd, I now
Mean what I speak, and still will keep that Vow,
Stand

Stand forth my Object, then, you that have been
 Ever at home ; yet have all Countries seen :
 And like a Compass, keeping one Foot still
 Upon your Center, do your Circle fill
 Of general Knowledge ; watch'd Men, Manners too,
 Heard what Times past have said, seen what ours do :
 Which Grace shall I make love to first ? your Skill,
 Or Faith in things ? or is't your Wealth and Will
 T' instruct and teach ? or your unweary'd pain
 Of Gathering ? Bounty in pouring out again ?
 What Fables have you vext ! what Truth redeem'd !
 Antiquities search'd ! Opinions dis-esteem'd !
 Impostures branded ! and Authorities urg'd !
 What Blots and Errors have you watch'd and purg'd
 Records and Authors of ! how rectified,
 Times, Manners, Customs ! Innovations spied !
 Sought out the Fountains, Sources, Creeks, Paths,
 Ways,

And noted the Beginnings and Decays !
 Where is that Nominal Mark, or Real Rite,
 Form, Act or Ensign, that hath escap'd your sight ?
 How are Traditions there examin'd ! how
 Conjectures retriev'd ! and a Story now
 And then of Times (besides the bare Conduct
 Of what it tells us) weav'd in to instruct.
 I wonder'd at the Richness, but am lost,
 To see the Workmanship so 'xceed the Cost !
 To mark the excellent seasoning of your Stile
 And manly Elocution ! not one while
 With Horror rough, then rioting with Wit !
 But to the Subject still the Colours fit,
 In sharpness of all Search, wisdom of Choice,
 Newness of Sense, antiquity of Voice !

I yield, I yield, the matter of your Praise
 Flows in upon me, and I cannot raise
 A Bank against it. Nothing but the round
 Large clasp of Nature such a Wit can bound.

Monarch in Letters! 'mongst thy Titles shown
 Of others Honours, thus, enjoy their own.
 I first salute thee so; and gratulate
 With that thy Stile, thy keeping of thy State;
 In offering this thy Work to no great Name,
 That would, perhaps, have prais'd and thank'd the
 same,
 But nought beyond. He thou hast given it to,
 Thy Learned Chamber-Fellow, knows to do
 It true Respects. He will not only love,
 Embrace and cherish; but he can approve
 And estimate thy Pains, as having wrought
 In the same Mines of Knowledge; and thence brought
 Humanity enough to be a Friend,
 And strength to be a Champion, and defend
 Thy Gift 'gainst Envy. O how I do count
 Among my comings in, and see it mount
 The Grain of your two Friendships! *Hayward* and
Selden! Two Names that so much understand!
 On whom I could take up, and ne'er abuse
 The Credit, what would furnish a tenth Muse!
 But here's no time nor place my Wealth to tell,
 You both are modest. So am I. Farewell.

*An Epistle to a Friend, to perswade him
 to the Wars.*

WAKE, Friend, from forth thy Lethargy : the
 Drum
 Beats brave and loud in *Europe*, and bids come
 All that dare rowse : or are not loth to quit
 Their vicious Ease, and be o'erwhelm'd with it.
 It is a call to keep the Spirits alive
 That gasp for action, and would yet revive
 Man's buried Honour, in his sleepy Life:
 Quickning dead Nature to her noblest Strife.

All

All other acts of Worldlings are but toil
In Dreams, begun in hope, and end in spoil.
Look on th' ambitious Man, and see him nurse
His unjust hopes, with praises begg'd, (or worse)
Bought Flatteries, the issue of his Purse,
Till he become both their and his own Curse!
Look on the false and cunning Man, that loves
No person, nor is lov'd: what ways he proves
To gain upon his Belly; and at last
Crush'd in the Snaky Brakes that he had past!
See the grave, sower and supercilious Sir,
In outward Face, but inward, light as Fur,
Or Feathers: lay his Fortune out to show,
Till Envy wound or maim it at a blow!
See him that's call'd, and thought the happiest Man,
Honour'd at once, and envy'd (if it can
Be, Honour is so mix'd) by such as would
For all their spight, be like him, if they could:
No part or corner Man can look upon,
But there are Objects bid him to be gone
As far as he can fly, or follow day,
Rather than here so bogg'd in Vices stay,
The whole World here leaven'd with Madnefs swells?
And being a thing blown out of nought, rebels
Against his Maker, high alone with Weeds,
And impious Ranknefs of all Sects and Seeds:
Not to be check'd or frighted now with Fate,
But more licentious made and desperate!
Our Delicacies are grown capital,
And even our Sports are Dangers! what we call
Friendship, is now mask'd Hatred! Justice fled,
And Shamefac'dnefs together! All Laws dead
That kept Man living! Pleasures only sought!
Honour and Honefty, as poor things thought
As they are made! Pride and stiff Clownage mixt
To make up Greatnefs! and Man's whole good fix'd

In Bravery, or Gluttony, or Coin,
 All which he makes the Servants of the Groin,
 Thither it flaws, how much did Stallion spend
 To have his Court-bred Filley there commend
 His Lace and Starch: and fall upon her Back
 In admiration, stretch'd upon the Rack
 Of Lust, to his rich Suit and Title, Lord?
 I, that's a Charm and half! She must afford
 That all Respect; She must lie down: Nay, more,
 'Tis there Civility to be a Whore:
 He's one of Blood and Fashion! and with these
 The Bravery makes, she can no Honour leese
 To do't with Cloth, or Stuffs, Lusts Name might merit
 With Velvet, Plush, and Tissues, it is Spirit.

O these so ignorant Monsters! light, as proud,
 Who can behold their Manners, and not Cloud-
 Like upon them lighten? If Nature could
 Not make a Verse, Anger or Laughter would,
 To see 'em aye discoursing with their Glass,
 How they may make some one that day an Ass,
 Planting their Purls, and Curls, spread forth like Net,
 And every Dressing for a Pit-fall set
 To catch the Flesh in, and to pound a Prick.
 Be at their Visits, see 'em squeamish, sick,
 Ready to cast at one whose Band sits ill,
 And then leap mad on a neat Pickardill;
 As if a Brize were gotten i' their Tail,
 And firk, and jerk, and for the Coachman rail,
 And jealous each of other, yet think long
 To be abroad chanting some bawdy Song,
 And laugh, and measure Thighs, then squeak, spring,
 itch,

Do all the Tricks of a salt Lady Bitch:
 For t'other pound of Sweetmeats, he shall feel
 That pays, or what he will. The Dame is Steel:
 For these with her young Company she'll enter,
 Where *Pittes*, or *Wright*, or *Modet* would not venture,
 And

And comes by these degrees the Stile t' inherit
 Of Woman of Fashion, and a Lady of Spirit:
 Nor is the Title question'd with our proud,
 Great, brave, and fashion'd Folk, these are allow'd
 Adulteries now, are not so hid, or strange,
 They're grown Commodity upon Exchange;
 He that will follow but another's Wife,
 Is lov'd, though he let out his own for Life:
 The Husband now's call'd churlish, or a poor
 Nature, that will not let his Wife be a Whore:
 Or use all Arts, or haunt all Companies
 That may corrupt her even in his Eyes.
 The Brother trades a Sister, and the Friend
 Lives to the Lord, but to the Ladies End.
 Less must not be thought on than Mistress: or
 If it be thought, kill'd like her Embrions; for
 Whom no great Mistress, hath as yet infam'd
 A Fellow of coarse Letchery, is nam'd
 The Servant of the Serving-woman in scorn,
 Ne'er came to taste the plenteous Marriage-Horn.

Thus they do talk. And are these Objects fit
 For Man to spend his Money on? his Wit?
 His Time? Health? Soul? Will he for these go throw
 Those Thousands on his Back, shall after blow
 His Body to the *Counters*, or the *Fleet*?
 Is it for these that fine Man meets the Street
 Coach'd, or on Foot-cloth, thrice chang'd every day,
 To teach each Suit, he had the ready way
 From *Hide-Park* to the Stage, where at the last
 His dear and borrow'd Bravery he must cast?
 When not his Combs, his Curling-Irons, his Glafs,
 Sweet Bags, sweet Powders, nor sweet Words will
 pass

For less Security? O—— for these
 Is it that Man pulls on himself Disease?
 Surfeit? and Quarrel? drinks the other Health?
 Or by Damnation voids it? or by stealth?

What Fury of late is crept into our Feasts?
 What Honour given to the drunkenest Guests?
 What Reputation to bear one Glass more?
 When oft the Bearer is born out of door?
 This hath our ill-us'd Freedom, and soft Peace
 Brought on us, and will every Hour increase
 Our Vices, do not tarry in a place,
 But being in Motion still, (or rather in Race)
 Tilt one upon another, and now bear
 This way, now that, as if their Number were
 More than themselves, or than our Lives could take,
 But both fell prest under the load they make.

I'll bid thee look no more, but flee, flee, Friend,
 This *Præcipice*, and Rocks that have no end,
 Or side, but threatens Ruin. The whole Day
 Is not enough, now, but the Nights to play:
 And whilst our States, Strength, Body, and Mind
 we waste;

Go make our selves the Usurers at a Cast.
 He that no more for Age, Cramps, Palsies can
 Now use the Bones, we see doth hire a Man
 To take the Fox up for him; and pursues
 The Dice with glassen Eyes, to the glad Viewes
 Of what he throws: like Lerchers grown content
 To be Beholders when their Powers are spent.

Can we not leave this Worm? or will we not?
 Is that the truer Excuse? or have we got
 In this, and like, an itch of Vanity,
 That scratching now's our best Felicity?
 Well, let it go. Yet this is better than
 To lose the Forms and Dignities of Men,
 To flatter my good Lord, and cry his Bowl
 Runs sweetly, as it had his Lordship's Soul:
 Although, perhaps it has, what's that to me,
 That may stand by, and hold my peace? will he
 When I am hoarse with praising his each Cast,
 Give me but that again, that I must waste

In Sugar candid, or in butter'd Beer,
 For the recovery of my Voice? No, there
 Pardon his Lordship, Flatt'ry's grown so cheap
 With him, for he is followed with that heap,
 That watch and catch, at what they may applaud
 As a poor single Flatterer, without Bawd
 Is nothing, such scarce Meat and Drink he'll give,
 But he that's both, and Slave to both, shall live,
 And be belov'd, while the Whores last. O Times!
 Friend, fly from hence, and let these kindled Rhimes
 Light thee from Hell on Earth; where Flaterers, Spies,
 Informers, Masters both of Arts and Lies:
 Lewd Slanderers, soft Whisperers, that let blood
 The Life, and Fame-Veins (yet not understood
 Of the poor Sufferers) where the envious, proud,
 Ambitious, factious, superstitious, loud
 Boasters, and perjur'd, with the infinite more
 Prævaricators swarm: of which the Store
 (Because they're every where amongst Mankind
 Spread through the World) is easier far to find,
 Than once to number, or bring forth to hand,
 Though thou wert Muster-Master of the Land.

Go quit 'em all. And take along with thee,
 Thy true Friend's Wishes, *Colby*, which shall be,
 That thine be just and honest, that thy Deeds
 Not wound thy Conscience, when thy Body bleeds;
 That thou dost all things more for Truth than Glory,
 And never but for doing wrong be sorry;
 That by commanding first thy self, thou mak'st
 Thy Person fit for any Charge thou tak'st,
 That Fortune never make thee to complain,
 But what she gives, thou dar'st give her again:
 That whatsoever Face thy Fate puts on,
 Thou shrink or start not; but be always one,
 That thou think nothing great, but what is good;
 And from that thought strive to be understood.

So;

So, 'live or dead, thou wilt preserve a Fame
 Still precious with the Odour of thy Name.
 And last, blaspheme not, we did never hear
 Man thought the valianter, 'cause he durst swear:
 No more, than we should think a Lord had had
 More Honour in him, 'cause we've known him mad:
 These take, and now go seek thy Peace in War,
 Who falls for love of God, shall rise a Star.

An Epitaph on Master Philip Gray.

Reader, stay,
 And if I had no more to say,
 But here doth lie till the last Day,
 All that is left of *Philip Gray*.
 It might thy Patience richly pay:
 For if such Men as he could die,
 What surety of Life have thou and I.

Epistle to a Friend.

THEY are not, Sir, worst Owers that do pay
 Debts when they can: good Men may break
 their Day,
 And yet the noble Nature never grudge,
 'Tis then a Crime, when the Usurer is Judge,
 And he is not in Friendship. Nothing there
 Is done for Gain: If't be, 'tis not sincere.
 Nor should I at this time protested be,
 But that some greater Names have broke with me,
 And their Words too: where I but break my Band,
 I add that (but) because I understand
 That as the lesser breach: for he that takes
 Simply my Band, his trust in me forsakes,

And

And looks unto the Forfeit. If you be
 Now so much Friend, as you would trust in me,
 Venture a longer time, and willingly:
 All is not barren Land doth fallow lie:
 Some Grounds are made the richer for the Rest:
 And I will bring a Crop, if not the best.

An ELEGY.

CAN Beauty, that did prompt me first to write,
 Now threaten, with those Means she did invite:
 Did her Perfections call me on to gaze!
 Then like, then love; and now would they amaze!
 Or was she gracious afar off? but near
 A Terror? or is all this but my Fear?
 That as the Water makes things put in't strait,
 Crooked appear: so that doth my Conceit:
 I can help that with boldness; and Love swear,
 And Fortune once, t' assist the Spirits that dare.
 But which shall lead me on? both these are blind:
 Such Guides Men use not, who their way would find.
 Except the way be Error to those Ends:
 And then the best are still, the blindest Friends!
 Oh how a Lover may mistake! to think,
 Or Love, or Fortune blind, when they but wink
 To see Men fear: or else for truth and state,
 Because they would free Justice imitate,
 Vail their own Eyes, and would impartially
 Be brought by us to meet our Destiny.
 If it be thus; Come Love and Fortune go,
 I'll lead you on; or if my Fate will so,
 That I must send one first, my Choice assigns,
 Love to my Heart, and Fortune to my Lines.

An ELEGY.

BY those bright Eyes, at whose immortal Fires
 Love lights his Torches to inflame Desires;
 By that fair stand, your Forehead, whence he bends
 His double Bow, and round his Arrows sends;
 By that tall Grove, your Hair, whose globy Rings
 He flying curls, and crispeth with his Wings.
 By those pure Baths your either Cheek discloses,
 Where he doth steep himself in Milk and Roses;
 And lastly, by your Lips, the bank of Kisses,
 Where Men at once may plant and gather Blissess;
 Tell me (my lov'd Friend) do you love or no?
 So well as I may tell in Verse 'tis so?
 You blush, but do not: Friends are either none,
 (Though they may number Bodies) or but one.
 I'll therefore ask no more, but bid you love,
 And so that either may Example prove
 Unto the other; and live Patterns, how
 Others, in time, may love as we do now.
 Slip no occasion; as Time stands not still,
 I know no Beauty, nor no Youth that will.
 To use the present, then, is not abuse,
 You have a Husband, is the just excuse
 Of all that can be done him; such a one
 As would make shift, to make himself alone,
 That which we can, who both in you, his Wife,
 His Issue, and all Circumstance of Life,
 As in his place, because he would not vary,
 Is constant to be extraordinary.

A Satyrical Shrub.

A Woman's Friendship! God, whom I trust in,
 Forgive me this one foolish deadly Sin,
Amongst

Amongst my many other, that I may
 No more, I am sorry for so fond Cause, say
 At fifty Years, almost, to value it,
 That ne'er was known to last above a fit !
 Or have the least of good, but what it must
 Put on for fashion, and take up on trust :
 Knew I all this afore ? had I perceiv'd,
 That their whole Life was Wickedness though weav'd
 Of many Colours ; outward fresh, from spots,
 But their whole inside full of ends and knots.
 Knew I that all their Dialogues and Discourse,
 Were such as I will now relate, or worse.

Here something is wanting.

.

Knew I this Woman ? yes, and you do see,
 How penitent I am, or I should be.
 Do not you ask to know her, she is worse
 Than all Ingredients made into one Curse,
 And that pour'd out upon Mankind, can be !
 Think but the Sin of all her Sex, 'tis she !
 I could forgive her being proud ! a Whore !
 Perjur'd ! and painted ! if she were no more —
 But she is such, as she might yet forestall
 The Devil, and be the damning of us all.

A little Shrub growing by.

ASK not to know this Man. If Fame should speak
 His Name in any Metal, it would break.
 Two Letters were enough the Plague to tear
 Out of his Grave, and poyson every Ear.
 A parcel of Court-dirt, a heap, and mass
 Of all Vice hurl'd together, there he was,

Proud,

Proud, false and treacherous, vindictive, all
 That thought can add, unthankful, the Lay-stall
 Of putrid Flesh alive! of Blood the Sink!
 And so I leave to stir him, lest he stink.

An ELEGY.

THough Beauty be the mark of Praise,
 And yours, of whom I sing, be such;
 As not the World can praise too much,
 Yet is't your Vertue now I raise:

A Vertue, like Allay, so gorie
 Throughout your Form; as tho' that move;
 And draw, and conquer all Mens Love,
 This subjects you to love of one.

Wherein you triumph yet; because
 'Tis of your self, and that you use
 The noblest Freedom, not to chuse
 Against, or Faith, or Honours Laws.

But who should less expect from you,
 In whom alone Love lives agen?
 By whom he is restor'd to Men:
 And kept, and bred, and brought up true?

His falling Temples you have rear'd,
 The withered Garlands tane away;
 His Altars kept from the Decay,
 That Envy wish'd, and Nature fear'd.

And on them burn so chaste a Flame,
 With so much Loyalties expence
 As Love t' acquit such excellence,
 Is gone himself into your Name.

And

And you are he: the Deity
 To whom all Lovers are design'd;
 That would their better Objects find:
 Among which faithful troop am I.

Who, as an Offspring at your Shrine,
 Have sung this Hymn, and here intreat
 One spark of your diviner heat
 To light upon a Love of mine.

Which, if it kindle not, but scant
 Appear, and that to shortest View,
 Yet give me leave t'adore in you
 What I, in her, am griev'd to want.

An ODE. To himself.

WHere dost thou careless lie
 Buried in Ease and Sloth?
 Knowledge that sleeps doth die;
 And this Security,
 It is the common Moth,
 That eats on Wits and Arts, and destroys them both.

Are all the *Aonian* Springs
 Dry'd up? lies *Thespia* waste?
 Doth *Clarius* Harp want Strings,
 That not a Nymph now sings!
 Or droop they as disgrac'd,
 To see their Seats and Bowers by chatt'ring Pies defac'd?

If hence thy Silence be,
 As 'tis too just a Cause;
 Let this thought quicken thee:
 Minds that are great and free,
 Should not on Fortune pause,
 'Tis crown enough to Vertue still her own applause.
 What

What though the greedy Fry
 Be taken with false Baits
 Of worded Balladry,
 And think it Poesie?
 They die with their Conceits,
 And only pitious Scorn upon their Folly waits.

Then take in hand thy Lyre,
 Strike in thy proper strain,
 With *Japhet's* Line, aspire
Sol's Chariot for new Fire
 To give the World again:
 Who aided him, will thee, the issue of *Jove's* Brain.

And since our dainty Age
 Cannot indure Reproof,
 Make not thy self a Page,
 To that Strumpet the Stage,
 But sing high and aloof,
 Safe from the Wolves black Jaw, and the dull Asses
 Hoof.

The Mind of the Frontispiece to a Book.

FROM Death, and dark Oblivion, ne'er the same,
 The Mistress of Man's Life, grave History
 Raising the World to good and evil Fame
 Doth vindicate it to Eternity.
 Wise Providence would so: that nor the Good
 Might be defrauded, nor the Great secur'd,
 But both might know their ways were understood,
 When Vice alike in time with Vertue dur'd:
 Which makes that (lighted by the beamy Hand
 Of Truth, that searcheth the most Springs,
 And guided by Experience, whose strait Wand
 Doth meet, whose Line doth sound the depth of
 things:) She

She chearfully supporteth what she rears,
 Assisted by no strengths but are her own,
 Some Note of which each varied Pillar bears,
 By which, as proper Titles, she is known
 Time's Witness, Herald of Antiquity,
 The Light of Truth, and Life of Memory.

*An ODE to James Earl of Desmond, writ
 in Queen Elizabeth's Time, since lost, and
 recovered.*

WHere art thou, *Genius*? I should use
 Thy present Aid: arise Invention,
 Wake, and put on the Wings of *Pindar's Muse*,
 To tower with my Intention
 High, as his Mind, that doth advance
 Her upright Head, above the reach of Chance,
 Or the Times Envy.

Cynthius, I apply
 My bolder Numbers to thy golden Lyre:
 O then inspire
 Thy Priest in this strange Rapture! heat my Brain
 With *Delpbick* Fire,
 That I may sing my thoughts in some unvulgar Strain

Rich beam of Honour, shed your Light
 On these dark Rhimes, that my Affection
 May shine (through every Chink) to every sight,
 grac'd by your Reflection!

Then shall my Verses, like strong Charms,
 Break the knit Circle of her stony Arms,
 That hold your Spirit:
 And keeps your Merit
 Lock'd in her cold Embraces, from the view
 Of Eyes more true,

Who would with Judgement search, searching conclude,
 (As prov'd in you)
 True Nobles. Palm grows strait, though handled
 ne'er so rude.

Nor think your self unfortunate,
 If subject to the jealous Errors
 Of politick Pretext, that wries a State,
 Sink not beneath these Terrors :
 But whisper ; O glad Innocence
 Where only a Man's Birth is his Offence ;
 Or the dis-favour
 Of such as favour
 Nothing, but practise upon Honours thrall.
 O Vertue's Fall !
 When her dead Essence (like the Anatomy
 in Surgeons-Hall)
 Is but a Statist's Theme to read Phlebotomy.

Let *Brontes*, and black *Steropes*,
 Sweat at the Forge, their Hammers beating ;
Pyracmon's Hour will come to give them Ease,
 Though but while Metals heating :
 And, after all the *Ætnean* Ire,
 Gold, that is perfect, will out-live the Fire.
 For Fury wasteth,
 As Patience lasteth.
 No Armour to the Mind ! he is shot-free
 From Injury,
 That is not hurt ; not he, that is not hit ;
 So Fools we see,
 Oft 'scape an Imputation, more thro' Luck than Wit.

But to your self, most Loyal Lord ;
 (Whose Heart in that bright Sphere flames clearest,
 Though many Gems be in your Bosom stor'd,
 Unknown which is the dearest.)

If I auspiciously divine,
 (As my Hope tells) that our fair *Phœbus* Shine,
 Shall light those Places,
 With lustrous Graces,
 Where Darkness, with her gloomy sceptred Hand,
 Doth now command.
 O then (my best-best lov'd) let me importune,
 That you will stand,
 As far from all Revolt, as you are now from Fortune.

An ODE.

High-spirited Friend,
 I send nor Balms, nor Cor'sives to your Wound;
 Your Faith hath found
 A gentler, and more agile Hand, to tend
 The Cure of that which is but corporal,
 And doubtful Days (which were nam'd *Critical*)
 Have made their fairest flight,
 And now are out of sight.
 Yet doth some wholesome Physick for the Mind,
 Wrapt in this Paper lie,
 Which in the taking if you mis-apply,
 You are unkind.

Your covetous Hand,
 Happy in that fair Honour it hath gain'd,
 Must now be 'raign'd.
 True Valour doth her own Renown command
 In one full Action; nor have you now more
 To do, than be a Husband of that store.
 Think but how dear you bought
 This same which you have caught,
 Such thoughts will make you more in love with truth:
 'Tis Wisdom, and that high,
 For Men to-use their Fortune reverently,
 Even in Youth,

An ODE.

HEllen, did *Homer* never see
 Thy Beauties, yet could write of thee?
 Did *Sappho*, on her seven-tongu'd Lute,
 So speak (as yet it is not mute)
 Of *Phaos* Form? or doth the Boy,
 In whom *Anacreon* once did joy,
 Lie drawn to Life in his soft Verse,
 As he whom *Maro* did rehearse?
 Was *Lesbia* sung by learn'd *Catullus*?
 Or *Delia's* Graces by *Tibullus*?
 Doth *Cynthia*, in *Propertius* Song,
 Shine more than she the Stars among?
 Is *Horace* his each Love so high
 Wrapt from the Earth as not to die?
 With bright *Lycoris*, *Gallus* Choice,
 Whose Fame hath an eternal Voice.
 Or hath *Corynna*, by the Name
 Her *Ovid* gave her, dimn'd the Fame
 Of *Cesar's* Daughter, and the Line
 Which all the World then stil'd Divine?
 Hath *Petrarch* since his *Laura* rais'd
 Equal with her? or *Ronsart* prais'd
 His new *Cassandra* 'bove the old,
 Which all the Fate of *Troy* foretold?
 Hath our great *Sydney*, *Stella* set
 Where never Star shone brighter yet?
 Or *Constables* Ambrosiack Muse
 Made *Dian* not his Notes refuse?
 Have all these done (and yet I miss
 The Swan that so relish'd *Pancharis*)
 And shall not I my *Celia* bring,
 Where Men may see whom I do sing,

Though

Though I, in working of my Song,
Come short of all this learned throng,
Yet sure my Tunes will be the best,
So much my Subject drowns the rest.

A S O N N E T,
To the Noble Lady, the Lady
MARY WORTH.

I *That have been a Lover, and could shew it,
Though not in these, in Rhimes not wholly dumb,
Since I exscribe your Sonnets, am become
A better Lover, and much better Poet.
Nor is my Muse or I asham'd to owe it
To those true numerous Graces; whereof some,
But charm the Senses, others overcome
Both Brains and Hearts; and mine now best do know it:
For in your Verse all Cupid's Armory,
His Flames, his Shafts, his Quiver, and his Bow,
His very Eyes are yours to overthrow.
But then his Mother's Sweets you so apply,
Her Joys, her Smiles, her Loves, as Readers take
For Venus, Ceston, every Line you make.*

A Fit of Rhime against Rhime.

R HIME, the rack of finest Wits,
That expresseth but by fits
True Conceit,
Spoling Senses of their Treasure,
Cosening Judgment with a Measure,
But false Weight.
Wresting Words from their true calling;
Propping Verse for fear of falling

To the Ground,
 Joynting Syllables, drowning Letters,
 Fast'ning Vowels, as with Fetters
 They were bound!
 Soon as lazy thou wert known,
 All good Poetry hence was flown,
 And are banish'd,
 For a thousand Years together,
 All *Pernassus* Green did wither,
 And Wit vanish'd,
Pegasus did fly away,
 At the Wells no Muse did stay,
 But bewail'd,
 So to see the Fountain dry,
 And *Apollo's* Musick die,
 All light failed!
 Starveling Rhimes did fill the Stage,
 Not a Poet in an Age,
 Worth crowning.
 Not a Work deserving Bays,
 Nor a Line deserving Praise,
Pallas frowning;
Greek was free from Rhimes Infection,
 Happy *Greek* by this Protection!
 Was not spoiled.
 Whilst the *Latin*, Queen of Tongues,
 Is not yet free from Rhimes Wrongs,
 But rests foiled,
 Scarce the Hill again doth flourish,
 Scarce the World a Wit doth nourish,
 To restore
Phabus to his Crown again;
 And the Muses to their Brain;
 As before.
 Vulgar Languages that want
 Words, and Sweetness, and be scant
 Of true Measure,

Tyrant

An EPIGRAM,

Presented upon a Plate of Gold to his Son Robert Earl of Salisbury, when he was also Treasurer.

N 4

That

That still was good for goodness-sake, nor thought
 Upon Reward, till the Reward him fought.
 Whose Offices and Honours did surprize,
 Rather than meet him: And, before his Eyes
 Clos'd to their Peace, he saw his Branches shoot,
 And in the Noblest Families took root,
 Of all the Land, who now at such a rate,
 Of Divine Blessing, would not serve a State.

For a poor Man.] *An EPIGRAM,*

*To Thomas Lord Elsmere, the last Term
 he sate Chancellor.*

SO, justest Lord, may all your Judgments be
 Laws; and no change e'er come to one Decree:
 So, may the King proclaim your Conscience is
 Law, to his Law; and think your Enemies his:
 So, from all Sickness, may you rise to Health,
 The Care and Wish still of the publick Wealth:
 So may the gentler Muses, and good Fame,
 Still fly about the Odour of your Name;
 As with the Safety and Honour of the Laws,
 You favour Truth and Me in this Man's Cause.

For the same.] *Another to him.*

THE Judge his Favour timely then extends,
 When a good Cause is destitute of Friends,
 Without the pomp of Counsel; or more aid,
 Than to make Falshood blush, and Fraud afraid:
 When those good few, that her Defenders be,
 Are there for Charity, and not for Fee.
 Such shall you hear to Day, and find great Foes
 Both arm'd with Wealth and Slander to oppose,
 Who

Who thus long safe, should gain upon the Times
 A right by the prosperity of their Crimes;
 Who, though their Guilt and Perjury they know,
 Think, yea, and boast, that they have done it so,
 As though the Court pursues them on the scent,
 They will come off, and 'scape the Punishment;
 When this appears, just Lord, to your sharp sight,
 He do's you wrong, that craves you to do right.

An EPIGRAM,

*To the Counsellor that pleaded, and carried the
 Cause.*

THAT I hereafter, do not think the Bar,
 The Seat made of a more than Civil War,
 Or the Great Hall at *Westminster*, the Field
 Where mutual Frauds are fought, and no side yield,
 That henceforth I believe nor Books, nor Men,
 Who 'gainst the Law, weave Calumnies my —
 But when I read or hear the Names so rife,
 Of Hirelings, Wranglers, Stichers-to of Strife,
 Hook-handed *Harpies*, gowned Vultures, put
 Upon the Reverend Pleaders; do now shut
 All Mouths that dare entitle them (from hence)
 To the Wolves Study, or Dogs Eloquence;
 Thou art my Cause: whose Manners since I knew,
 Have made me to conceive a Lawyer new.
 So dost thou study Matter, Men and Times,
 Mak'st it Religion to grow rich by Crimes!
 Dar'st not abuse thy Wisdom in the Laws,
 Or Skill to carry out an evil Cause!
 But first dost vex, and search it! If not found,
 Thou prov'st the gentler ways to cleanse the wound,
 And make the Scar fair; if that will not be,
 Thou hast the brave Scorn to put back the Fee!

Much

But in a Business that will bide the touch,
 What Use, what strength of Reason, and how much
 Of Books, of Presidents, hast thou at hand?
 As if the general Store thou didst command
 Of Argument, still drawing forth the best,
 And not being borrowed by thee, but possessest.
 So com'st thou like a Chief into the Court
 Arm'd at all Pieces, as to keep a Fort
 Against a Multitude; and (with thy Stile
 So brightly brandish'd) wound'st, defend'st! the while
 Thy Adversaries fall, as not a Word
 They had, but were a Reed unto thy Sword.
 Then com'st thou off with Victory and Palm,
 Thy Hearers Nectar, and thy Clients Balm,
 The Courts just Honour, and thy Judges Love.
 And (which doth all Atchievements get above)
 Thy sincere Practice breeds not thee a Fame
 Alone, but all thy Rank a reverend Name.

An EPIGRAM, to the Small-Pox.

ENvious and foul Disease, could there not be
 One Beauty in an Age, and free from thee?
 What did she worth thy spight? were there not store
 Of those that set by their false Faces more
 Than this did by her true? she never sought
 Quarrel with Nature, or in ballance brought
 Art her false Servant; nor, for Sir *Hugh Plot*,
 Was drawn to practise other hue, than that
 Her own Blood gave her: She ne'er had, nor hath
 Any belief in Madam *Baud-bees Bath*,
 Or *Turners Oil of Talk*. Nor ever got
Spanish Receipt to make her Teeth to rot.
 What was the Cause then? Thought'st thou, in disgrace
 Of Beauty, so to nullifie a Face,

That

That Heaven should make no more ; or should amiss,
 Make all hereafter, had'st thou ruin'd this ?
 I, that thy aim was ; but her Fate prevail'd :
 And scorn'd, thou'ast shown thy Malice, but hast fail'd.

An EPI TAPH.

WHAT Beauty would have lovely fill'd,
 What Manners pretty, Nature mild,
 What Wonder perfect, all were fill'd,
 Upon Record in this blest Child.

And till the coming of the Soul
 To fetch the Flesh, we keep the Roll.

A SONG.

Lover.

COME, let us here enjoy the Shade,
 For Love in Shadow best is made.
 Though Envy oft his Shadow be,
 None brooks the Sun-light worse than he.

Mistress.

Where Love doth shine, there needs no Sun,
 All Lights into his own doth run ;
 Without which all the World were dark ;
 Yet he himself is but a Spark.

Arbiter.

A Spark to set whole World a-fire,
 Who, more they burn, they more desire,
 And have their being, their waste to see ;
 And waste still, that they still might be.

Chorus.

Such are his Powers, whom Time hath fill'd,
 Now swift, now slow, now tame, now wild ;
 Now hot, now cold, now fierce, now mild ;
 The eldest God, yet still a Child,

An Epistle to a Friend.

SIR, I am thankful, first to Heaven for you ;
 Next to your self, for making your Love true :
 Then to your Love and Gift. And all's but due.

You have unto my Store added a Book,
 On which with Profit I shall never look,
 But must confess from whom what Gift I took.

Not like your Countrey-Neighbours that commit
 Their Vice of loving for a Christmas-fit ;
 Which is indeed but Friendship of the Spit :

But, as a Friend, which Name your self receive,
 And which you (being the worthier) gave me leave
 In Letters, that mix Spirits, thus to weave.

Which, how most sacred I will ever keep,
 So may the fruitful Vine my Temples steep,
 And Fame wake for me when I yield to sleep.

Though you sometimes proclaim me too severe,
 Rigid and harsh, which is a Drug austere
 In Friendship, I confess : But, dear Friend, hear,

Little know they, that profess Amity,
 And seek to scant her comely Liberty,
 How much they lame her in her Property.

And less they know, who being free to use
 That Friendship which no chance but Love did chuse,
 Will unto License that fair leave abuse.

It is an act of Tyranny, not Love,
 In practis'd Friendship wholly to reprove,
 As Flatt'ry with Friends Humours still to move.

From each of which I labour to be free,
 Yet if with eithers Vice I tainted be,
 Forgive it, as my Frailty, and not me.

For no Man lives so out of Passion's sway,
 But shall sometimes be tempted to obey
 Her Fury, yet no Friendship to betray.

An ELEGY.

'TIS true, I'm broke! Vows, and all I had
 of Credit lost. And I am now run mad;
 Or do upon my self some desperate ill:
 This Sadness makes no approaches, but to kill.
 It is a Darkness hath blockt up my Sense,
 And drives it in to eat on my Offence,
 Or there to starve it. Help O you that may
 Alone lend Succours, and this Fury stay.
 Offended Mistress, you are yet so fair,
 As Light breaks from you, that affrights Despair,
 And fills my Powers with perswading Joy,
 That you should be too noble to destroy.
 There may some face or menace of a Storm
 Look forth, but cannot last in such a Form.
 If there be nothing worthy you can see
 Of Graces, or your Mercy here in me,
 Spare your own Goodness yet; and be not great
 In Will and Power, only to defeat.
 God, and the Good, know to forgive and save.
 The Ignorant and Fools no Pity have.
 I will not stand to justify my Fault,
 Or lay th' Excuse upon the Vintner's Vault:

Or

Or in confessing of the Crime be nice,
 Or go about to countenance the Vice,
 By naming in what Company 'twas in,
 As I would urge Authority for Sin.
 No, I will stand arraign'd and cast, to be
 The Subject of your Grace in pardoning me,
 And (stil'd your Mercies Creature) will live more,
 Your Honour now, than your Disgrace before,
 Think it was frailty, Mistris, think me Man,
 Think that your self, like Heaven, forgive me can,
 Where Weakness doth offend, and Vertue grieve,
 There Greatness takes a glory to relieve.
 Think that I once was yours, or may be now:
 Nothing is vile, that is a part of you.
 Error and Folly in me may have crost
 Your just Commands, yet those, not I be lost.
 I am regenerate now, become the Child
 Of your Compassion; Parents should be mild:
 There is no Father that for one Demerit,
 Or two, or three, a Son will disinherit;
 That is the last of Punishments is meant;
 No Man inflicts that Pain, till Hope be spent:
 An ill-affected Limb (whate'er it ail)
 We cut not off till all Cures else no fail;
 And then with pause; for sever'd once, that's gone,
 Would live his Glory that could keep it on.
 Do not despair my mending; to distrust
 Before you prove a Med'cine, is unjust:
 You may so place me, and in such an Air,
 As not alone the Cure, but Scar be fair.
 That is, if still your Favours you apply,
 And not the Bounties you have done, deny.
 Could you demand the Gifts you gave, again!
 Why was't? did e'er the Clouds ask back their Rain?
 The Sun his Heat and Light? the Air his Dew?
 Or Winds the Spirit by which the Flower so grew?

That

That were to wither all, and make a Grave
Of that wise Nature would a Cradle have.
Her Order is to cherish and preserve ;
Consumption's, Nature to destroy and starve.
But to exact again what once is given,
Is Nature's meer Obliquity ; as Heaven
Should ask the Blood and Spirits he hath infus'd
In Man, because Man hath the Flesh abus'd.
O may your Wisdom take Example hence,
God lightens not at Man's each frail Offence :
He pardons Slips, goes by a world of Ills,
And then his Thunder frights more than it kills.
He cannot angry be, but all must quake ;
It shakes even him, that all things else doth shake.
And how more fair and lovely looks the World
In a calm Sky, than when the Heaven is hurl'd
About in Clouds, and wrapt in raging Weather,
As all with Storm and Tempest ran together ?
O imitate that sweet Serenity
That makes us live, not that which calls to die
In dark and sullen Morns ; do we not say,
This looketh like an Execution-day ?
And with the Vulgar doth it not obtain
The Name of Cruel Weather, Storm and Rain ?
Be not affected with these Marks too much
Of Cruelty, lest they do make you such.
But view the Mildness of your Maker's State,
As I the Penitent's here emulate.
He, when he sees a Sorrow, such as this,
Strait puts off all his Anger, and doth kiss
The contrite Soul, who hath no thought to win
Upon the hope to have another Sin
Forgiven him : and in that Line stand I,
Rather than once displease you more, to die,
To suffer Tortures, Scorn and Infamy,
What Fools, and all their Parasites can apply ;

The

The Wit of Ale, and Genius of the Malt
 Can pump for, or a Libel without Salt
 Produce; though threatning with a Coal or Chalk,
 On every Wall, and sung where-e'er I walk.
 I number these, as being of the Chore
 Of Contumely, and urge a good Man more
 Than Sword, or Fire, or what is of the Race
 To carry noble Danger in the Face :
 There is not any Punishment or Pain,
 A Man should fly from, as he would disdain.
 Then, Masters, here, here let your Rigour end,
 And let your Mercy make me asham'd t' offend.
 I will no more abuse my Vows to you,
 Than I will study Falshood, to be true.
 O that you could but by dissection see
 How much you are the better part of me ;
 How all my Fibres by your Spirit do move,
 And that there is no Life in me, but Love.
 You would be then most confident, that tho'
 Publick Affairs command me now to go
 Out of your Eyes, and be a-while away ;
 Absence or Distance shall not breed Decay.
 Your Form shines here, here fixed in my Heart :
 I may dilate my self, but not depart.
 Others by common Stars their Courses run,
 When I see you, then I do see my Sun :
 Till then 'tis all but Darknes, that I have ;
 Rather than want your Light, I wish a Grave.

An ELEGY:

TO make the Doubt clear, that no Woman's true,
 Was it my Fate to prove it full in you.
 Thought I but one had breath'd the purer Air,
 And must she needs be false, because she's fair ?
 It is your Beauty's Mark, or of your Youth,
 Or your Perfection not to study Truth ;

Or

Or think you Heaven is deaf, or hath no Eyes?
 Or those it has, wink at your Perjuries?
 Are Vows so cheap with Women? or the matter
 Whereof they are made, that they are writ in Water,
 And blown away with Wind? or doth their Breath
 Both hot and cold at once, threat Life and Death?
 Who could have thought so many Accents sweet
 Tun'd to our Words, so many Sighs should meet
 Blown from our Hearts, so many Oaths and Tears
 Sprinkled among? all sweeter by our Fears,
 And the Divine Impression of stoln Kisses,
 That seal'd the rest, could now prove empty
 Bliss?

Did you draw Bonds to forfeit, sign to break?
 Or must we read you quite from what you speak,
 And find the truth out the wrong way? or must
 He first desire you false, would wish you just?
 O, I profane! though most of Women be,
 The Common Monster, Love, shall except thee,
 My dearest Love, however Jealousie
 With Circumstance might urge the contrary,
 Sooner I'll think the Sun would cease to cheer
 The teeming Earth, and that forget to bear;
 Sooner that Rivers would run back, or *Thames*
 With Ribs of Ice in *June* would bind his Streams:
 Or Nature, by whose strength the World endures,
 Would change her course, before you alter yours.
 But, O that treacherous Breast, to whom weak you
 Did trust our Counsels, and we both may rue,
 Having his Falshood found too late! 'twas he
 That made me cast you guilty, and you me.
 Whilst he, black Wretch, betray'd each simple Word
 We spake unto the coming of a third!
 Curst may he be that so our Love hath slain,
 And wander wretched on the Earth, as *Cain*:
 Wretched as he, and not deserve least Pity:
 In plaguing him let Misery be witty.

Let all Eyes shun him, and he shun each Eye,
 Till he be noisom as his Infamy :
 May he without Remorse deny God thrice,
 And not be trusted more on his Soul's Price :
 And after all Self-torment, when he dies,
 May Wolves tear out his Heart, Vultures his Eyes,
 Swine eat his Bowels, and his falser Tongue,
 That utter'd all, be to some Raven flung :
 And let his Carrion coarse be a longer Feast
 To the King's Dogs, than any other Beast.
 Now I have curst, let us our Love receive ;
 In me the Flame was never more alive.
 I could begin again to court and praise,
 And in that Pleasure lengthen the short Days
 Of my Life's Lease ; like Painters that do take
 Delight, not in made Works, but whilst they make.
 I could renew those times when first I saw
 Love in your Eyes, that gave my Tongue the Law
 To like what you lik'd, and at Masques or Plays,
 Commend the self-same Actors, the same Ways,
 Ask how you did, and often with intent
 Of being officious, grow impertinent ;
 All which were such lost Pastimes, as in these
 Love was as subtly catch'd as a Disease.
 But, being got, it is a Treasure, sweet,
 Which to defend, is harder than to get ;
 And ought not to be prophan'd on either part,
 For though 'tis got by Chance, 'tis kept by Art.

An ELEGY.

THAT Love's a bitter-sweet, I ne'er conceive,
 Till the sower Minute comes of taking leave,
 And then I taste it. But as Men drink up
 In haste the bottom of a med'cin'd Cup,

And

And take some Sirrup after ; so do I,
 To put all relish from my Memory
 Of parting, drown it, in the hope to meet
 Shortly again, and make our absence sweet.
 This makes me, Mistris, that sometimes by stealth,
 Under another Name I take your Health,
 And turn the Ceremonies of those Nights
 I give, or owe my Friends, into your Rites ;
 But ever without Blazon, or least Shade
 Of Vows so sacred, and in Silence made :
 For though Love thrive, and may grow up with
 cheer,

And free Society, he's born elsewhere,
 And must be bred, so to conceal his Birth,
 As neither Wine do rack it out, or Mirth.
 Yet should the Lover still be airy and light
 In all his Actions, rarified to sprite :
 Not, like a *Midas*, shut up in himself,
 And turning all he toucheth into Pelf,
 Keep in reserv'd in his Dark-lantern Face,
 As if that exc'lent Dulness were Loves Grace :
 No, Masters, no, the open merry Man
 Moves like a sprightly River, and yet can
 Keep secret in his Channels what he breeds,
 'Bove all your standing Waters, choak'd with Weeds.
 They look at best like Cream-bowls, and you soon
 Shall find their depth, they're sounded with a spoon.
 They may say Grace, and for Love's Chaplains pass ;
 But the grave Lover ever was an Ass,
 Is fix'd upon one Leg, and dares not come
 Out with the other, for he's still at home :
 Like the dull wearied Crane, that (come on Land)
 Doth while he keeps his Watch, betray his stand ;
 Where he that knows, will like a Lapwing fly
 Far from the Nest, and so himself bely
 To others, as he will deserve the Trust
 Due to that one that doth believe him just.

And such your Servant is, who vows to keep
 The Jewel of your Name, as close as Sleep
 Can lock the Sense up, or the Heart a Thought,
 And never be by Time or Folly brought,
 Weakness of Brain, or any Charm of Wine,
 The sin of Boast, or other Countermines,
 (Made to blow up Love's Secrets) to discover
 That Article may not become our Lover:
 Which in assurance to your Breast I tell,
 If I had writ no word, but dear, Farewell.

An ELEGY.

SINCE you must go, and I must bid Farewell,
 Hear, Masters, your departing Servant tell
 What it is like: And do not think they can
 Be idle Words, though of a parting Man;
 It is as if a Night should shade Noon-day,
 Or that the Sun was here, but forc'd away;
 And we were left under that Hemisphere,
 Where we must feel it dark for half a Year.
 What Fate is this, to change Mens Days and Hours,
 To shift their Seasons, and destroy their Powers!
 Alas! I ha' lost my Heat, my Blood, my Prime,
 Winter is come a Quarter e'er his time,
 My Health will leave me; and when you depart,
 How shall I do, sweet Mistris, for my Heart?
 You would restore it? No, that's worth a fear,
 As if it were not worthy to be there:
 O keep it still: for it had rather be
 Your Sacrifice, than here remain with me.
 And so I spare it: Come, what can become
 Of me, I'll softly tread unto my Tomb;
 Or, like a Ghost, walk silent amongst Men,
 Till I may see both it and you agen.

An ELEGY.

LET me be what I am: as *Virgil* cold;
 As *Horace* fat; or as *Anacreon* old;
 No Poet's Verses yet did ever move,
 Whose Readers did not think he was in Love.
 Who shall forbid me then in Rhime to be
 As light and active as the youngest he
 That from the Muses Fountains doth endorfe
 His Lines, and hourly fits the Poet's Horse.
 Put on my Ivy Garland, let me see
 Who frowns, who jealous is, who taxeth me,
 Fathers and Husbands, I do claim a Right
 In all that is call'd lovely: take my fight
 Sooner than my affection from the Fair.
 No Face, no Hand, Proportion, Line or Air
 Of Beauty, but the Muse hath interest in:
 There is not worn that Lace, Purl, Knot or Pin,
 But is the Poet's Matter; and he must
 When he is furious, love, although not lust.
 But then content your Daughters and your Wives
 (If they be fair and worth it) have their Lives
 Made longer by our Praises: or, if not,
 With you had foul ones, and deformed got,
 Curst in their Cradles, or there chang'd by Elves,
 So to be sure you do enjoy your selves.
 Yet keep those up in Sackcloth too, or Leather,
 For Silk will draw some sneaking Songster thither.
 It is a Rhiming Age, and Verses swarm
 At every Stall; the City Cap's a Charm.
 But I who live, and have liv'd twenty Year,
 Where I may handle Silk as free and near,
 As any Mercer, or the Whale-bone Man,
 That quilts those Bodies I have leave to span;

Have eaten with the Beauties, and the Wits,
 And Braveries of Court, and felt their Fits
 Of Love and Hate; and came so nigh to know
 Whether their Faces were their own, or no.
 It is not likely I should now look down
 Upon a Velvet Petticoat, or a Gown,
 Whose like I have known the Taylor's Wife put on,
 To do her Husband's Rites in, e'er 'twere gone
 Home to the Customer: his Letchery
 Being the best Clothes still to pre-occupy.
 Put a Coach-Mare in Tissue, must I horse
 Her presently? or leap thy Wife of force,
 When by thy sordid Bounty she hath on
 A Gown of that was the Caparison?
 So I might dote upon thy Chairs and Stools,
 That are like cloath'd: Must I be of those Fools
 Of Race accounted, that no Passion have,
 But when thy Wife (as thou conceiv'st) is brave?
 Then ope thy Wardrobe, think me that poor Groom
 That from the Footman, when he was become
 An Officer there, did make most solemn Love
 To every Petticoat he brush'd, and Glove
 He did lay up; and would adore the Shooe
 Or Slipper was left off, and kiss it too;
 Court every hanging Gown, and after that
 Lift up some one, and do, I tell not what.
 Thou didst tell me, and wert o'er-joy'd to peep
 In at a hole, and see these Actions creep
 From the poor Wretch, which though he plaid in
 Prose,
 He would have done in Verse, with any one of those
 Wrung on the Withers, by Lord Love's despight,
 Had he had the Faculty to read and write!
 Such Songsters there are store of; witness he
 That chang'd the Lace laid on a Smock to see,
 And strait-way spent a Sonnet; with that other
 That (in pure Madrigal) unto his Mother

Coms

Commended the *French Hood* and *Scarlet-Gown*
 The *Lady-May*'refs pass'd in through the Town,
 Unto the *Spittle-Sermon*. O what strange
 Variety of Silks were on th' Exchange!
 Or in *Moor-fields*! this other Night sings one,
 Another answers, Lads those Silks are none
 In smiling *L'envoye*, as he wou'd deride
 Any Comparifon had with his *Cheapside*.
 And vouches both the Pageant and the Day,
 When not the Shops but Windows do display
 The Stuffs, the Velvets, Plushes, Fringes, Lace,
 And all the original Riots of the Place:
 Let the poor Fools enjoy their Follies, love
 A Goat in Velvet; or some Block could move
 Under that Cover; an old Midwife's Hat!
 Or a Close-stool so cas'd; or any fat
 Bawd in a Velvet Scabber'd! I envy
 None of their Pleasures! nor will ask thee, why
 Thou art jealous of thy Wife's or Daughter's Case:
 More than of either Manners, Wit, or Face!

An Execration upon VULCAN.

AND why to me this, thou lame Lord of Fire?
 What had I done that might call on thine Ire?
 Or urge thy greedy Flame thus to devour
 So many my Years-labours in an Hour?
 I ne'er attempted, *Vulcan*, 'gainst thy Life;
 Nor made least line of Love to thy loose Wife;
 Or in remembrance of thy Affront and Scorn,
 With Clowns and Tradesmen, kept thee clos'd in
 Horn.
 'Twas *Jupiter* that hurl'd thee headlong down,
 And *Mars* that gave thee a Lanthorn for a Crown:
 Was it because thou wert of old deny'd
 By *Jove* to have *Minerva* for thy Bride.

That since thou tak'st all envious Care and Pain
 To ruin any issue of the Brain?
 Had I wrote Treason there, or Herefy,
 Imposture, Witchcraft, Charms, or Blasphemy?
 I had deserv'd then thy consuming Looks,
 Perhaps, to have been burned with my Books.
 But, on thy Malice, tell me, didst thou spy
 Any least loose or surrile Paper lie
 Conceal'd, or kept there, that was fit to be
 By thy own Vote a Sacrifice to thee?
 Did I there wound the Honours of the Crown?
 Or tax the Glories of the Church and Gown?
 Itch to defame the State? or brand the Times?
 And my self most, in some self-boasting Rhimes?
 If none of these, then why this Fire? Or find
 A Cause before, or leave me one behind.
 Had I compil'd from *Amadis de Gaul*,
 Th' *Esplandians*, *Arthurs*, *Palmerins*, and all
 The learned Library of *Don Quixote*;
 And so some goodlier Monster had begot,
 Or spun out Riddles, and weav'd fitty Tomes
 Of *Logogripbes*, and curious *Palindromes*,
 Or pomp'd for those hard Trifles, *Anagrams*,
 Or *Esseotichs*, or those finer Flams
 Of Eggs, and Halberds, Cradles, and a Hearse,
 A pair of Scissars, and a Comb in Verse;
Acrostichs, and *Telestichs*, on jump Names,
 Thou then hadst had some colour for thy Flames,
 On such my serious Follies: But, thou'lt say,
 There were some Pieces of as base allay,
 And as false stamp there; parcels of a Play,
 Fitter to see the Fire-light, than the day;
 Adulterate Moneys, such as might not go:
 Thou should'st have staid, till publick Fame said so.
 She is the Judge, thou Executioner,
 Or if thou needs would'st trench upon her Power,

Thou

Thou might'st have yet enjoy'd thy Cruelty
 With some more thrift and more variety :
 Thou might'st have had me perish piece by piece,
 To light Tobacco, or save roasted Geese.
 Singe Capons, or poor Pigs, dropping their Eyes;
 Condemn'd me to the Ovens with the Pies;
 And so have kept me dying a whole Age,
 Not ravish'd all hence in a Minutes Rage.
 But that's a Mark whereof thy Rights do boast,
 To make Consumption every where thou go'st;
 Had I fore-known of this thy least desire
 T' have held a Triumph, or a Feast of Fire,
 Especially in Paper; that, that steam
 Had tickled your large Nostril: many a Ream
 To redeem mine, I had sent in enough,
 Thou should'st have cry'd, and all been proper stuff.
 The *Talmud* and the *Alcoran* had come,
 With pieces of the *Legend*; the whole sum
 Of Errant Knighthood, with the Dames and Dwarfs;
 The charmed Boats, and the enchanted Wharfs,
 The *Tristram's*, *Lanc'lots*, *Turpins*, and the *Peer's*,
 All the mad *Rolands*, and sweet *Oliver's*;
 To *Merlins* Marvails, and his *Caballs* loss
 With the Chimera of the *Rosie-Cross*,
 Their Seals, their Characters, Hermetick Rings,
 Their Jem of Riches, and bright Stone, that brings
 Invisibilty, and Strength, and Tongues;
 The Art of kindling the true Coal by Lungs,
 With *Nicholas Pasquill's*, Meddle with your Match,
 And the strong Lines that so the time do catch,
 Or Captain *Pamphlet's* Horse and Foot, that salley
 Upon th' *Exchange*, still out of *Popes-Head-Alley*.
 The *Weekly Courants*, with *Poules Seal*; and all
 The admir'd Discourses of the Prophet *Ball*:
 These, hadst thou pleas'd either to dine or sup,
 Had made a Meal for *Vulcan* to lick up.

But

But in my Desk, what was there to excite
 So ravenous and vast an Appetite?
 I dare not say a Body, but some Parts
 There were of search and mastery in the Arts.
 All the old *Venusine*, in Poetry,
 And lighted by the *Stagerite*, could spy,
 Was there mad *English*: with the *Grammar* too,
 To teach some that their Nurses could do.
 The Purity of Language; and among
 The rest, my Journey into *Scotland* Song,
 With all th' Adventures; three Books not afraid
 To speak the Fate of the *Sicilian* Maid
 To our own Ladies; and in Story there
 Of our Fifth *Henry*, Eight of his Nine Year;
 Wherein was Oil, beside the Succour spent,
 Which Noble *Carew*, *Cotton*, *Selden* lent:
 And twice-twelve-years stor'd up Humanity,
 With humble Gleanings in Divinity;
 After the Fathers, and those wiser Guides,
 Whom Faction had not drawn to study Sides.
 How in these Ruins, *Vulcan*, thou dost lurk,
 All Soot and Embers! odious as thy Work!
 I now begin to doubt if ever Grace,
 Or Goddess, could be patient of thy Face.
 Thou woo *Minerva*! or to Wit aspire!
 'Cause thou canst halt with us in Arts and Fire!
 Son of the Wind! for so thy Mother, gone
 With Lust, conceiv'd thee; Father thou hadst none.
 When thou wert born, and that thou look'st at best,
 She durst not kiss, but flung thee from her Breast.
 And so did *Jove*, who ne'er meant thee his Cup:
 No mar! the Clowns of *Lemnos* took thee up.
 For none but Smiths would have made thee a God,
 Some Alchymist there may be yet, or odd
 'Squire of the Squibs, against the Pageant-day,
 May to thy Name a *Vulcanale* say;

And

And for it lose his Eyes with Gun-powder,
 As th' other may his Brains with Quick-silver.
 Well-fare the Wiseman yet, on the *Bank-side*,
 My Friends, the Watermen! they could provide
 Against thy Fury, when to serve their Needs,
 They made a *Vulcan* of a sheaf of Reeds,
 Whom they durst handle in their Holy-day Coats,
 And safely trust to dress, not burn their Boats.
 But, O those Reeds! thy meer disdain of them,
 Made thee beget that cruel Stratagem,
 (Which some are pleas'd to stile but thy mad Prank)
 Against the *Globe*, the Glory of the *Bank*.
 Which, though it were the Fort of the whole Parish,
 Flank'd with a Ditch, and forc'd out of a Marish,
 I saw with two poor Chambers taken in
 And raz'd; e'er thought could urge, this might have
 been!

See the World's Ruines; nothing but the Piles
 Left! and Wit since to cover it with Tiles.
 The Brethren they strait nois'd it out for News,
 'Twas verily some Relick of the Stews.
 And this a sparkle of that Fire let loose,
 That was lock'd up in the *Winchestrian* Goose,
 Bred on the Bank in time of Popery,
 When *Venus* there maintain'd in Mystery.
 But others tell, with that Conceit, by the Ears,
 And cry'd, it was a threatning to the Bears,
 And that accursed Ground, the *Parish Garden*:
 Nay, sigh'd, ah Sister, 'twas the Nun, *Kate Arden*,
 Kindled the Fire! But then, did one return,
 No Fool would his own Harvest spoil or burn!
 If that were so, thou rather wouldst advance
 The Place that was thy Wives Inheritance.
 O no, cry'd all. *Fortune*, for being a Whore,
 Scap'd not his Justice any Jot the more:
 He burnt that Idol of the *Revels* too:
 Nay, let *Whitehall* with Revels have to do,

Though

Though but in Dances, it shall know his Power :
 There was a Judgment shewn too in an Hour.
 He is true *Vulcan* still! he did not spare
Troy, though it were so much his *Venus* Care.
 Fool, wilt thou let that in Example come?
 Did not she save from thence to build a *Rome*?
 And what hast thou done in these petty spights,
 More than advanc'd the Houses and their Rights?
 I will not argue thee, from those of guilt,
 For they were burnt but to be better built.
 'Tis true, that in thy wish they were destroy'd,
 Which thou hast only vented, not enjoy'd.
 So would'st th' have run upon the Rolls by stealth,
 And didst invade part of the Common-wealth,
 In those Records, which were all Chronicles gone,
 Will be remembred by *Six Clerks* to one.
 But, say all *Six*, good Men, what answer ye?
 Lies there no Writ out of the *Chancery*
 Against this *Vulcan*? No Injunction?
 No Order? no Decree? though we be gone
 At *Common-Law*: methinks in his despight
 A Court of *Equity* should do us right.
 But to confine him to the Brew-houses,
 The Glas-house, Dye-fats, and their Furnaces;
 To live in Sea-coal, and go forth in Smoke;
 Or lest that Vapour might the City choak,
 Condemn him to the Brick-kills, or some Hill-
 Foot (out in *Suffex*) to an Iron-Mill;
 Or in small Faggots have him blaze about
 Vile Taverns, and the Drunkards piss him out;
 Or in the *Bellman's* Lanthorn, like a Spy,
 Burn to a Snuff, and then stink out and die;
 I could invent a Sentence, yet were worse;
 But I'll conclude all in a civil Curse.
 Pox on your Flameship, *Vulcan*, if it be
 To all as fatal as't hath been to me,

And

And to *Paul's* Steeple ; which was unto us
 'Bove all your Fire-works had at *Ephesus*,
 Or *Alexandria* ; and though a Divine
 Loss remains yet as unrepair'd as mine.
 Would you had kept your Forge at *Ætna* still,
 And there made Swords, Bills, Glaves and Arms
 your fill.

Maintain'd the Trade at *Bilbo*, or elsewhere ;
 Struck in at *Milan* with the Cutlers there ;
 Or stay'd but where the Fryar and you first met,
 Who from the Devil's Arse did Guns beget,
 Or fixt in the Low-Countreys, where you might
 On both sides do your Mischiefs with delight ;
 Blow up and ruine, mine and countermine,
 Make your Petards and Granats, all your fine
 Engines of Murder, and receive the Praise
 Of massacring Mankind so many ways.
 We ask your Absence here, we all love Peace,
 And pray the Fruits thereof, and the Increase ;
 So doth the King, and most of the King's Men
 That have good Places : therefore once agen,
 Pox on thee, *Vulcan*, thy *Pandora's* Pox,
 And all the Evils that flew out her Box
 Light on thee : Or if those Plagues will not do,
 Thy Wives Pox on thee, and *B. B* —s too.

A Speech according to HORACE.

WHY yet, my Noble Hearts, they cannot say,
 But we have Powder still for the King's Day,
 And Ordnance too: so much as from the *Tower*
 T' have wak'd, if sleeping, *Spain's* Ambassadour,
 Old *Æsop Gundomar* : the *French* can tell,
 For they did see it the last Tilting well,
 That we have Trumpets, Armour, and great Horse,
 Launces, and Men, and some a breaking Force.
 They

They saw too store of Feathers, and more may;
 If they stay here but till *St. George's Day*.
 All Ensigns of a War are not yet dead,
 Nor Marks of Wealth so from our Nation fled,
 But they may see Gold Chains and Pearl worn then,
 Lent by the *London-Dames* to the Lords Men :
 Withal, the dirty pains those Citizens take,
 To see the Pride at Court, their Wives do make;
 And the return those thankful Courtiers yield,
 To have their Husbands drawn forth to the Field,
 And coming home to tell what Acts were done
 Under the Auspice of young *Swinmerton*.
 What a strong Fort old *Pimblcoe* had been !
 How it held out ! how (last) 'twas taken in !
 Well, I say, thrive, thrive, brave Artillery-yard,
 Thou Seed-plot of the War, that hast not spar'd
 Powder or Paper to bring up the Youth
 Of *London*, in the Military Truth,
 These ten years day ; as all may swear that look
 But on thy Practice, and the Posture-book :
 He that but saw thy curious Captains Drill,
 Would think no more of *Flushing* or the *Brill* :
 But give them over to the common Ear
 For that unnecessary Charge they were.
 Well did thy crafty Clerk, and Knight Sir *Hugh*,
 Supplant bold *Panton*, and brought there to view
 Translated *Ælian* Tracticks to be read,
 And the *Greek* Discipline (with the Modern) shed
 So in that ground, as soon it grew to be
 The City-Question, whether *Tilly* or he
 Were now the greater Captain ? for they saw
 The *Bergben* Siege, and raking in *Bredau*,
 So acted to the Life, as *Maurice* might,
 And *Spinola* have blushed at the sight.
 O happy Art ! and wise Epitome
 Of bearing Arms ! most civil Soldiery !

Thott

Thou canst draw forth thy Forces, and fight dry
 The Battles of thy Aldermanity;
 Without the hazard of a drop of Blood:
 More than the Surfeits in thee that day stood.
 Go on, increast in Vertue and in Fame,
 And keep the Glory of the *English* Name,
 Up among Nations. In the stead of bold
Beauchamps and *Nevills*, *Cliffords*, *Audleys* old,
 Insert thy *Hodges*, and those newer Men [waller.
 As *Stiles*, *Dike*, *Ditchfield*, *Millar*, *Crips* and *Fen*:
 That keep the War, though now't be grown more
 tame,

Alive yet in the Noise; and still the same,
 And could (if our great Men would let their Sons
 Come to their Schools) shew 'em the use of Guns.
 And there instruct the noble *English* Heirs
 In Politick and Military Affairs;
 But he that should perswade to have this done
 For Education of our Lordings, soon
 Should he hear of Billow, Wind and Storm,
 From the tempestuous Grandlings, who'll inform
 Us, in our bearing, that are thus and thus,
 Born, bred, allied? what's he dare tutor us?
 Are we by Book-worms to be aw'd? must we
 Live by their Scale, that dare do nothing free?
 Why are we Rich or Great, except to shew
 All Licence in our Lives? What need we know?
 More than to praise a Dog? or Horse? or speak
 The Hawking Language? or our Day to break
 With Citizens? Let Clowns and Tradesmen breed
 Their Sons to study Arts, the Laws, the Creed:
 We will believe like Men of our own Rank,
 In so much Land a Year, or such a Bank,
 That turns us so much Monies, at which rate
 Our Ancestors impos'd on Prince and State.
 Let poor Nobility be vertuous: We,
 Descended in a Rope of Titles, be

From

From *Guy*, or *Bevis*, *Arthur*, or from whom
 The Herald will. Our Blood is now become
 Past any need of Vertue. Let them care,
 That in the Cradle of their Gentry are;
 To serve the State by Councils and by Arms:
 We neither love the Troubles nor the Harms.
 What love you then, your Whore? what Study?
 Gate,

Carriage and Dressing. There is up of late
 The Academy, where the Gallants meet —
 What to make Legs, yes, and to smell most sweet,
 All that they do at Plays. O, but first here
 They learn and study; and then practise there.
 But why are all these Irons i' the Fire
 Of several makings? helps, helps, i' attire
 His Lordship. That is for his Band, his Hair
 This, and that Box his Beauty to repair;
 This other for his Eye-brows; hence, away,
 I may no longer on these Pictures stay,
 These Carcases of Honour; Taylors Blocks
 Cover'd with Tissue, whose Prosperity mocks
 The fate of things: whilst totter'd Vertue holds
 Her broken Arms up to their empty Moulds.

An Epistle to Master Arthur Squib.

WHAT I am not, and what I fain would be,
 Whilst I inform my self, I would teach thee,
 My gentle *Arthur*, that it might be said
 One Lesson we have both learn'd, and well read;
 I neither am, nor art thou one of those
 That hearkens to a Jacks-pulse, when it goes.
 Nor ever trusted to that Friendship yet
 Was issue of the Tavern or the Spit:
 Much less a Name would we bring up, or nurse,
 That could but claim a Kindred from the Purse.

Those

Those are poor Ties depend on those false Ends,
 'Tis Vertue alone, or nothing, that knits Friends.
 And as within your Office you do take
 No Piece of Money, but you know, or make
 Inquiry of the worth: So must we do,
 First weigh a Friend, then touch and try him too;
 For there are many Slips and Counterfeits.
 Deceit is fruitful. Men have Masks and Nets,
 But these with wearing will themselves unfold:
 They cannot last. No Lye grew ever old.
 Turn him, and see his Threds: look if he be
 Friend to himself, that would be Friend to thee;
 For that is first requir'd. A Man be his own.
 But he that's too much that, is Friend of none,
 Then rest, and a Friend's Value understand,
 It is a richer Purchase than of Land.

*An Epigram on Sir Edward Coke, when he
 was Lord Chief Justice of England.*

HE that should search all Glories of the Gown,
 And steps of all rais'd Servants of the Crown,
 He could not find than thee, of all that store,
 Whom Fortune aided less, or Vertue more.
 Such, *Coke*, were thy beginnings, when thy good
 In others Evil best was understood:
 When, being the Stranger's Help, the poor Man's Aid,
 Thy just Defences made th' Oppressor afraid.
 Such was thy Process, when Integrity
 And Skill in thee now grew Authority:
 That Clients strove, in question of the Laws,
 More for thy Patronage, than for their Cause,
 And that thy strong and manly Eloquence
 Stood up thy Nation's Fame, her Crown's Defence;
 And now such is thy stand, while thou dost deal
 Desired Justice to the publick Weal,

Like *Solon's* self explat'ft the knotty Laws
 With endless Labours, whilst thy Learning draws
 No less of Praise, than Readers in all kinds
 Of worthiest Knowledge, that can take Mens Minds.
 Such is thy All, that (as I sung before)
 None Fortune aided less, or Vertue more.
 Or if Chance must to each Man that doth rise
 Needs lend an Aid, to thine she had her Eyes.

*An Epistle, answering to one that asked to be
 Sealed of the Tribe of Ben.*

MEN that are safe and sure in all they do,
 Care not what Trials they are put unto:
 They meet the Fire, the Test, as Martyrs would,
 And though Opinion stamp them not, are Gold,
 I could say more of such, but that I fly
 To speak my self out too ambitiously,
 And shewing so weak an Act to vulgar Eyes,
 Put Conscience and my Right to compromise.
 Let those that meerly talk, and never think,
 That live in the wild Anarchy of Drink,
 Subject to quarrel only; or else such
 As make it their Proficiency, how much
 They've glutted in, and letcher'd out that Week,
 That never yet did Friend or Friendship seek,
 But for a Sealing: let these Men protest.
 Or th' other on their Borders, that will jest
 On all Souls that are absent; even the dead
 Like flies or Worms, which Man's corrupt Parts fed:
 That to speak well, think it above all Sin,
 Of any Company but that they are in,
 Call every Night to Supper in these fits,
 And are receiv'd for the Covey of Wits,
 That censure all the Town, and all th' Affairs,
 And know whose Ignorance is more than theirs;

Let

Let these Men have their ways, and take their times
 To vent their Libels, and to issue Rhimes,
 I have no Portion in them, nor their deal
 Of news they get, to strew out the long Meal,
 I study other Friendships, and more one,
 Than these can ever be, or else with none.
 What is't to me whether the *French* Design
 Be, or be not, to get the *Vall-telline*?
 Or the States Ships sent forth belike to meet
 Some hopes of *Spain* in their *West-Indian* Fleet?
 Whether the Dispensation yet be sent,
 Or that the Match from *Spain* was ever meant?
 I wish all well, and pray high Heaven conspire;
 My Prince's Safety, and my King's Desire;
 But if for Honour we must draw the Sword,
 And force back that which will not be restor'd,
 I have a Body yet that Spirit draws,
 To live or fall a Carcass in the Cause.
 So far without inquiry what the States,
Brunsfeld and *Mansfield* do this Year, my Fates
 Shall carry me at Call; and I'll be well,
 Though I do neither hear these News, nor tell
 Of *Spain* or *France*; or were not prick'd down one
 Of the late Mystery of Reception,
 Although my Fame to his not under-hears,
 That guides the Motions, and directs the Bears.
 But that's a blow, by which in time I may
 Lose all my Credit with my Christmas Clay,
 And animated *Porcelane* of the Court,
 I, and for this neglect the coarser sort
 Of earthen Jars there may molest me too:
 Well, with mine own frail Pitcher, what to do
 I have decreed; keep it from Waves and press,
 Lest it be jostled, crack'd, made nought, or less:
 Live to that Point I will, for which I am Man,
 And dwell as in my Center, as I can,

Still looking to, and ever loving Heaven;
 With reverence using all the Gifts then given.
 'Mongst which, if I have any Friendships sent,
 Such as are square, well-tag'd, and permanent,
 Not built with Canvass, Paper, and false Lights,
 As are the glorious Scenes at the great Sights:
 And that there be no fev'ry Heats nor Colds,
 Oily Expansions, or shrunk dirty Folds,
 But all so clear, and led by Reason's Flame,
 As but to stumble in her sight were shame.
 These I will honour, love, embrace and serve;
 And free it from all question to preserve.
 So short you read my Character, and theirs
 I would call mine, to which not many Stairs
 Are asked to climb. First give me Faith, who know
 My self a little. I will take you so,
 As you have writ your self. Now stand, and then,
 Sir, you are Sealed of the Tribe of *Ben*.

*The Dedication of the King's New Cellar
 to BACCHUS.*

SINCE, *Bacchus*, thou art Father
 Of Wines, to thee the rather
 We dedicate this Cellar,
 Where new, thou art made Dweller,
 And seal thee thy Commission:
 But 'tis with a Condition,
 That thou remain here Taster
 Of all to the great Master.
 And look unto their Faces,
 Their Qualities and Races,
 That both their Odour take him,
 And Relish merry make him.
 For, *Bacchus*, thou art freer
 Of Cares, and Overseer

OF

Of Feast and merry Meeting,
 And still begin't the Greeting :
 See then thou dost attend him,
Lyæus, and defend him,
 By all the Arts of Gladness,
 From any thought like Sadness,
 So mayst thou still be younger
 Than *Phæbus*, and much stronger,
 To give Mankind their eases,
 And cure the Worlds Diseases :

So may the Muses follow
 Thee still, and leave *Apollo*,
 And think thy stream more quicker
 Than *Hippocrenes* Liquor :
 And thou make many a Poet,
 Before his Brain do know it ;
 So may there never Quarrel
 Have issue from the Barrel ;
 But *Venus* and the Graces
 Pursue thee in all Places,
 And not a Song be other
 Than *Cupid* and his Mother.

That when King *James* above here
 Shall feast it, thou may'st love there
 The Causes and the Guests too,
 And have thy Tales and Jests too,
 Thy Circuits and thy Rounds free,
 As shall the Feasts fair Grounds be.

Be it he hold Communion
 In great *St. George's* Union ;
 Or gratulates the Passage
 Of some well-wrought Embassage :
 Whereby he may knit sure up
 The wished Peace of *Europe* :
 Or else a Health advances,
 To put his Court in Dances,

And set us all on skipping,
 When with his Royal Shipping
 The narrow Seas are shady,
 And *Charles* brings home the Lady.

Accessit fervor Capiti, Numerusq; Lucernis,

An Epigram on the Court-Pucell.

DO's the Court-Pucell then so censure me,
 And thinks I dare not her? let the World see,
 What though her Chamber be the very Pit,
 Where fight the prime Cocks of the Game for Wit?
 And that as any are stroke, her Breath creates
 New in their stead, out of the Candidates?
 What though with Tribade Lust she force a Muse,
 And in an Epicœne Fury can write News
 Equal with that which for the best News goes,
 As airy, light, and as like Wit as those?
 What though she talk, and cannot once with them,
 Make State, Religion, Bawdry, all a Theam.
 And as Lip-thirsty in each Words expence,
 Doth labour with the Phrase more than the Sense?
 What though she ride two Mile on holy Days
 To Church, as others do to Feasts and Plays,
 To shew their Tires, to view, and to be view'd?
 What though she be with Velvet Gowns endu'd,
 And spangled Petticoats brought forth to Eye,
 As new Rewards of her old Secrecy?
 What though she hath won on trust, as many do,
 And that her Truster fears her, must I too?
 I never stood for any Place: my Wit
 Thinks it self nought, though she should value it.
 I am no Statesman, and much less Divine,
 For Bawdry, 'tis her Language, and not mine.

Farthest

Farthest I am from the Idolatry
 To Stuffs and Laces, those my Man can buy.
 And trust her I would least, that hath forswore
 In Contract twice, what can she perjure more?
 Indeed her Dressing some Man might delight,
 Her Face there's none can like by Candle-light.
 Not he, that should the Body have, for Case
 To his poor Instrument, now out of Grace.
 Shall I advise thee, *Pucell*, steal away
 From Court, while yet thy Fame hath some small
 Day;

The Wits will leave you if they once perceive
 You cling to Lords, and Lords, if them you leave
 For Sermoners: of which now one, now other,
 They say, you weekly invite with Fits o' th' Mother,
 And practise for a Miracle; take heed,
 This Age would lend no Faith to *Dorrel's* Deed;
 Or, if it would, the Court is the worst Place,
 Both for the Mothers, and the Babes of Grace,
 For there the Wicked in the Chair of Scorn,
 Will call't a Bastard, when a Prophet's born.

An Epigram to the Honour'd---Countess of---

THE Wisdom, Madam, of your private Life,
 Where with this while you live a widow'd Wife,
 And the right way you take unto the right,
 To conquer Rumour, and triumph on Spight;
 Not only shunning by your Act to do
 Ought that is ill, but the suspicion too,
 Is of so brave Example, as he were
 No Friend to Vertue, could be silent here,
 The rather when the Vices of the Time
 Are grown so fruitful, and false Pleasures climb

By all oblique degrees that killing height
From whence they fall, cast down with their own
weight.

And though all Praise bring nothing to your Name,
Who (herein studying Conscience and not Fame)
Are in your self rewarded ; yet 'twill be
A cheerful Work to all good Eyes, to see
Among the daily Ruins that fall foul
Of State, of Fame, of Body, and of Soul,
So great a Vertue stand upright to view,
As makes *Penelope's* old Fable true,
Whilst your *Ulysses* hath tane leave to go,
Countries and Climes, Manners an Men to know.
Only your time you better entertain,
Than the great *Homer's* Wit for her could feign ;
For you admit no Company but good,
And when you want those Friends, or near in Blood,
Or your Allies, you make your Books your Friends,
And study them unto the noblest Ends,
Searching for Knowledge, and to keep your Mind
The same it was inspir'd, rich and refin'd.
These Graces, when the rest of Ladies view,
Not boasted in your Life, but practis'd true,
As they are hard for them to make their own,
So are they profitable to be known :
For when they find so many meet in one,
It will be shame for them if they have none.

Lord Bacon's Birth Day.

HA I L happy *Genius* of this ancient Pile!
How comes it all things so about thee smile ?
The Fire, the Wine, the Men ! and in the midst
Thou stand'st as if some Mystery thou didst !
Pardon, I read it in thy Face, the Day
For whose Returns, and many, all these pray ; And

And so do I. This is the Sixtieth Year
 Since *Bacon*, and thy Lord was born, and here;
 Son to the grave wise Keeper of the Seal,
 Fame and Foundation of the *English* Weal.
 What then his Father was, that since is he,
 Now with a Title more to the Degree;
England's High Chancellor; the destin'd Heir
 In his soft Cradle to his Father's Chair,
 Whose even Thred the Fates spin round and full,
 Out of their choicest and their whitest Wooll.
 'Tis a brave cause of Joy, let it be known,
 For 'twere a narrow Gladness, kept thine own.
 Give me a deep-crown'd Bowl, that I may sing
 In raising him the Wisdom of my King.

A Poem sent me by Sir William Burlase.

The Painter to the Poet.

TO paint thy Worth, if rightly I did know it,
 And were but Painter half like thee, a Poet;
Ben, I would show it:

But in this Skill m' unskilful Pen will tire,
 Thou, and thy Worth, will still be found far higher;
 And I a Lyar.

Then, what a Painter's here? or what an Eater
 Of great Attempts! when as his Skill's no greater,
 And he a Cheater?

Then, what a Poet's here! whom, by Confession
 Of all with me, to paint without Digression
 There's no Expression.

My

My Answer.

The Poet to the Painter.

WHY? though I seem of a prodigious waist,
I am not so voluminous and vast,
But there are Lines, wherewith I might b' embrac'd.

'Tis true, as my Womb swells, so my Back stoops,
And the whole lump grows round, deform'd, and droops,
But yet the Tun at Heidelberg had Hoops.

You were not tied by any Painter's Law
To square my Circle, I confess, but draw
My Superficies: that was all you saw.

Which if in Compass of no Art it came
To be described by a *Monogram*,
With one great blot, yo' had form'd me as I am.

But whilst you curious were to have it be
An *Archetype*, for all the World to see,
You made it a brave Piece, but not like me.

O, had I now your Manner, Mastry, Might,
Your Power of handling, Shadow, Air, and Spright,
How I would draw, and take hold and delight.

But, you are he can paint; I can but write;
A Poet hath no more but black and white,
He knows the flatt'ring Colours, or false light.

Yet when Friendship I would draw the Face,
A letter'd Mind, and a large Heart would place
To all Posterity; I will write *Burlase*.

An Epigram to William Earl of Newcastle.

WHEN first, my Lord, I saw you back your
 Horse,
 Provoke his Metal, and command his Force
 To all the uses of the Field and Race,
 Methought I read the ancient Art of *Thrace*,
 And saw a Centaure, past those Tales of *Greece*,
 So seem'd your Horse and you both of a Piece!
 You shew'd like *Perseus* upon *Pegasus*,
 Or *Castor* mounted on his *Cyllarus*:
 Or what we hear our home-born Legend tell,
 Of bold Sir *Bevis* and his *Arundell*:
 Nay, so your Seat his Beauties did endorse,
 As I began to wish my self a Horse:
 And surely had I but your Stable seen
 Before: I think my Wish absolv'd had been.
 For never saw I yet the Muses dwell,
 Nor any of their Household half so well.
 So well! as when I saw the Floor and Room,
 I look'd for *Hercules* to be the Groom:
 And cry'd, away with the *Casarian* Bread,
 At these Immortal Mangers *Virgil* fed.

Epistle to Mr. Arthur Squib.

I Am to dine, Friend, where I must be weigh'd
 For a just Wager, and that Wager paid
 If I do lose it: And, without a Tale,
 A Merchant's Wife is Regent of the Scale.
 Who when she heard the Match, concluded strait,
 An ill Commodity! 'T make good weight:
 So that upon the point my Corporal Fear
 Is, she will play Dame Justice too severe;

And hold me to it close; to stand upright
 Within the Balance, and not want a Mite;
 But rather with advantage to be found
 Full twenty Stone; of which I lack two Pound:
 That's Six in Silver; now within the Socket
 Stinketh my Credit, if into the Pocket
 It do not come: One Piece I have in store,
 Lend me, dear *Arthur*, for a Week, five more,
 And you shall make me good in weight and fashion,
 And then to be return'd; or Protestation
 To go out after——till when take this Letter
 For your Security. I can no better.

To Mr. John Burges.

Would God, my *Burges*, I could think
 Thoughts worthy of thy Gift, this Ink,
 Then would I promise here to give
 Verse that should thee and me out-live:
 But since the Wine hath steep'd my Brain,
 I only can the Paper stain;
 Yet with a Dye that fears no Moth,
 But Scarlet-like out-lasts the Cloth.

Epistle to my Lady Covell.

YOU won not Verses, Madam, you won me,
 When you would play so nobly, and so free.
 A Book to a few Lines: but it was fit
 You won them too, your odds did merit it,
 So have you gain'd a Servant and a Muse:
 The first of which I fear you will refuse:
 And you may justly, being a tardy, cold,
 Unprofitable Chattel, fat and old,

Laden

Laden with Belly, and doth hardly approach
 His Friends, but to break Chairs, or crack a Coach,
 His weight is twenty stone within two pound;
 And that's made up as doth the Purse abound.
 Marry the Muse is one can tread the Air,
 And stroke the Water, nimble, chaste and fair;
 Sleep in a Virgin's Bosom without fear,
 Run all the Rounds in a soft Lady's Ear,
 Widow or Wife, without the Jealousie
 Of either Suitor, or a Servant by.
 Such (if her Manners like you) I do send:
 And can for other Graces her commend,
 To make you merry on the dressing-stool
 A Mornings, and at Afternoons to fool
 Away ill Company, and help in Rhime,
 Your *Joan* to pass her melancholy time.
 By this, although you fancy not the Man,
 Accept his Muse; and tell I know you can:
 How many Verses, Madam, are your due!
 I can lose none in tending these to you.
 I gain, in having leave to keep my Day,
 And should grow rich, had I much more to pay.

To Master John Burges.

Father *John Burges*,
 Necessity urges
 My woeful Cry,
 To Sir *Robert Pie*:
 And that he will venter
 To send my *Debenter*.
 Tell him his *Ben*
 Knew the time, when
 He lov'd the Muses;
 Though now he refuses,

To take Apprehension
 Of a Years Pension,
 And more is behind :
 Put him in mind
Christmas is near ;
 And neither good Cheer,
 Mirth, Fooling, nor Wit,
 Nor any least Fit
 Of Gambol or Sport
 Will come at the Court,
 If there be no Money,
 No Plover or Coney
 Will come to the Table,
 Or Wine to enable
 The Muse or the Poet,
 The Parish will know it.
 Nor any quick-warming-pan-help him to Bed,
 If the Checker be empty, so will be his Head.

Epigram to my Bookseller.

THOU, Friend, wilt hear all Censures ; unto
 thee
 All Mouths are open, and all Stomachs free :
 Be thou my Books Intelligencer, note
 What each Man says of it, and of what Coat
 His Judgment is ; if he be wise and praise,
 Thank him : if other, he can give no Bays.
 If his Wit reach no higher, but to spring
 Thy Wife a fit of Laughter ; a Cramp-ring
 Will be Reward enough : to wear like those,
 That hang their richest Jewels i' their Nose ;
 Like a rung Bear or Swine : grunting out Wit,
 As if that Part lay for a [] most fit !
 If they go on, and that thou lov'st a-life
 Their perfum'd Judgments, let them kiss thy Wife.

An Epigram to William Earl of Newcastle.

THEY talk of Fencing, and the use of Arms,
 The Art of urging, and avoiding Harms,
 The Noble Science, and the mastering Skill
 Of making just approaches how to kill:
 To hit in Angels, and to clash with Time:
 As all Defence or Offence were a Chime!
 I hate such measur'd, give me metall'd Fire,
 That trembles in the blaze, but (then) mounts higher!
 A quick and dazling Motion! when a Pair
 Of Bodies meet like rarified Air!
 Their Weapons shot out, with that flame and force,
 As they out-did the Lightning in the Course;
 This were a Spectacle! A sight to draw
 Wonder to Valour! No, it is the Law
 Of daring not to do a Wrong, is true
 Valour! to slight it being done to you!
 To know the Heads of Danger! where 'tis fit
 To bend, to break, provoke, or suffer it!
 All this, my Lord, is Valour! this is yours!
 And was your Father's! all your Ancestors!
 Who durst live great 'mongst all the Colds and Heats
 Of Humane Life! as all the Frosts and Sweats
 Of Fortune! when or Death appear'd, or Bands!
 And valiant were, with, or without their Hands.

*An Epitaph on Henry Lord La-ware.**To the Passer by.*

IF, Passenger, thou canst but read:
 Stay, drop a Tear for him that's dead:
Henry, the brave young Lord *La-ware*,
Minerva's and the Muses Care!

What

What could their Care do 'gainst the spight
 Of a Disease, that lov'd no light
 Of Honour, nor no air of Good?
 But crept like Darkness through his Blood?
 Offended with the dazling flame
 Of Vertue, got above his Name?
 No noble Furniture of Parts,
 No love of Action and high Arts:
 No aim at Glory, or in War,
 Ambition to become a Star,
 Could stop the Malice of this ill,
 That spread his Body o'er to kill:
 And only his great Soul envy'd,
 Because it durst have noblier dy'd.

An EPIGRAM.

THAT you have seen the Pride, beheld the Sport;
 And all the Games of Fortune, plaid at Court;
 View'd there the Market, read the wretched rate
 At which there are would sell the Prince and State:
 That scarce you hear a publick Voice alive,
 But whisper'd Counsels, and those only thrive;
 Yet are got off thence, with clear Mind and Hands
 To lift to Heaven: who is't not understands
 Your Happiness, and doth not speak you blest,
 To see you set apart thus from the rest,
 T' obtain of God what all the Land should ask?
 A Nation's Sin got pardon'd! 'twere a Task
 Fir for a Bishop's Knees! O bow them off,
 My Lord, till felt Grief make our stone-hearts soft,
 And we do weep, to water for our Sin.
 He, that in such a Flood as we are in,
 Of Riot and Consumption, knows the way,
 To teach the People how to fast and pray,
 And do their Penance, to avert God's Rod,
 He is the Man, and Favourite of God.

*An Epigram to King CHARLES, for
an Hundred Pounds He sent me in my
Sickness, 1629.*

Great CHARLES, among the Holy Gifts of Graces
Annexed to thy Person, and thy Place,
'Tis not enough (thy Piety is such)
To cure the call'd King's Evil with thy touch;
But thou wilt yet a Kinglier Mastry try,
To cure the Poet's Evil, Poverty:
And in these Cures dost so thy self enlarge,
As thou dost cure our Evil at thy Charge.
Nay, and in this, thou show'st to value more
One Poet, than of other folk ten score.
O Piety! so to weigh the Poors Estates!
O Bounty! so to difference the Rates!
What can the Poet wish his King may do,
But that he cure the Peoples Evil too?

*To King CHARLES and Queen MARY,
For the Loss of their First-born.*

An Epigram Consolatory, 1629.

WHO dares deny, that all First-fruits are due
To God, denies the God-head to be true:
Who doubt those Fruits God can with Gains restore,
Doth by his doubt distrust his Promise more.
He can, and he will, with large Int'rest pay
What (at his liking) he will take away.
Then Royal CHARLES and MARY do not grutch
That the Almighty's Will to you is such:

But thank his Greatness, and his Goodness too;
 And think all still the best that he will do.
 That thought shall make, he will this Loss supply
 With a long, large, and blest Posterity!
 For God, whose Essence is so infinite,
 Cannot but heap that Grace he will requite.

*An Epigram to our Great and Good King
 CHARLES, on his Anniversary Day, 1629.*

HOW happy were the Subject if he knew,
 Most pious King, but his own good in you!
 How many times, Live long, CHARLES, would he say,
 If he but weigh'd the Blessings of this Day?
 And as it turns our joyful Year about,
 For safety of such Majesty cry out?
 Indeed, when had *Great Britain* greater Cause
 Than now, to love the Sovereign and the Laws?
 When you that reign are her Example grown,
 And what are Bounds to her, you make your own?
 When your assiduous Practice doth secure
 That Faith which she professeth to be pure?
 When all your Life's a President of Days,
 And murmur cannot quarrel at your ways?
 How is the barren grown of Love, or broke!
 That nothing can her Gratitude provoke!
 O Times! O Manners! Surfeit bred of Ease,
 The truly Epidemical Disease!
 'Tis not alone the Merchant, but the Clown,
 Is Bankrupt turn'd! the Cassock, Cloak and Gown,
 Are lost upon account, and none will know,
 How much to Heaven for thee, Great CHARLES, they
 owe!

An Epigram on the Prince's Birth, 1630.

AND art thou born, brave Babe? blest be thy Birth,
 That so hath crown'd our Hopes, our Spring and Earth,
 The Bed of the chaste *Lilly* and the *Rose*!
 What Month than *May* was fitter to disclose
 This Prince of Flowers? Soon shoot thou up and grow
 The same that thou art promis'd, but be slow,
 And long in changing. Let our Nephews see
 Thee quickly the Garden's Eye to be,
 And there to stand so. Haste, now envious Moon;
 And interpose thy self (care not how soon.)
 And threat' the great Eclipse. Two Hours but run,
Sol will re-shine. If not, *CHARLES* hath a Son.

— *Non displicuisse meretur
 Festinat Cæsar qui placuisse tibi.*

An Epigram to the Queen then lying in, 1630.

HAil, *Mary*, full of Grace, it once was said,
 And by an Angel, to the blessed'st Maid,
 The Mother of our Lord: Why may not I
 (Without profaneness) yet, a Poet, cry,
 Hail, *Mary*, full of Honours to my Queen,
 The Mother of our Prince? when was there seen
 (Except the Joy that the first *Mary* brought,
 Whereby the Safety of Mankind was wrought)
 So general a Gladness to an Isle!
 To make the Hearts of a whole Nation smile,
 As in this Prince? Let it be lawful, so
 To compare small with great, as still we owe
 Glory to God. Then, Hail to *Mary*! Spring
 Of so much Safety to the Realm and King.

An ODE or SONG by all the Muses.

*In Celebration of Her Majesty's Birth-
Day, 1630.*

1 Clio. **U**P, Publick Joy, remember
This Sixteenth of November,
Some brave uncommon way:
And though the Parish-Steeple
Be silent, to the People
Ring thou it Holiday.

2 Mel. What though the thrifty Tower,
And Guns there, spare to pour
Their Noises forth in Thunder:
As fearful to awake
This City, or to shake
Their guarded Gates asunder?

3 Thal. Yet let our Trumpets sound,
And cleave both Air and Ground,
With beating of our Drums:
Let every Lyre be strong,
Harp, Lute, Theorbo sprung,
With touch of dainty Thumbs.

4 Eut. That when the Quire is full,
The Harmony may pull
The Angels from their Spheres:
And each intelligence
May wish it self a Sense;
Whilst it the ditty bears

5 Terp. Behold the Royal Mary,
The Daughter of Great Harry!
And Sister to Just Lewis!
Comes in the Pomp and Glory
Of all her Brother's Story,
And of her Father's Prowess!

6 Erat.

- 6 Erat. *She shows so far above
The feigned Queen of Love,
This Sea-girt Isle upon :
As here no Venus were ;
But that she reigning here,
Had got the Celton on !*
- 7 Call. *See, see our active King,
Hath taken twice the Ring,
Upon his pointed Lance :
Whilst all the ravish'd Ront
Do mingle in a Shout,
Hay for the Flower of France !*
- 8 Ura. *This Day the Court doth measure
Her Joy in State and Pleasure ;
And with a reverend Fear,
The Revels and the Play,
Sum up this Crowned Day,
Her two and twentieth Year.*
- 9 Poly. *Sweet happy Mary, all
The People her do call !
And this the Womb Divine !
So fruitful, and so fair,
Hath brought the Land an Heir !
And CHARLES a Caroline.*

An Epigram to the Household, 1630.

WHAT can the Cause be, when the King hath
given
His Poet Sack, the Household will not pay ?
Are they so scanted in their Store ? or driven
For want of knowing the Poet, to say him nay ?
Well, they should know him, would the King but
grant
His Poet leave to sing his Household true ;

He'd frame such Ditties of their Store and Want,
 Would make the very *Green-Cloth* to look blue:
 And rather wish in their Expence of Sack,
 So the allowance from the King to use,
 As the old *Bard* should no Canary lack,
 'T were better spare a But, that spill his *Muse*.
 For in the *Genius* of a *Poet's* Verse,
 The King's Fame lives. Go now, deny his *Tierce*.

An Epigram to a Friend, and Son.

SON, and my Friend, I had not call'd you so
 To me; or been the same to you; if Show,
 Profit or Chance had made us: But I know
 What, by that Name, we each to other owe,
 Freedom and Truth; with Love from those begot.
 Wise-crafts, on which the Flatterer ventures not.
 His is more safe Commodity, or none:
 Nor dares he come in the Comparifon.
 But as the wretched Painter, who so ill
 Painted a Dog, that now his subtler Skill
 Was, t' have a Boy stand with a Club, and fright
 All live Dogs from the Lane, and his Shop's fight,
 Till he had sold his Piece, drawn so unlike:
 So doth the Flatterer with fair Cunning strike
 At a Friend's Freedom, proves all circling means
 To keep him off; and howsoe'er he gleans
 Some of his Forms, he lets him not come near
 Where he would fix, for the Distinctions fear,
 For as at distance few have faculty
 To judge: So all Men coming near, can spy,
 Though now of Flattery, as of Picture are
 More subtle Works, and finer Pieces far,
 than knew the former Ages: yet to Life
 All is but Web and Painting; be the strife
 Never so great to get them: and the Ends,
 Rather to boast rich Hangings, than rare Friends.

To

To the Immortal Memory and Friendship of
that Noble Pair, Sir Lucius Cary, and
Sir H. Morison.

The Turn.

BRAVE Infant of *Saguntum*, clear
Thy coming forth in that great Year,
When the prodigious *Hannibal* did crown
His Rage, with razing your Immortal Town.
Thou looking then about,
E'er thou wert half got out,
Wife Child didst hastily return,
And mad'st thy Mother's Womb thine Urn.
How summ'd a Circle didst thou leave Mankind
Of deepest Lore, could we the Center find!

The Counter Turn.

Did wiser Nature draw thee back,
From out the Horror of that Sack;
Where Shame, Faith, Honour, and regard of Right
Lay trampled on; the Deeds of Death and Night,
Urg'd, hurried forth, and hurl'd
Upon th' affrighted World:
Sword, Fire and Famine, with fell Fury met;
And all on utmost Ruin set:
As, could they but Life's Miseries foresee,
No doubt all Infants would return like thee?

The Stand.

For what is Life, if measur'd by the space,
Not by the act?

Or masked Man, if valued by his Face,
 Above his Fact?
 Here's one out-liv'd his Peers,
 And told forth fourscore Years:
 He vexed Time, and busied the whole State;
 Troubled both Foes and Friends;
 But ever to no Ends:
 What did this Stirrer but die late?
 How well at Twenty had he faln or stood!
 For Three of his Fourscore he did no good,

The Turn.

He entred well by vertuous Parts,
 Got up and thriv'd with honest Arts;
 He purchas'd Friends, and Fame, and Honours then,
 And had his noble Name advanc'd with Men:
 But weary of that flight, he stoop'd in all Mens sight
 To sordid Flatteries, acts of Strife,
 And sunk in that dead Sea of Life
 So deep, as he did then Death's Waters sup;
 But that the Cork of Title buoy'd him up.

The Counter-Turn.

Alas, but *Morison* fell young:
 He never fell, thou fall'st, my Tongue.
 He stood a Soldier to the last right end,
 A perfect Patriot, and a noble Friend;
 But most a vertuous Son.
 All Offices were done
 By him, so ample, full and round,
 In weight, in measure, number, sound,
 As though his Age imperfect might appear,
 His Life was of Humanity the Sphere.

The Stand.

Go now, and tell our Days sum'm'd up with Fears,
 And make them Years:
 Produce thy Mass of Miseries on the Stage,
 To swell thine Age;
 Repeat of things a throng,
 To shew thou hast been long
 Not liv'd; for Life doth her great Actions spell,
 By what was done and wrought
 In season, and so brought
 To light: her Measures are, how well
 Each Syllable answer'd, and was form'd; how fair
 These make the Lines of Life; and that's her Air.

The Turn.

It is not growing like a Tree
 In bulk, doth make Man better be;
 Or standing long an Oak, three hundred Year,
 To fall a Log, at last, dry, bold and fear:
 A Lilly of a Day,
 Is fairer far in May,
 Although it fall and die that Night;
 It was the Plant and Flower of Light,
 In small proportions we just Beauties see:
 And in short measures Life may perfect be.

The Counter-Turn.

Call, Noble *Lucius*, then for Wine,
 And let thy Looks with Gladness shine:
 Accept this Garland, plant it on thy Head,
 And think, nay know, thy *Morison's* not dead.
 He leap'd the present Age,
 Possess'd with Holy Rage,

To

To see that bright Eternal Day:
Of which we *Priests* and *Poets* say
Such Truths, as we expect for happy Men,
And there he lives with Memory; and *Ben*.

The Stand.

Johnson, who sung this of him, e'er he went
Himself to rest,
Or taste a part of that full Joy he meant
To have exprest,
In this bright *Asterism*!
Where it were Friendship's Schism,
(Were not his *Lucius* long with us to tarry)
To separate these Twi-
Lights, the *Dioscuri*;
And keep the one half from his *Harry*.
But Fate doth so alternate the Design,
Whilst that in Heaven this Light on Earth must shine.

The Turn.

And shine as you exalted are;
Two Names of Friendship, but one Star:
Of Hearts the Union. And those not by chance
Made, or Indenture, or Leas'd out t' advance
The Profits for a time.
No Pleasures vain did chime,
Of Rhimes, or Riots, at your Feasts,
Orgies of Drink, or feign'd Protests:
But simple love of Greatness, and of Good:
That knits brave Minds and Manners, more than Blood.

The Counter-Turn.

This made you first to know the why
You lik'd, then after, to apply

That

That liking ; and approach so one the tother,
 Till either grew a Portion of the other :
 Each stiled by his end,
 The Copy of his Friend.
 You liv'd to be the great Sir-Names,
 And Titles, by which all made Claims
 Unto the Vertue. Nothing perfect done,
 But as a *Cary*, or a *Morison*.

The Stand.

And such a force the fair Example had,
 As they that saw
 The good, and durst not practise it, were glad
 That such a Law
 Was left yet to Mankind ;
 Where they might read, and find
Friendship, indeed, was written, not in Words :
 And with the Heart, not Pen,
 Of two so early Men,
 Whose Lines her Rolls were, and Records.
 Who, e'er the first Down bloomed on the Chin,
 Had sow'd these Fruits, and got the Harvest in.

*To the Right Honourable the Lord High
 Treasurer of England.*

An Epistle Mendicant, 1631.

My LORD,

POOOR wretched States, preft by Extremities,
 Are fain to seek for Succours and Supplies
 Of Princes Aids, or good *Mens* Charities.

Disease,

*Disease, the Enemy, and his Engineers,
Want, with the rest of his conceal'd Compeers,
Have cast a Trench about me, now five Years;*

*And made those strong approaches by False Braies,
Reduits, Half-Moons, Horn-Works, and such close ways,
The Muse not peeps out, one of Hundred Days.*

*But lies block'd up, and freightned, narrow'd in,
Fix'd to the Bed and Boards, unlike to win
Health, or scarce Breath, as she had never bin.*

*Unless some saving Honour of the Crown,
Dare think it, to relieve, no less Renown,
A Bed-rid Wit, than a besieged Town.*

To the King on his Birth-day, Nov. 19. 1632.

An Epigram Anniversary.

THIS is King Charles his Day. Speak it thou Tower,
Unto the Ships, and they from Tier to Tier,
Discharge it 'bout the Island in an Hour,
As loud as Thunder, and as swift as Fire.
Let Ireland meet it out at Sea, half-way,
Repeating all Great Britain's Joy, and more,
Adding her own glad Accents to this Day,
Like *Eccho* playing from the other Shore.
What Drums or Trumpets, or great Ordnance can,
The Poetry of Steeples, with the Bells,
Three Kingdoms Mirth, in light and æry Man,
Made lighter with the Wine. All Noises else,
At Bonfires, Rockets, Fire-works, with the Shouts
That cry that gladness, which their Hearts would
pray,

Had

Had they but Grace, of thinking, at these Routs,
 On th' often coming of this *Holy-day* :
 And ever close the Burden of the Song,
 Still to have such a *Charles*, but this *Charles* long.

The Wish is great ; but where the Prince is such,
 What Prayers (*People*) can you think too much !

On the Right Honourable and Vertuous Lord
WESTON, *Lord High Treasurer of*
England, upon the Day he was made Earl
of Portland, Feb. 17. 1632.

To the Envious.

LOOK up, thou Seed of Envy, and still bring
 Thy faint and narrow Eyes to read the *King*
 In his great Actions : view whom his large Hand,
 Hath rais'd to be the *Port* unto his *Land* !
WESTON ! that waking Man ! that Eye of State !
 Who seldow sleeps ! whom bad Men only hate !
 Why do I irritate or stir up thee,
 Thou sluggish Spawn, that canst, but wilt not see !
 Feed on thy self for spight, and shew thy *Kind* :
 To Vertue and true Worth be ever blind.
 Dream thou could'st hurt it, but before thou wake,
 T' effect it : Feel, thou 'ast made thine own Heart ake.

To the Right Honourable Hierome Lord
Weston, an ODE Gratulatory, for his
Return from his Embassy, 1632.

SUCH Pleasure as the teeming Earth,
 Doth take in easie Nature's Birth,

When

When she puts forth the Life of ev'ry thing :
 And in a dew of sweetest Rain,
 She lies deliver'd without Pain,
 Of the prime Beauty of the Tear, the Spring.
 The Rivers in their Shores do run,
 The Clouds rack clear before the Sun,
 The rudest Winds obey the calmest Air :
 Rare Plants from ev'ry Bank do rise,
 And ev'ry Plant the Sense surprize,
 Because the Order of the whole is fair !
 The very Verdure of her Nest,
 Wherein she sits so richly drest,
 As all the wealth of Season there was spread ;
 Doth show the Graces, and the Hours
 Have multiply'd their Arts and Powers,
 In making soft her Aromatick Bed.
 Such Joys, such Sweets, doth your Return
 Bring all your Friends, fair Lord, that burn
 With Love, to hear your Modesty relate
 The business of your blooming Wit,
 With all the Fruit shall follow it,
 Both to the Honour of the King and State.
 O how will then our Courts be pleas'd,
 To see Great Charles of Travail eas'd,
 When he beholds a Graft of his own Hand,
 Shoot up an Olive, fruitful, fair,
 To be a Shadow to his Heir,
 And both a Strength and Beauty to his Land !

EPI-

EPITHALAMION:
OR, A
SONG,

CELEBRATING

The NUPTIALS of that Noble
Gentleman, Mr. *Hierome Weston*, Son
and Heir of the Lord *Weston*, Lord
High Treasurer of *England*, with the
Lady *Frances Stewart*, Daughter of
Esme Duke of *Lenox*, deceas'd, and
Sister of the surviving Duke of the
same Name.

EPITHALAMION.



HO' thou hast past thy Summer standing,
stay
A while with us, bright Son, and help
our Light:
Thou canst not meet more Glory on the
way,

Between

Between thy Tropicks, to arrest thy sight;
Than thou shalt see to day :

We woo thee, stay,
And see what can be seen,
The Bounty of a King, and Beauty of his Queen!

See the Procession! what a Holy Day
(Bearing the Promise of some better Fate)
Hath filled, with *Cacaochees*, all the way,
From *Greenwich* hither to *Row-hampton-Gate*!
When look'd the Year, at best,
So like a Feast?

Or were Affairs in tune,
By all the Sphears consent, so in the heart of *June*?

What Beauty of Beauties, and bright Youths at charge
Of Summers Liveries, and gladding Green;
Do boast their Loves and Brav'ries so at large,
As they came all to see, and to be seen!

When look'd the Earth so fine,
Or so did shine,
In all her bloom and flower,
To welcome home a Pair, and deck the Nuptial Bower?

It is the kindly season of the time,
The Month of Youth, which calls all Creatures
forth

To do their Offices in Nature's Chime,
And celebrate (perfection at the worth)
Marriage, the end of Life,
That Holy Strife,

And the allowed War:
Through which not only we, but all our *Species* are:

Hark how the Bells upon the Waters play
Their Sister-Tunes from *Thames* his either side,
As they had learn'd new Changes for the Day,
And

And all did ring th' approaches of the Bride;
 The Lady *Frances* drest
 Above the rest
 Of all the Maidens fair;
 In graceful Ornament of Garland, Gems and Hair,

See how she paceth forth in Virgin-white,
 Like what she is, the Daughter of a Duke,
 And Sister: darting forth a dazzling light
 On all that come her Simpless to rebuke!
 Her Tresses trim her Back,
 As she did lack
 Nought of a Maiden Queen,
 With Modesty so crown'd, and Adoration seen!

Stay, thou wilt see what Rites the Virgins do!
 The choicest Virgin-Troop of all the Land!
 Porting the Ensigns of united Two,
 Both Crowns and Kingdoms in their either Hand:
 Whose Majesties appear,
 To make more clear
 This Feast, than can the Day,
 Although that thou, O Sun, at our intreaty stay!

See how with Roses, and with Lillies shine,
 (Lillies and Roses, Flowers of either Sex)
 The bright Bride's Paths, embellish'd more than thine
 With light of Love, this Pair doth intertex!
 Stay, see the Virgins sow,
 (Where she shall go)
 The Emblems of their way.
 O, now thou smil'st, fair Son, and shin'st, as thou
 would'st stay!

With what full Hands, and in how plenteous Showers
 Have they bedew'd the Earth, where she doth tread,
 As if her airy steps did spring the Flowers,
 VOL. V. R And

And all the ground were Garden where she led!
 See, at another door,
 On the same floor,
 The Bridegroom meets the Bride
 With all the Pomp of Youth, and all our Court beside.

Our Court, and all the Grandees; now, Sun, look,
 And looking with thy best Inquiry, tell,
 In all thy age of Journals thou hast took,
 Saw'st thou that Pair became these Rites so well,
 Save the preceeding Two?
 Who, in all they do,
 Search, Sun, and thou wilt find
 They are th' exampled Pair, and Mirror of their Kind.

Force from the Phoenix then, no Rarity
 Of Sex, to rob the Creature; but from Man
 The King of Creatures; take his Parity
 With Angels, Muse, to speak these: Nothing can
 Illustrate these, but they
 Themselves to Day,
 Who the whole Act express;
 All else we see beside, are Shadows, and go less.

It is their Grace and Favour that makes seen
 And wonder'd at the Bounties of this Day:
 All is a Story of the King and Queen!
 And what of Dignity and Honour may
 Be duly done to those
 Whom they have chose,
 And set the Mark upon,
 To give a greater Name and Title to! their own!

Weston, their Treasure, as their Treasurer,
 That Mine of Wisdom, and of Counsels deep,
 Great Say-Master of State, who cannot err,
 But doth his Carraet, and just Standard keep

In

In all the prov'd affays,
 And legal ways
 Of Trials, to work down
 Mens Loves unto the Laws, and Laws to love the
 Crown.

And this well mov'd the Judgment of the King
 To pay with Honours to his noble Son
 To day, the Father's Service; who could bring
 Him up, to do the same himself had done:
 That far all seeing Eye
 Could soon espy
 What kind of waking Man
 He had so highly set; and in what *Barbican*.

Stand there; for when a noble Nature's rais'd;
 It brings Friends Joy, Foes Grief; Posterity Fame;
 In him the Times, no less than Prince, are prais'd,
 And by his Rise, in active Men, his Name
 Doth Emulation stir;
 To th' dull a Spur
 It is, to th' envious meant
 A meer upbraiding Grief, and tort'ring Punishment:

See now the Chapel opens; where the King
 And Bishop stay to consummate the Rites:
 The Holy Prelate prays, then takes the Ring;
 Asks first who gives her (*I Charles*;) then he plights
 One in the others Hand,
 Whilst they both stand
 Hearing their Charge, and then
 The solemn Choir cries, *Joy*; and they return, *Amen*.

O happy Bands! and thou more happy Place,
 Which to this Use were built and consecrate!
 To have thy God to bless, thy King to grace,
 And this their chosen Bishop celebrate;

And knit the Nuptial Knot,
Which Time shall not,
Or canker'd Jealousie,
With all corroding Arts, be able to untie!

The Chapel empties, and thou mayst be gone
Now, Sun, and post away the rest of Day:
These two, now Holy Church hath made them one,
Do long to make themselves so another way:
There is a Feast behind,
To them of kind,
Which their glad Parents taught
One to the other, long e'er these to light were brought.

Haste, haste, officious Sun, and send them Night
Some Hours before it should, that these may know
All that their Fathers and their Mothers might
Of Nuptial Sweets, at such a Season, owe,
To propagate their Names,
And keep their Fames
Alive, which else would die;
For Fame keeps Vertue up, and its Posterity.

Th' Ignoble never liv'd, they were a-while
Like Swine, or other Cattle here on Earth:
Their Names are not recorded on the File
Of Life, that fall so: Christians know their Birth
Alone; and such a Race,
We pray may grace,
Your fruitful spreading Vine,
But dare not ask our Wish in Language *Fescennine*:

Yet, as we may, we will, with chaste desires
(The Holy Perfumes of the Marriage-Bed)
Be kept alive, those Sweet and Sacred Fires
Of Love between you and your lovely Head:
That when you both are old,

You

You find no Cold
There ; but renewed, say,
(After the last Child born :) This is our Wedding-day.

Till you behold a Race to fill your Hall,
A *Richard*, and a *Hierome*, by their Names
Upon a *Thomas*, or a *Francis* call ;
A *Kate*, a *Frank*, to honour their Grand-dames,
And 'tween their Grandfires Thighs,
Like pretty Spies,
Peep forth a Gem ; to see
How each one plays his part, of the large Pedigree .

And never may there want one of the Stem,
To be a watchful Servant for this State ;
But like an Arm of Eminence 'mongst them,
Extend a reaching Vertue early and late :
Whilst the main Tree still found
Upright and sound,
By this Sun's Noonsted's made
So great ; his Body now alone projects the Shade.

They both are slip'd to Bed : shut fast the Door,
And let him freely gather Love's First-Fruits,
He's Master of the Office ; yet no more
Exacts than she is pleas'd to pay : No Suits,
Strifes, Murmurs, or Delay,
Will last till Day :
Night and the Sheets will show,
The longing Couple all that elder Lovers know.

The Humble Petition of Poor Ben.

To the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men,
King CHARLES.

— Doth most humbly show it,
To your Majesty, your Poet :

THAT whereas your Royal *Father*,
JAMES the *Blessed*, pleas'd the rather,
Of his special Grace to *Letters*,
To make all the MUSES Debtors
To his Bounty, by Extension
Of a free Poetick Pension,
A large hundred Marks Annuity,
To be given me in Gratuity
For done Service, and to come :
And that this so accepted Sum,
Or dispens'd in Books or Bread,
(For with Both the MUSE was fed)
Hath drawn on me from the Times,
All the Envy of the *Rhimes*,
And the ratling Pit-pat-noise
Of the less Poetick Boys,
When their Pot-guns aim to hit,
With their Pellets of small Wit,
Parts of me (they judg'd) decay'd,
But we last out still unlay'd.

Please your Majesty to make
Of your Grace, for Goodness sake,
Those your Father's *Marks*, your *Pounds* :
Let their Spite (which now abounds)
Then go on, and do its worst ;
This would all their Envy burst :
And so warm the Poet's Tongue
You'd read a Snake in his next Song.

To the Right Honourable the Lord Treasurer
of England.

An E P I G R A M.

IF to my Mind, Great Lord, I had a State,
I would present you now with curious Plate
Of *Noremberg* or *Turkey*: Hang your Rooms,
Not with the Arras, but the *Persian* Looms:
I would, if Price or Prayer could them get,
Send in what or *Romano*, *Tintaret*,
Titian or *Raphael*, *Michael Angelo*,
Have left in Fame to equal, or out-go
The old *Greek* Hands in Picture, or in Stone.

This I would do, could I know *Weston*, one
Catch'd with these Arts, wherein the Judge is wise,
As far as Sense, and only by the Eyes.

But you, I know, my Lord, and know you can
Discern between a Statue and a Man:

Can do the things that Statues do deserve,
And act the Business which they paint or carve.

What you have studied, are the arts of Life;
To compose Men and Manners; stint the strife
Of murmuring Subjects; make the Nations know
What worlds of Blessings to good Kings they owe:
And mightiest Monarch feel what large increase
Of Sweets and Safeties they possess by Peace.

These I look up at with a Reverend Eye,
And strike Religion in the standers by,
Which, though I cannot as an Architect,
In glorious Piles or Pyramids erect
Unto your Honour: I can tune in Song
Aloud: and (happ'ly) it may last as long.

*An Epigram to my Muse, the Lady Digby,
on her Husband, Sir Kenelm Digby.*

THO', happy *Muse*, thou know my *Digby* well,
 Yet read him in these Lines: He doth excel
 In Honour, Courtesie, and all the Parts
 Court can call hers, or Man could call his Arts.
 He's Prudent, Valiant, Just and Temperate:
 In him all Vertue is beheld in State:
 And he is built like some Imperial Room
 For that to dwell in, and be still at home.
 His Breast is a brave Palace, a broad Street,
 Where all Heroick ample Thoughts do meet:
 Where Nature such a large Survey hath ta'en,
 As other Souls, to his, dwelt in a Lane:
 Witness his Action done at *Scanderone*,
 Upon my Birth-day, the Eleventh of *June*;
 When the Apostle *Barnaby* the Bright
 Unto our Year doth give the longest light,
 In sign the Subject, and the Song will live,
 Which I have vow'd Posterity to give.
 Go, *Muse*, in, and salute him. Say he be
 Busie, or frown at first, when he sees thee,
 He will clear up his Forehead: think thou bring'st
 Good Omen to him in the Note thou sing'st:
 For he doth love my Verses, and will look
 Upon them, (next to *Spencer's* noble Book)
 And praise them too. O what a Fame 'twill be!
 What Reputation to my Lines and me,
 When he shall read them at the Treasurer's Board?
 The knowing *Weslon*, and that Learned Lord
 Allows them? Then, what Copies shall be had,
 What Transcripts begg'd? how cry'd up, and how
 glad
 wilt thou be, *Muse*, when this shall them befall?
 Being sent to one, they will be read of all.

NEW

NEW Years expect New Gifts: Sister, your Harp,
 Lute, Lyre, Theorbo, all are call'd to day.
 Your Change of Notes, the Flat, the Mean, the Sharp,
 To shew the Rites, and t' usher forth the way
 Of the New Year, in a new Silken Warpe,
 To fit the Softness of our Years-Gift: When
 We sing the best of Monarchs, Masters, Men:
 For had we here said less, we had sung nothing then.

A New-Years Gift Sung to King CHARLES,
 1635.

TO Day old Janus opens the New Tear, [Rector Cho.
 And shuts the old. Haste, haste, all Loyal Swains,
 That know the Times and Seasons when t' appear,
 And offer your just Service on these Plains;
 Best Kings expect First-Fruits of your glad Gains.

1. P A N is the great Preserver of our Bounds.
 2. To him we owe all Profits of our Grounds.
 3. Our Milk. 4. Our Fells. 5. Our Fleeces. 6. And first Lambs.
 7. Our teeming Ewes. 8. And lusty mounting Rams.
 9. See where he walks with MIRA by his side.
- Sound, found his Praises loud, and with his, hers divide.
 [Chor.]

Of P A N we sing, the best of Hunters, P A N,
 That drives the Hart to seek unused ways,
 And in the Chase, more than SYLVANUS can, [Shep.
 Hear, O you Groves and Hills; resound his Praise. [Chor.]

Of brightest MIRA do we raise our Song,
 Sister of P A N, and Glory of the Spring:
 Who walks on Earth, as May still went along,
 Rivers and Valleys Eccho what we sing. [Nym. Chor.]
 Of

Of PAN we sing, the Chief of Leaders, PAN,
 That leads our Flocks and us, and calls both forth
 To better Pastures than great PALES can: [Shep. Chor.
 Hear, O you Groves, and Hills resound his Worth.

Of brightest MIRA is our Song; the Grace
 Of all that Nature yet to Life did bring; [Nym. Chor.
 And were she lost, could best supply her Place,
 Rivers and Valleys Eccho what we sing.

1. Where-e'er they tread th' enamour'd Ground,
 The fairest Flowers are always found:

2. As if the Beauties of the Tear
 Still waited on them where they were.

1. He is the Father of our Peace;

2. She to the Crown hath brought Increase.

1. We know no other Power than his,

PAN only our great Shepherd is,

Our great, our good. Where one's so dress

In truth of Colours both are best.

[Chorus.

Haste, haste you hither, all you gentler Swains,
 That have a Flock, or Herd, upon these Plains:
 This is the great Preserver of our Bounds,
 To whom you owe all Duties of your Grounds;
 Your Milks, your Fells, your Fleeces, and first Lambs,
 Your teeming Ewes, as well as mounting Rams.
 Whose Praises let's report unto the Woods,
 That they may take it eccho'd by the Floods.

'Tis he, 'tis he, in singing he,

And hunting, PAN, exceedeth thee,

He gives all Plenty and Increase,

He is the Author of our Peace.

Where-e'er he goes upon the Ground,
 The better Grass and Flowers are found.

To sweeter Pastures lead he can,
 Than ever PALES could, or PAN;
 He drives Diseases from our Folds,
 The Thief from Spoil his Presence holds:
 PAN knows no other Power than his,
 This only the great Shepherd is.
 'Tis he, 'tis he, &c.

Fair Friend, 'tis true, your Beauties move
 My Heart to a Respect:
 Too little to be paid with Love,
 Too great for your Neglect.

I neither love, nor yet am free,
 For though the Flame I find
 Be not intense in the degree,
 'Tis of the purest kind.

It little wants of Love, but Pain,
 Your Beauty takes my Sense,
 And lest you should that Price disdain,
 My Thoughts too feel the influence.

'Tis not a Passion's first Access
 Ready to multiply,
 But like Love's calmest State it is
 Possess'd with Victory.

It is like Love to Truth reduc'd,
 All the false Value's gone,
 Which were created, and induc'd
 By fond Imagination.

'Tis either Fancy, or 'tis Fate,
 To love you more than I:
 I love you at your Beauties rate,
 Less were an Injury.

Like

Like unstamp'd Gold, I weigh each Grace,
 So that you may collect,
 Tb' intrinsick Value of your Face,
 Safely from my Respect.

And this Respect would merit Love,
 Were not so fair a sight
 Payment enough; for who dare move
 Reward for his Delight?

On the King's Birth-day.

Rouse up thy self, my gentle Muse,
 Though now our Green Conceits be Gray,
 And yet once more do not refuse
 To take thy Phrygian Harp and play,
 In honour of this chearful Day:
 Long may they both contend to prove,
 That best of Crowns is such a Love.

Make first a Song of Joy and Love,
 Which chastly flames in Royal Eyes,
 Then tune it to the Spheres above,
 When the benigneſt Stars do rise,
 And sweet Conjunctions grace the Skies,
 Long may, &c.

To this let all good Hearts resound,
 Whilst Diadems invest his Head;
 Long may he live, whose Life doth bound
 More than his Laws, and better led
 By high Example, than by dread.
 Long may, &c.

Long may he round about him see
 His Roses and his Lillies bloom:

Long

Long may his only Dear and He
 Joy in Ideas of their own,
 And Kingdoms hopes so timely sown.
 Long may they both contend to prove,
 That best of Crowns is such a Love.

To my Lord the King, on the Christening his
 Second Son JAMES.

THAT thou art lov'd of God, this Work is done,
 Great King, thy having of a Second Son :
 And by thy Blessing may thy People see
 How much they are belov'd of God in thee;
 Would they would understand it! Princes are
 Great aids to Empire, as they are great care
 To pious Parents, who would have their Blood
 Should take first season of the publick Good,
 As hath thy *James*; cleans'd from original Dross,
 This Day, by Baptism, and his Saviour's Cross:
 Grow up, sweet Babe, as blessed, in thy Name,
 As in renewing thy good Grandfires Fame;
 Methought *Great Britain* in her Sea, before,
 Sate safe enough, but now secured more.
 At Land she triumphs in the triple shade,
 Her Rose and Lilly inter-twin'd, have made.

Oceano secura meo, securior umbris.

An Elegy on the Lady Anne Pawlet,
 Marchioness of Winton.

WHAT gentle Ghost, besprent with *April Dew*,
 Hails me, so solemnly, to yonder Yew?
 And beck'ning wooes me, from the fatal Tree
 To pluck a Garland for her self or me?

I do obey you, Beauty! for in Death,
 You seem a fair one! O that you had Breath
 To give your Shade a Name! Stay, stay, I feel
 A Horror in me! all my Blood is Steel!
 Stiff! stark! my Joynts 'gainst one another knock!
 Whose Daughter? ha! Great *Savage* of the Rock?
 He's good, as great. I am almost a Stone!
 And e'er I can ask more of her she's gone!
 Alas, I am all Marble! write the rest
 Thou would'st have written Fame upon my Breast:
 It is a large fair Table, and a true,
 And the disposeure will be something new,
 When I, who would the Poet have become,
 At least may bear the Inscription to her Tomb.
 She was the Lady *Fair*, and Marchioness
 Of *Winchester*; the Heralds can tell this.
 Earl *River's* Grand-child——serve not Forms, good
 Fame,
 Sound thou her Vertues, give her Soul a Name.
 Had I a thousand Mouths, as many Tongues,
 And Voice to raise them from my brazen Lungs,
 I durst not aim at that: The dotes were such
 Thereof, no Notion can express how much
 Their Carrafft was! I, or my Trump must break,
 But rather I, should I of that part speak!
 It is too near of kin to Heaven, the Soul,
 To be describ'd! Fames Fingers are too foul
 To touch these Mysteries! We may admire
 The blaze and splendor, but not handle Fire!
 What she did here, by great Example, well,
 T'inlive Posterity, her Fame may tell!
 And, calling Truth to witness, make that good
 From the inherent Graces in her Blood!
 Else, who doth praise a Person by a new,
 But a feign'd way, doth rob it of the true.
 Her Sweetness, Softness, her fair Courtesie,
 Her wary Guards, her wise Simplicity,

Were

Were like a ring of Vertues 'bout her set,
 And Piety the Center where all met:
 A Reverend State she had, an awful Eye,
 A dazzling, yet inviting Majesty:
 What Nature, Fortune, Institution, Fact
 Could sum to a Perfection, was her Act!
 How did she leave the World? with what Contempt?
 Just as she in it liv'd! and so exempt
 From all affection! when they urg'd the Cure
 Of her Disease, how did her Soul assure
 Her Suff'rings, as the Body had been away!
 And to the Torturers (her Doctors) say,
 Stick on your Cupping-glasses, fear not, put
 Your hottest Causticks to burn, launce on cut:
 'Tis but a Body which you can torment,
 And I into the World all Soul was sent!
 Then comforted her Lord! and blest her Son!
 Chear'd her fair Sisters in her Race to run!
 With Gladness temper'd her sad Parents Tears!
 Made her Friends Joys, to get above their Fears!
 And in her last act, taught the Standers by,
 With Admiration and Applause to die!
 Let Angels sing her Glories, who did call
 Her Spirit home to her Original!
 Who saw the way was made it! and were sent
 To carry and conduct the Compliment
 'Twixt Death and Life! where her Mortality
 Became her Birth-day to Eternity!
 And now through circumfused light she looks,
 On Nature's Secrets, there, as her own Books:
 Speaks Heaven's Language! and discovereth free
 To every Order, ev'ry Hierarchy!
 Beholds her Maker, and in him doth see
 What the beginnings of all Beauties be;
 And all Beatitudes that thence do flow:
 Which they that have the Crown are sure to know!

Go

Go now, her happy Parents, and be sad,
If you not understand what Child you had.
If you dare grudge at Heaven, and repent
T' have paid again a Blessing was but lent,
And trusted so, as it deposited lay
At pleasure, to be call'd for every Day!
If you can envy your own Daughter's Bliss,
And wish her State less happy than it is!
If you can cast about your either Eye,
And see all dead here, or about to die!
The Stars, that are the Jewels of the Night,
And Day, deceasing! with the Prince of Light,
The Sun! great Kings! and mightiest Kingdoms fall!
Whole Nations! nay, Mankind! the World, with all
That ever had beginning there, to have end!
With what Injustice should one Soul pretend
T' escape this common known Necessity,
When we were all born, we began to die;
And, but for that Contention, and brave Strife,
The Christian hath t' enjoy the future Life,
He were the wretched'st of the Race of Men:
But as he soars at that, he bruises then
The Serpent's Head: Gets above Death and Sin,
And, sure of Heaven, rides triumphing in.

EUPHE-

EUPHEME:

OR, THE

FAIR FAME.

Left to Posterity of that truly Noble
Lady, the Lady *Venetia Digby*, late
Wife of Sir *Kenelme Digby*, Knt. A
Gentleman absolute in all Numbers.

Consisting of these Ten Pieces:

The Dedication of her CRADLE.

The Song of her DESCENT.

The Picture of her BODY.

Her MIND.

Her being chosen a MUSE.

Her Fair OFFICES.

Her Happy MATCH.

Her Hopeful ISSUE.

Her ΑΙΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ, Or,

Relation to the Saints.

Her Inscription, or CROWN.

Vivam amare Voluptas, defunctam Religio. Stat.

I. The Dedication of her CRADLE.



FAIR FAME, who art ordain'd to crown
With ever-green and great Renown,
Their Heads, that ENVY would hold down,
With her, in Shade

VOL. V.

S

OF

Of Death and Darknes, and deprive
 Their Names of being kept alive,
 By THEE and CONSCIENCE, both who thrive
 By the just trade

Of Goodness still: Vouchsafe to take
 This CRADLE, and for Goodness sake,
 A dedicated Ensign make
 Thereof to TIME:

That all Posterity, as we,
 Who read what the CREPUNDIA be,
 May something by that Twilight see
 'Bove rattling Rhime.

For, though that Rattles, Timbrels, Toys,
 Take little Infants with their Noise,
 As prop'rest Gifts to Girls and Boys,
 Of light expence;

Their Corals, Whistles, and prime Coats,
 Their painted Masks, their Paper Boats,
 With Sails of Silk, as the first Notes
 Surprise their Sense:

Yet here are no such Trifles brought,
 No Cobweb Calls; no Surcoats wrought
 With Gold, or Clasps, which might be bought
 On every Stall.

But here's a Song of her DESCENT;
 And Call to the High Parliament
 Of Heaven; where SERAPHIM take tent
 Of ord'ring all.

This,

This, utter'd by an ancient BARD;
 Who claims (of Reverence) to be heard,
 As coming with his Harp, prepar'd
 To chant her 'gree,

Is Sung : as als' her getting up
 By JACOB's Ladder to the top
 Of that Eternal Port, kept ope
 For such as SHE.

II. The Song of her DESCENT.

I Sing the just and uncontroul'd Descent
 Of Dame VENETIA DIGBY, M'l'd the Fair :
 For Mind and Body the most excellent
 That ever Nature or the later Air
 Gave two such Houses as NORTHUMBERLAND
 And STANLET, to the which she was Co-heir.
 Speak it, you bold PENATES, you that stand
 At either Stem, and know the Veins of good
 Run from your Roots; Tell, testifie the grand
 Meeting of Graces, that so swell'd the Flood
 Of Vertues in her, as, in short, she grew
 The wonder of her Sex, and of your Blood.
 And tell thou, ALDE-LEGH, None can tell more true
 Thy Neice's Line, than thou that gav'st thy Name
 Into the Kindred, whence thy Adam drew
 Meschines Honour, with the Cestrian Fame
 Of the first Lupus, to the Family
 By Ranulph —————

The rest of this Song is lost.

III. The Picture of the BODY.

Sitting, and ready to be drawn,
 What makes these Velvets, Silks, and Lawn,
 S 2 Em.

Embroideries, Feathers, Fringes, Lace,
Where every Limb takes like a Face?

Send these suspected helps to aid
Some Form defective, or decay'd ;
This Beauty, without Falshood fair,
Needs nought to cloath it but the Air.

Yet something to the Painter's View,
Were fitly interpos'd ; so new :
He shall, if he can understand,
Work with my Fancy, his own Hand.

Draw first a Cloud, all save her Neck,
And, out of that, make Day to break ;
Till, like her Face it do appear,
And Men may think, all Light rose there.

Then let the Beams of that disperse
The Cloud, and shew the Universe ;
But at such distance, as the Eye
May rather yet adore, than spy.

The Heaven design'd, draw next a Spring,
With all that Youth, or it can bring :
Four Rivers branching forth like Seas,
And Paradise confining these.

Last, draw the Circles of this Globe,
And let there be a starry Robe
Of Constellations 'bout her hurl'd ;
And thou hast painted Beauty's World.

But, Painter, see thou do not sell
A Copy of this Piece ; nor tell
Whose 'tis : but if it Favour find,
Next fitting we will draw her Mind.

IV. *The M I N D.*

PAinter, you're come, but may be gone,
Now I have better thought thereon,
This Work I can perform alone;
And give you Reasons more than one.

Not, that your Art I do refuse:
But here I may no Colours use.
Beside, your Hand will never hit,
To draw a thing that cannot fit.

You could make shift to paint an Eye,
An Eagle tow'ring in the Sky,
The Sun, a Sea, or soundless Pit;
But these are like a Mind, not It.

No, to express a Mind to sense,
Would ask a Heaven's Intelligence;
Since nothing can report that Flame,
But what's of kin to whence it came.

Sweet Mind, then speak your self, and say,
As you go on, by what brave way
Our Sense you do with Knowledge fill,
And yet remain our Wonder still.

I call you Muse, now make it true:
Henceforth may every Line be you;
That all may say, that see the Frame,
This is no Picture, but the same.

A Mind so pure, so perfect fine,
As 'tis not radiant, but divine;
And so disdain any trier;
'Tis got where it can try the Fire.

There, high exalted in the Sphere,
 As it another Nature were,
 It moveth all; and makes a flight
 As circular as infinite.

Whose Notions when it will express
 In speech; it is with that excess
 Of Grace, and Musick to the Ear,
 As what it spoke, it planted there.

The Voice so sweet, the Words so fair,
 As some soft chime had stroak'd the Air;
 And though the sound were parted thence,
 Still left an Eccho in the Sense.

But, that a Mind so rapt, so high,
 So swift, so pure, should yet apply
 It self to us, and come so nigh
 Earth's grossness; there's the how and why.

Is it because it sees us dull,
 And stuck in Clay here, it would pull
 Us forth, by some Celestial flight,
 Up to her own sublimed height?

Or hath she here, upon the Ground,
 Some Paradise or Palace found,
 In all the bounds of Beauty, fit
 For her t' inhabit? There is it.

Thrice happy House, that hast receipt
 For this so lofty form, so freight,
 So polish'd, perfect, round and even,
 As it slid moulded off from Heaven.

Not swelling like the Ocean proud,
But stooping gently, as a Cloud,
As smooth as Oil pour'd forth, and calm
As showers; and sweet as drops of Balm.

Smooth, soft and sweet, in all a flood,
Where it may run to any good;
And where it stays, it there becomes
A Nest of odorous Spice and Gums.

In action, winged as the Wind,
In rest, like Spirits left behind
Upon a Bank, or Field of Flowers,
Begotten by that Wind and Showers.

In thee, fair Mansion, let it rest,
Yet know, with what thou art possesst,
Thou entertaining in thy Breast,
But such a Mind, mak'ft God thy Guest.

A whole quaternian in the midst of this Poem is lost, containing entirely the three next Pieces of it, and all of the fourth (which in the order of the whole is the eighth) excepting the very end: which at the top of the next quaternion goeth on thus.

But for you (growing Gentlemen) the happy Branches of two so illustrious Houses as these, where from your honour'd Mother, is in both Lines descended; let me leave you this last Legacy of Counsel; which so soon as you arrive at Years of mature Understanding, open you (Sir) that are the eldest, and read it to your Brethren, for it will concern you all alike. Vowed by a faithful Servant and Client of your Family, with his latest Breath expiring it,

To Kenelme, John, George.

BOast not these Titles of your Ancestors ;
(Brave Youths) they're their Possessions, none of
yours :

When your own Vertues equall'd have their Names,

'Twill be but fair to lean upon their Fames ;

For they are strong Supporters: But, till then,

The greatest are but growing Gentlemen.

It is a wretched thing to trust to Reeds ;

Which all Men do, that urge not their own Deeds

Up to their Ancestors ; the River's side

By which you're planted shews your Fruit shall bide :

Hang all your Rooms with one large Pedigree :

'Tis Vertue alone is true Nobility.

Which Vertue from your Father, ripe, will fall ;

Study illustrious Him, and you have all.

IX. Elegy on my Muse.

THE truly honoured Lady, the Lady Veneti
Digby ;

Who living, gave me leave to call her so.

Being

Her *ἈΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΣ*, Or, Relation to the Saints.

Sera quidem tanto struitur medicina dolori.

An Elegy on my Muse.

TWere time that I dy'd too, now she is dead,
Who was my Muse, and Life of all I did.

The Spirit that I wrote with and conceiv'd,
 All that was good, or great in me she weav'd,
 And set it forth; the rest were Cobwebs fine,
 Spun out in name of some of the old *Nine*!
 To hang a Window, or make dark the Room,
 Till swept away, th' were cancell'd with a Broom!
 Nothing, that could remain, or yet can stir
 A Sorrow in me, fit to wait to her!
 O! had I seen her laid out a fair Course,
 By *Death*, on Earth, I should have had Remorse
 On *Nature*, for her: who did let her lie,
 And saw that Portion of herself to die.
 Sleepy or stupid Nature, couldst thou part
 With such a *Rarity*, and not rouse *Art*
 With all her aids, to save her from the seize
 Of *Vulture Death*, and those relentless Cleys?
 Thou wouldst have lost the *Phoenix*, had the kind
 Been trusted to thee: not to't self assign'd.
 Look on thy Sloth, and give thy self undone,
 (For so thou art with me) now she is gone,
 My wounded Mind cannot sustain this stroke,
 It rages, runs, flies, stands, and would provoke
 The World to ruine with it; in her *Fall*,
 I sum up mine own breaking, and wish all.
 Thou hast no more blows, *Fate*, to drive at one,
 What's left a *Poet*, when his *Muse* is gone?
 Sure, I am dead, and know it not! I feel
 Nothing I do; but like a heavy Wheel,
 Am turned with anothers powers. My Passion
 Whirls me about, and to blaspheme in fashion!
 I murmur against *God* for having ta'en
 Her blessed Soul hence, forth this Valley vain
 Of Tears, and Dungeon of Calamity!
 I envy it the Angels Amity!
 The Joy of Saints! the *Crown* for which it lives,
 The Glory, and gain of Rest which the place gives!

Dare I prophane, so irreligious be
 To 'greet or grieve her soft Euthanasæe !
 So sweetly taken to the Court of Bliss,
 As Spirits had stol'n her *Spirit* in a Kiss,
 From off her Pillow and deluded Bed;
 And left her lovely Body unthought dead !
 Indeed, she is not dead ! but laid to sleep
 In Earth, till the last *Trump* awake the *Sheep*
 And *Goats* together, whither they must come
 To hear their Judge, and his eternal Doom.
 To have that final Retribution,
 Expected with the *Fleashes* Restitution.
 For, as there are three *Natures*, *Schoolmen* call
 One *Corporal* only, th'other *Spiritual*,
 Like single; so, there is a third commixt,
 Of *Body* and *Spirit* together, plac'd betwixt
 Those other two ; which must be judg'd or crown'd :
 This, as it guilty is, or guiltless found,
 Must come to take a Sentence, by the sense
 Of that great Evidence the *Conscience* !
 Who will be there, against that Day prepar'd,
 T' accuse or quit all *Parties* to be heard !
 O Day of Joy, and surety to the Just !
 Who in that Feast of *Resurrection* trust !
 That great eternal *Holy Day* of Rest,
 To Body and Soul ! where *Love* is all the Guest !
 And the whole *Banquet* is full sight of God !
 Of Joy the *Circle*, and sole *Period* !
 All other Gladness with the thought is barr'd ;
Hope hath her End, and *Faith* hath her Reward !
 This being thus, why should my Tongue or Pen
 Presume to interpel that fulness, when
 Nothing can more adorn it, than the Seat
 That she is in, or make it more compleat ?
 Better be dumb than superstitious !
 Who violates the God-head, is most vicious

Against

Against the Nature he would worship. *He*
 Will honour'd be in all simplicity!
 Have all his Actions wonder'd at, and view'd
 With Silence and Amazement! not with rude,
 Dull and prophane, weak and imperfect Eyes,
 Have busie search made in his Mysteries!
 He knows what Work h^e hath done, to call this *Guest*,
 Out of her noble Body to this *Feast*:
 And give her place according to her Blood
 Amongst her *Peers*, those Princes of all good!
Saints, Martyrs, Prophets, with those *Hierarchies*,
Angels, Arch-Angels, Principalities,
The Dominations, Vertues, and the *Powers*,
The Thrones, the *Cherub*, and *Seraphick Bowers*,
 That, planted round, there sing before the *Lamb*,
 A new Song to his Praise, and great *I Am*:
 And she doth know, out of the Shade of Death,
 What 't is t^o enjoy, an everlasting Breath!
 To have her captiv'd Spirit freed from Flesh,
 And on her Innocence, a Garment fresh
 And white as that put on: and in her Hand
 With Boughs of Palm, a crowned *Victrice* stand!
 And will you, worthy Son, Sir, knowing this,
 Put Black and Mourning on? and say you miss
 A *Wife*, a *Friend*, a *Lady*, or a *Love*;
 Whom her *Redeemer* honour'd hath above
 Her Fellows, with the Oyl of Gladness, bright
 In Heaven *Empire*, and with a Robe of Light?
 Thither you hope to come; and there to find
 That pure, that precious, and exalted Mind
 You once enjoy'd: A short space severs ye,
 Compar'd unto that long Eternity,
 That shall re-joyn ye. Was she, then, so dear,
 When she departed? you will meet her there,
 Much more desir'd, and dearer than before,
 By all the wealth of Blessings, and the store

Accumulated on her, by the *Lord*
 Of Life and Light, the Son of *God*, the *Word*!
 There all the happy Souls that ever were,
 Shall meet with gladness in one *Theatre*;
 And each shall know there one anothers Face,
 By beatifick Vertue of the Place.
 There shall the Brother with the Sister walk,
 And Sons and Daughters with their Parents talk;
 But all of God; they still shall have to say,
 But make him *All in All*, their *Theme*, that *Day*:
 That happy *Day* that never shall see Night!
 Where he will be all Beauty to the *Sight*;
 Wine or delicious Fruits unto the *Taste*;
 A Musick in the *Ears* will ever last;
 Unto the *Scent*, a Spicery or Balm;
 And to the *Touch*, a Flower, like soft as Palm.
 He will all Glory, all Perfection be,
 God in the *Union*, and the *Trinity*!
 That Holy, Great and Glorious Mystery,
 Will there revealed be in Majesty!
 By light and comfort of Spiritual *Grace*;
 The Vision of our *Saviour* Face to Face
 In his Humanity! To hear him preach
 The price of our *Redemption*, and to teach
 Through his inherent Righteousness, in Death,
 The safety of our Souls, and forfeit Breath!
 What fulness of Beatitude is here?
 What Love with Mercy mixed doth appear?
 To stile us Friends, who were by Nature Foes?
 Adopt us Heirs by Grace, who were of those
 Had lost our selves? and prodigally spent
 Our Native Portions, and possessed Rent;
 Yet have all Debts forgiven us, and advance
 B' imputed right to an Inheritance
 In his Eternal Kingdom, where we sit
 Equal with Angels, and Co-heirs of it.

Nor dare we under Blasphemy conceive
 He that shall be our Supreme Judge, shall leave
 Himself so un-inform'd of his Elect,
 Who knows the Hearts of all, and can dissect
 The smallest Fibre of our Flesh; he can
 Find all our Atoms from a Point t' a Span:
 Our closest Creeks and Corners, and can trace
 Each Line, as it were graphick, in the Face.
 And best he knew her Noble Character,
 For 'twas himself who form'd and gave it her.
 And to that Form lent two such Veins of Blood,
 As Nature could not more increase the Flood
 Of Title in her! All Nobility
 (But Pride, that Schism of Incivility)
 She had, and it became her! she was fit
 T' have known no Envy, but by suffering it!
 She had a Mind as calm as she was fair;
 Not tost or troubled with light Lady-air,
 But kept an even gait, as some streight Tree
 Mov'd by the Wind, so comely moved she.
 And by the awful manage of her Eye,
 She sway'd all Bus'ness in the Family!
 To one she said, Do this, he did it; so
 To another, Move, he went; to a third, Go,
 He run; and all did strive with diligence
 T' obey, and serve her sweet Commandments.
 She was in one a many parts of Life;
 A tender *Mother*, a discreeter *Wife*,
 A solemn *Mistress*, and so good a *Friend*,
 So charitable to Religious End
 In all her petite Actions, so devote,
 As her whole Life was now become one Note
 Of Piety and private Holiness.
 She spent more time in Tears herself to dress
 For her Devotions, and those sad Essays
 Of Sorrow, than all pomp of gaudy Days:

And

And came forth ever cheared with the Rod
 Of divine Comfort, who sh' had talk'd with God,
 Her broken Sighs did never miss whole Sense:
 Nor can the bruised Heart want Eloquence:
 For Prayer is the Incense most perfumes
 The Holy Altars, when it least presumes.
 And hers were all Humility! they beat
 The Door of *Grace*, and found the *Mercy-Seat*.
 In frequent speaking by the pious Psalms
 Her solemn Hours she spent, or giving Alms,
 Or doing other Deeds of Charity,
 To cloath the Naked, feed the Hungry. She
 Would sit in an Infirmer, whole days
 Pouring, as on a Map, to find the ways
 To that Eternal Rest, where now sh' hath place
 By sure Election and predestin'd Grace!
 She saw her Saviour, by an early light,
 Incarnate in the Manger, shining bright
 On all the World! She saw him on the Cross
 Suff'ring, and dying to redeem our loss:
 She saw him rise, triumphing over Death,
 To justifie and quicken us in Breath:
 She saw him too in Glory to ascend
 For his designed Work the perfect End
 Of raising, judging and rewarding all
 The kind of Man, on whom his Doom should fall!
 All this by *Faith* she saw, and fram'd a Plea,
 In manner of a daily *Apostrophe*,
 To him should be her Judge, true God, true Man,
Jesus, the only gotten *Christ*! who can,
 As being Redeemer and Repairer too
 (Of lapsed Nature) best know what to do,
 In that great act of Judgement, which the *Father*
 Hath given wholly to the Son (the rather
 As being the Son of *Man*) to shew his *Power*,
 His *Wisdom*, and his *Justice*, in that Hour,

The last of Hours, and shutter up of all ;
 Where first his *Power* will appear, by Call
 Of all are dead to Life ! his *Wisdom* show
 In the discerning of each Conscience so !
 And most his *Justice*, in the fitting Parts,
 And giving dues to all Mankind's Deserts !
 In this sweet Extasie she was wrapt hence.
 Who reads, will pardon my Intelligence,
 That thus have ventur'd these true strains upon,
 To publish her a *Saint*. My *Muse* is gone.

*In pietatis memoriam
 quam prestat
 Venetiæ tuæ illustrissim'
 Marit' dign' Digbeie
 Hanc ἈΠΟΘΕΩΣΙΝ, tibi, tuisq; sacro.*

The Tenth, being her Inscription, or CROWN, is lost.

Vitæ

Vitæ Rusticæ Laudes.



Eatus ille, qui procul negotiis,
 Ut prisca gens mortalium,
 Paterna rura bobus exercet suis,
 Solutus omni sænore :
 Nec excitatur classico miles truci,
 Nec horret iratum mare :
 Forumq; vitat, & superba Civium
 Potentiorum limina.
 Ergo aut adultâ vitium propagine
 Altas maritat Populos :
 Aut in reductâ valle mugientium
 Prospektat erranteis Greges :
 Inutileisque falce ramos amputans,
 Feliciores inserit :
 Aut pressa puris mella condit amphoris,
 Aut tondet infirmis Oveis :
 Vel cum decorum mitibus pomis caput
 Autumnus arvis extulit :
 Ut gaudet insitiva decerpens pyra,
 Certantem & uvam Purpura,
 Quâ muneretur te, Priape, & te, Pater
 Sylvane, tutor finium !
 Libet jacere modò sub antiqua Ilice :
 Modò in tenaci gramine,
 Labuntur altis interim ripis aqua :
 Queruntur in Sylvis aves,

Fontesque

The Praises of a Country-Life.



Happy is he, that from all Business clear,
 As the old Race of Mankind were, (Lands,
 With his own Oxen tills his Sire's left
 And is not in the Usurer's Bands :
 Nor Soldier-like, started with rough Alarms,
 Nor dreads the Seas enraged Harms :
 But flees the Bar and Courts, with the proud Bords,
 And Waiting-Chambers of great Lords.
 The Poplar tall he then doth marrying twine
 With the grown issue of the Vine ;
 And with his Hoop lops off the fruitless Race,
 And sets more happy in the place :
 Or in the bending Vale beholds a-far
 The loughing Herds there grazing are :
 Or the prest Honey in pure Pots doth keep
 Of Earth, and shears the tender Sheep :
 Or when that Autumn through the Fields lifts round
 His head, with mellow Apples crown'd,
 How plucking Pears, his own hand grafted had,
 And Purple-matching Grapes, he's glad !
 With which, *Priapus*, he may thank thy Hands,
 And, *Sylvane*, thine that kept'st his Lands !
 Then now beneath some ancient Oak he may
 Now in the rooted Grass him lay,
 Whilst from the higher Banks do slide the Floods ;
 The soft Birds quarrel in the Woods,

*Fontesque Lymphis obstrepunt manantibus,
Somnos quod invitet leveis.*

At cum tonantis annus hibernus Jovis

Imbreis niveisque comparat ;

Aut trudit acreis hinc, & hinc multâ cane

Apros in obstanteis plagas :

Aut amite levi rara tendit retia ;

Turdis edacibus dolos,

Pavidumque leporem, & advenam laqueo gruem

Fucunda captat præmia :

Quis non malorum, quas amor curas habet

Hæc inter obliviscitur ?

Quod si pudica Mulier in partem juvet

Domum, atque dulces liberos,

(Sabina qualis, aut perusta solibus

Pernicis uxor Appuli

Sacrum vetustis extruit lignis focum

Lassi sub adventum viri)

Claudensque textis cratibus latum pecus

Dissecta siccet ubera ;

Et horna dulci Vina promens dolio

Dapes inemptas apparet ;

Non me Lucrina juverint Conchyliæ,

Magisve Rhombus aut Scari,

Si quos Eois intonata fluctibus

Hyems ad hoc vertat Mare :

Non Afra avis descendat in ventrem meum :

Non Attagen Ionicus

Fucundior, quam lecta de pinguisimis

Oliva ramis arborum :

Aut herba Lapatibi præta amantis, & gravi

Malvæ salubres corpori :

Vel Agna festis cæsa Terminalibus :

Vel Hædus ereptus Lupo.

Has inter epulas, ut juvat pastas Oveis

Videre properanteis domum!

Videte

The Fountains murmur as the Streams do creep,
 And all invite to easie Sleep.
 Then when the thundring *Jove*, his Snow and Showers
 Are gathering by the Wintry Hours;
 Or hence, or thence, he drives with many a Hound
 Wild Boars into his Toils pitch'd round:
 Or strains on his small Fork his subtil Nets
 For th' eating Thrush, or Pit-falls sets:
 And snares the fearful Hare, and new-come Crane,
 And 'counts them sweet Rewards so ta'en.
 Who (amongst these Delights) would not forget
 Love's Cares so evil and so great?
 But if, to boot with these, a chaste Wife meet
 For Household aid, and Children sweet;
 Such as the *Sabines*, or a Sun-burnt Blowse,
 Some lusty quick *Apulian's* Spouse,
 To deck the hallow'd Harth with old Wood fir'd
 Against the Husband comes home tir'd;
 That penning the glad Flock in Hurdles by
 Their swelling Udders doth draw dry:
 And from the sweet Tub Wine of this year takes,
 And unbought Viands ready makes:
 Not *Lucrine* Oysters I could then more prize,
 Nor Turbot, nor bright golden Eyes:
 If with bright Floods, the Winter troubled much,
 Into our Seas send any such:
 The *Ionian* God-wit, nor the Ginny-hen
 Could not go down my Belly then
 More sweet than Olives, that new-gather'd be
 From fattest Branches of the Tree:
 Or the Herb Sorrel, that loves Meadows still,
 Or Mallows loosing Bodies ill:
 Or at the Feast of Bounds, the Lamb then slain,
 Or Kid forc'd from the Wolf again,
 Among these Cates how glad the sight doth come
 Of the fed Flocks approaching home:

*Videre fessos vomerem inversum Boves
Collo trabenteis languido ;
Positosque vernas, ditis examen domus,
Circum renidenteis Lareis !
Hæc ubi locutus sænator Alphius,
Jam jam futurus rusticus,
Omnem relegit Idibus pecuniam,
Quærit Calendis ponere.*

ODE I. Lib. IV.

Ad VENEREM.

Intermiffa Venus diu,
Rurfus bella moves : parce precor, precor,
Non fum qualis eram bonæ
Sub regno Cynaræ : define, dulcium
Mater fæva Cupidinum,
Circa luftra decem flectere Mollibus
Jam durum imperiis : abi
Quò blanda Juvenum te revocant preces.
Tempeftivius in domo
Pauli purpureis ales oloribus,
Comeffabere Maximi,
Si torrere jecur quaris idoneum.
Namque & nobilis, & decens,
Et pro follicitis non tacitus reis.
Et centum puer Artium,
Latè Signa feret militia tuæ.
Et quandoque potentior
Largis muneribus riferit æmuli,
Albanos prope te lacus
Ponet marmoream fub trabe Cyprea.
Illic plurima Naribus
Duces tura, lyraque, & Berecynthiæ

Delectabere

To view the weary Oxen draw, with bare
 And fainting Necks, the turned Share!
 The wealthy Household swarm of Bondmen met,
 And 'bout the steaming Chimney set!
 These thoughts when Usurer *Alphius*, now about
 To turn more Farmer, had spoke out
 'Gainst th' Ides, his Moneys he gets in with pain,
 At th' Calends puts all out again.

ODE I. Book IV.

TO VENUS.

V*enus*, again thou mov'st a War
 Long intermitted, pray thee, pray thee spare:
 I am not such, as in the Reign
 Of the good *Cynara* I was: Refrain
 Sower Mother of sweet Loves, forbear
 To bend a Man now at his fiftieth Year,
 Too stubborn for Commands so slack:
 Go where Youths soft Intreaties call thee back.
 More timely hie thee to the House,
 With thy bright Swans of *Paulus Maximus*:
 There jest and feast, make him thine Host,
 If a fit Liver thou dost seek to toast;
 For he's both noble, lovely, young,
 And for the troubled Client fills his Tongue:
 Child of a hundred Arts, and far
 Will he display the Ensigns of thy War.
 And when he smiling finds his Grace
 With thee 'bove all his Rivals Gifts take place,
 He will thee a Marble Statue make
 Beneath a sweet Wood Roof near *Alba Lake*,
 There shall thy dainty Nostril take
 In many a Gum, and for thy soft Ears sake

*Delectabere tibia
 Mistis carminibus non sine fistula.
 Illic bis pueri die,
 Numen cum teneris virginibus tuum
 Laudantes, pede candido
 In mortem Salium ter quatient humum.
 Me nec scæmina nec puer,
 Jam, nec spes animi credula mutui,
 Nec certare juvat mero :
 Nec vincere novis tempora floribus.
 Sed cur, heu Ligurine, cur
 Manat rara meas lachryma per genas ?
 Cur facunda parum decoro
 Inter verba cadit lingua silentio ?
 Nocturnis te ego Somniis
 Jam captum teneo, jam volucrem sequor :
 Te per gramina Martii
 Campi, te per aquas, dure, volubileis.*

O D E IX. Lib. III. Ad Lydiam.

DIALOGUS Horatii & Lydiæ.

Hor. **D**Onec gratus eram tibi,
 Nec quisquam potior brachia candida
 Cervici juvenis dabat ;
 Persarum vigui rege beatior.

Lyd. Donec non alia magis
 Arfisti, neque erat Lydia post Chloën,
 Multi Lydia nominis
 Romana vigui clarior Ilia.

Hor. Me nunc Thressa Chloë regit,
 Dulceis docta modos, & Citharæ sciens :
 Pro qua non metuum mori,
 Si parcent anima fata superstiti.

Lyd. Me torret facie mutua

Thurini

Shall Verse be set to Harp and Lute,
 And *Phrygian* Hau'boy, not without the Flute.
 There twice a day in sacred Lays,
 The Youths and tender Maids shall sing thy Praise;
 And in the *Salian* manner meet
 Thrice 'bout thy Altar with their Ivory Feet,
 Me now, nor Wench, nor wanton Boy,
 Delights, nor credulous hope of mutual Joy,
 Nor care I now Healths to propound;
 Or with fresh Flowers to girt my Temple round.
 But, why, oh why, my *Ligurine*,
 Flow my thin Tears down these pale Cheeks of mine?
 Or why my well-grac'd Words among
 With an uncomely Silence fails my Tongue?
 Hard-hearted, I dream every Night
 I hold thee fast! but fled hence, with the light,
 Whether in *Mars* his Field thou be,
 Or *Tyber's* winding Streams, I follow thee.

ODE IX. Book III. To Lydia.

DIALOGUE of Horace and Lydia.

Hor. **W**Hilst, *Lydia*, I was lov'd of thee, (sing,
 And 'bout thy Ivory Neck) no Youth did
 His Arms more acceptably free,
 I thought me richer than the *Persian* King.

Lyd. Whilst *Horace* lov'd no Mistress more,
 Nor after *Chloe* did his *Lydia* sound;
 In name, I went all Names before,
 The *Roman Ilia* was not more renown'd.

Hor. 'Tis true, I am *Thracian Chloe's*, I
 Who sings so sweet, and with such cunning Plays,
 As, for her, I'd not fear to die,
 So Fate would give her Life, and longer days.

Lyd. And I am mutually on Fire

Thurini Calais filius Ornithi :
 Pro quo bis patiar mori,
 Si parcent puero fata superstiti.
 Hor. Quid si prisca redit Venus,
 Diductosque jugo cogit abeneo ?
 Si flava excutitur Chloë
 Rejētaque patet janua Lydiæ ?
 Lyd. Quancumq; fidere pulchrior
 Ille est, tu levior Cortice, & improbo
 Iracundior Adria,
 Tecum vivere amem, tecum obeam libens.

Fragmentum Petron. Arbitr.

Fœda est in coitu, & brevis voluptas,
 Et tædet Veneris statim peractæ.
 Non ergo ut pecudes libidinosæ,
 Cæci protinus irruamus illuc :
 Nam languescit Amor peritq; Flamma
 Sed sic, sic, sine fine feriati,
 Et tecum jaceamus osculantes :
 Hic nullus labor est, ruborq; nullus ;
 Hoc juvit, juvat, & diu juvabit :
 Hoc non deficit, incipitq; semper.

Epigramma Martialis, Lib. viii. l. xxvii.

Liber, amicorum dulcissima cura tuorum,
 Liber in æterna vivere digne rosâ ;
 Si sapias Assyrio semper tibi crinis amomo
 Splendeat, & cingant florea ferta caput :
 Candida nigrescant vetulo chrystalla Falerno,
 Et caleat blando mollis amore thorus.
 Qui sic, vel medio finitus vixit in ævo,
 Longior huic facta, quam data vita fuit.

With

With gentle *Calais Thyrine*, *Ornith's* Son,
 For whom I doubly would expire,
 So Fate would let the Boy a long thred run.
Hor. But, say old Love return should make,
 And us dis-joyn'd force to her brazen Yoke,
 That I bright *Chloe* off should shake;
 And to left *Lydia*, now the Gate stood ope.
Lyd. Though he be fairer than a Star;
 Thou lighter than the Bark of any Tree,
 And than rough *Adria* angrier far;
 Yet would I wish to love, live, die with thee.

The same translated.

DOing, a filthy Pleasure is, and short;
 And done, we strait repent us of the sport:
 Let us not then rush blindly on unto it:
 Like lustful Beasts that only know to do it:
 For Lust will languish, and that Heat decay,
 But thus, thus, keeping endless Holiday,
 Let us together closely lie and kiss,
 There is no Labour, nor no Shame in this; (never
 This hath pleas'd, doth please, and long will please;
 Can this decay, but is beginning ever.

The same translated.

Liber, of all thy Friends, thou sweetest Care,
 Thou worthy in eternal Flower to fare,
 If thou be'st wise, with 'Syrian' Oil let shine
 Thy Locks, and rosie Garlands crown thy Head;
 Dark thy clear Glasse with old *Falernian* Wine;
 And heat, with softest Love thy softer Bed.
 He, that but living half his Days, dies such,
 Makes his Life longer than 'twas given him, much.
 THE

The King's Entertainment

A T

Welbeck in Nottinghamshire,

A House of the Right Honourable
WILLIAM Earl of *Newcastle*, Viscount
Mansfield, Baron of *Botle* and *Bol-*
sover, &c.

At his going into *Scotland*, 1633:

His Majesty being set at Dinner, a Song was Sung.

A DIALOGUE between the Passions,
Doubt and Love.

Doubt.



*That softer Sounds are these salute the Ear,
 From the large Circle of the Hemisphere,
 As if the Center of all Sweets met here!*

Love.

*It is the Breath and Soul of every thing,
 Put forth by Earth, by Nature, and the
 Spring,*

To speak the Welcome, Welcome of the King.

Chorus,

Chorus, of Affections, Joy, Delight, &c.
The Joy of Plants, the Spirit of Flowers,
The Smell and Verdure of the Bowers,
The Waters Murmur, with the Showers
Diffilling on the new fresh Housers;
The whistling Winds and Birds that sing
The Welcome of our Great, Good King.
 Welcome, O Welcome, is the general Voice,
 Wherein all Creatures practise to rejoyce.

The Second Strain.

Love.

When was old Sherewood's Head more quaintly curl'd?
 Or look'd the Earth more green upon the World?
 Or Nature's Cradle more enchas'd and purl'd?
 When did the Air so smile, the Winds so chime?
 As Quiristers of Season, and the Prime!

Doubt.

If what they do, be done in their due time.

Chorus.

He makes the time for whom 'tis done,
 From whom the Warmth, Heat, Life begun;
 Into whose fostering Arms do run
 All that have Being from the Sun.
 Such is the Fount of Light the King,
 The Heart, that quickens every thing,
 And makes the Creatures Language all one Voice,
 In Welcome, Welcome, Welcome, to rejoyce:
 Welcome is all our Song, is all our Sound,
 The Treble Part, the Tenor, and the Ground.

After

After Dinner.

THE King and the Lords being come down, and ready to take Horse, in the Crowd were discover'd two notorious Persons, and Men of Business, as by their eminent Dressing and Habits did soon appear.

One in a costly Cassock of black Buckram girt unto him, whereon was painted *Party-per pale* :

On the one side,

On the other side,

Noun,	}	declined.	}	Adverb,	}	undeclined
Pronoun,				Conjunction,		
Verb,				Preposition,		
Participle,				Interjection,		

With his Hat, Hatband, Stocking, and Sandals, suited, and marked *A, B, C, &c.*

The other in a Taberd, or Herald's Coat, of *Azure* and *Gules* quarterly chang'd, of Buckram; limn'd with Yellow, in stead of Gold, and pasted over with old Records of the two Shires, and certain Fragments of the Forest, as a Coat of *Antiquity* and *President*, willing to be seen, but hard to be read, and as loth to be understood, without the Interpreter who wore it: For the wrong end of the Letters were turn'd upward, therefore was a Label fix'd to, *To the curious Prier, advertising* :

*Look not so near, with hope to understand;
Out-cept, Sir, you can read with the Left-hand.*

Their

Their Names were, Accidence, Fitz-Ale.

Acci. **B**Y your fair leave, Gentlemen of Court; for leave is ever fair, being ask'd; and granted, is as light, according to our English Proverb, *Leave is light*. Which is the *King*, I pray you?

Fitz. Or rather the *King's* Lieutenant? For we have nothing to say to the *King*, till we have spoken with my *Lord* Lieutenant.

Acci. Of *Nottinghamshire*.

Fitz. And *Derbyshire*, for he is both. And we have business to both sides of him, from either of the Counties.

Acci. As far as his Command stretches.

Fitz. Is this he?

Acci. This is no Great Man by his *Timber* (as we say i' the Forest) by his *Thewes* he may. I'll venture a Part of Speech, two, or three at him, to see how he is declin'd. My Lord, pleaseth your good Lordship, I am a poor Neighbour, here, of your Honour's, i' the County.

Fitz. Mr. *A-B-Cee Accidence*, my good Lord, School-master of *Mansfield*, the painful Instructor of our Youth in their Country-Elements, as appeareth by the Sign of Correction in his Hat, with the Trust of the Town Pen-and-Inkhorn, committed to the Surety of his Girdle, from the whole Corporation.

Acci. This is the more remarkable Man, my very good Lord; Father *Fitz-Ale*, Herald of *Derby*, Light and Lanthorn of both Counties; the Learned *Antiquary* of the North; Conserver of the Records of either Forest, as witnesseth the brief Taberd, or Coat-Armour he carries, being an industrious Collection of all the written or reported *Wonders* of the *Peak*.

Saint

Saint *Anne* of *Buxton's* boiling Well,
 Or *Elden*, bottomless, like Hell:
Poole's Hole, or *Satan's* sumptuous Arse,
 (Surreverence) with the Mine-mens Farce.
 Such a light and metall'd Dance
 Saw you never yet in *France*.

And by Lead-men for the nonce,
 That turn round like Grindlestons;
 Which they dig out fro' the Delves,
 For their Bairns bread, Wives, and sell's:
 Whom the Whetstone sharps to eat,
 And cry Milstones are good Meat.
 He can fly o'er Hills and Dales,
 And report you more odd Tales
 Of our Out-law *Robin Hood*,
 That revell'd here in *Sherewood*,
 And more Stories of him shew,
 (Though he ne'er shot in his Bow)
 Than au' Men or believe, or know.

Fitz. Stint, stint your Court,
 Grow to be short,
 Throw by your Clatter,
 And handle the Matter:

We come with our Peers,
 And crave your Ears,
 To present a Wedding,
 Intended a Bedding,
 Of both the Shires.

Father *Fitz-Ale*

Hath a Daughter stale
 In *Derby Town*,
 Known up and down

For a great Antiquity:
 And *Pem* she hight,
 A solemn Wight
 As you should meet
 In any Street,

In that Ubiquity.
 Her he hath brought,
 As having sought
 By many a Draught
 Of Ale and Craft,
 With Skill to Graft
 In some old Stock
 O' the Yeoman Block,
 And Forest-Blood
 Of old Sherewood.
 And he hath found
 Within the Ground,
 At last no Shrimp,
 Whereon to imp
 His jolly Club,
 But a bold Stub
 O' the right Wood,
Fitz. A Champion good;
 Who here in place
 Presents himself,
 Like doughty Elf
 Of Greenwood Chace.

Here *Stub* the Bridegroom presented himself, being apparelled in a yellow Canvas Doublet, cut, a green Jerkin and Hose, like a Ranger; a *Monmouth* Cap, with a yellow Feather, yellow Stockings and Shooes; for being to dance, he would not trouble himself with Boots.

Stub of *Stub-Hall*,
 Some do him call;
 But most do say,
 He's *Stub* will stay
 To run his Race,
 Not run away.

Acci. At

Acci. At *Quintin* he,
 In honour of this *Bridaltee*,
 Hath challeng'd either wide *Countee*;
 Come *Cut* and *Long-tail*. For there be
Six Batchelors, as bold as he,
 Adjutting to his *Companee*,
 And each one hath his *Liverie*.

Fitz. *Six Hoods* they are, and of the *Blood*,
 They tell of ancient *Robin Hood*.

Here the *Six Hoods* presented themselves severally,
 in their *Livery-Hoods*, whilst *Fitz-Ale* spoke on.

Red-hood the first that doth appear [*Red-hood*.
 In *Stamel*. *Acci.* *Scarlet* is too dear.

Fitz. Then *Green-hood* [*Greenhood*.

Acci. He's in *Kendal Green*,
 As in the *Forest-colour* seen.

Fitz. Next *Blue-hood* is, and in that hue [*Blue-hood*.
 Doth vaunt a *Heart* as pure and true
 As is the *Sky* (give him his due.)

Acci. Of old *England* the *Yeoman Blue*.

Fitz. Then *Tawney* fra' the *Kirk* that came. [*Tawney-hood*.

Acci. And cleped was the *Abbot's Man*.

Fitz. With *Motley-hood*, the *Man of Law*. [*Motley-hood*.

Acci. And *Russet-hood* keeps all in awe. [*Russet-hood*.

Bold *Batchelors* they are, and large,

And come in at the *Country-Charge*;

Horse, *Bridles*, *Saddles*, *Stirrups*, *Girts*,

All reckon'd o' the *County Skirts*!

And all their *Courses*, miss or hit,

Intended are for the *Shire Wit*,

And so to be receiv'd. Their *Game*

Is *Country-sport*, and hath a *Name*

From the *Place* that bears the *Cost*,

Else all the *Fat i' the Fire* were lost.

Go,

Go, Captain *Stub*, lead on, and show
 What House you come on, by the blow
 You give Sir *Quintin*, and the Cuff
 You scape o' th' Sandbags Counterbuff.

A Flourish. [Stub's Course.]
 1.

Acci. O well run, Yeoman *Stub*!
 Thou hast knock'd it like a Club,
 And made Sir *Quintin* know,
 By this his Race so good,
 He himself is also Wood,
 As by his furious Blow.

Flourish. [Red-hood's Course.]
 2.

Fitz. Bravely run, *Red-hood*,
 There was a shock
 To have buff'd out the Blood
 From ought but a Block.

Flourish. [Green-hood's Course.]
 3.

Acci. Well run, *Green-hood*, got between,
 Under the Sand-bag he was seen,
 Lowting low, like a For'ster green:
Fitz. He knows his Tackle, and his Treen.

Flourish. [Blue-hood's Course.]
 4.

Acci. Gi' the old England Yeoman his due,
 H' has hit Sir *Quin* just i' the *Qu*.
 VOL. V. U Thought

Though that be black, yet he is blue.
It is a brave Patch, and a new!

Flourish. [Tawney-hood's Course.
5.

Fitz. Well run, *Tawney*, the Abbot's Churl
His Jade gave him a jerk,
As he would have his Rider hurl
His Hood after the Kirk.
But he was wiser, and well beheft,
For this is all that he hath left.

Flourish. [Motley-hood's Course.
6.

Fitz. Or the Saddle turn'd round, or the Girts brake:
For low on the Ground (woe for his sake)
The Law is found.

Acci. Had his pair of Tongues, not so much good,
To keep his Head in his *Motley Hood*?

Flourish. [Russer-hood's Course.
7.

Fitz. *Russet* ran fast, though he be thrown.

Acci. He lost no Stirrup, for he had none.

1. His Horse it is the Herald's West.
2. No, 'tis a Mare, and hath a Cleft.
3. She is Country-borrow'd, and no Vail,
But's Hood is forfeit to *Fitz-Ale*.

Here *Accidence* did break them off, by calling them
to the Dance, and to the Bride, who was drest like
an old *May-Lady*, with Scarfs, and a great wrought
Handkerchief, with Red and Blue, and other Habili-
ments. Six Maids attending on her, attir'd with
Buckram

Buckram Bride-laces begilt, white Sleeves, and Stammel Petticoats, dress'd after the cleanliest Country guise; among whom Mistress *Alphabet*, Master *Accidence's* Daughter, did bear a prime sway.

The two Bride-Squires, the *Cake-bearer*, and the *Bowl-bearer*, were in two yellow Leather Doublets, and Ruffet Hose, like two Twin-Clowns prest out for that Office, with Livery-Hats, and Ribbands.

Acci. Come to the Bride; another Fit
Yet show, Sirs, o' your Country-Wit;
But o' your best. Let all the Steel
Of Back and Brains fall to the Heel;
And all the Quick-silver i' the Mine
Run i' the Foot-veins, and refine
Your *Firk-hum Jerk-hum* to a Dance,
Shall fetch the Fiddles out of *France*,
To wonder at the Horn-pipes here,
Of *Nottingham* and *Derbyshire*.

Fitz. With the Phant'sies of *Hey-troll*,
Troll about the Bridal Bowl,
And divide the broad Bride-cake,
Round about the Brides stake.

Acci. With, Here is to the Fruit of *Pem*,

Fitz. Grafted upon *Stub* his Stem,

Acci. With the *Peakish* Nicety,

Fitz. And old *Sherewood's* Vicety.

The last of which Words were set to a Tune, and Sung to the Bagpipe, and Measure of their Dance; the Clowns and Company of Spectators drinking and eating the while.

The S O N G.

L Et's sing about, and say, Hey-troll,
Troll to me the Bridal Bowl,

U 2

And

*And divide the Broad Bride-cake,
 Round about the Brides-flake.
 With, Here is to the Fruit of Pem,
 Grafted upon Stub his Stem,
 With the Peakish Nicety,
 And old Sherewood's Vicety.
 But well danc'd Pem upon Record,
 Above thy Yeoman, or May-Lord.*

Here it was thought necessary they should be broken off, by the coming in of an Officer or Servant of the Lord Lieutenant's, whose Face had put on, with his Clothes, an equal Authority for the Business.

Gentleman.

Give end unto your Rudeness: Know at length
 Whose Time and Patience you have urg'd, the
 King's.

Whom if you knew, and truly, as you ought,
 'Twould strike a Reverence in you, even to blushing.
 That King whose Love it is to be your Parent!
 Whose Office, and whose Charge, to be your Pastor!
 Whose single Watch defendeth all your Sleeps!
 Whose Labours are your Rests! whose Thoughts and
 Cares

Breed your Delights! whose Business all your Leisures!
 And you to interrupt his serious Hours
 With light, impertinent, unworthy Objects,
 Sights for your selves, and sav'ring your own Tastes;
 You are to blame. Know your Disease, and cure it.
 Sports should not be obtruded on great Monarchs,
 But wait when they will call for them as Servants,
 And meanest of their Servants, since their Price is
 At highest, to be styl'd, but of their Pleasures!
 Our King is going now to a great Work,

Of

Of highest Love, Affection and Example,
 To see his Native Country, and his Cradle,
 And find those Manners there, which he suck'd in
 With Nurfes Milk, and Parents Piety!
 O Sister *Scotland*! what hast thou deserv'd
 Of joyful *England*, giving us this *King*!
 What Union (if thou lik'st) hast thou not made?
 In knitting for *Great Britain* such a Garland,
 And letting him to wear it? Such a *King*!
 As Men would wish, that knew not how to hope
 His like, but seeing him! A Prince that's Law
 Unto himself; is good for Goodness sake,
 And so becomes the Rule unto his Subjects!
 That studies not to seem or to shew Great,
 But be! Not dress'd for others Eyes and Ears,
 With Vizors and false Rumors, but make Fame
 Wait on his Actions, and theuce speak his Name!
 O bless his Goings-out, and Comings-in,
 Thou mighty God of Heaven, lend him long
 Unto the Nations, which yet scarcely know him,
 Yet are most happy by his Government.
 Bless his fair *Bed-mate*, and their certain *Pledges*,
 And never may he want those Nerves in Fate;
 For sure Succession fortifies a State.
 Whilst he himself is mortal, let him feel
 Nothing about him mortal in his House;
 Let him approve his young increasing *Charles*,
 A loyal Son; and teach him long to be
 An Aid, before he be a Successor.
 Late come that day that Heaven will ask him from us:
 Let our Grand-child, and their Issue, long
 Expect it, and not see it. Let us pray,
 That Fortune never know to exercise
 More Power upon him, than as *Charles* his Servant,
 And his *Great Britain's* Slave: ever to wait
 Bondwoman to the *GENIUS* of this State.

Performed May 21. 1633.

U 3

LOVE's

LOVE's Welcome.

THE KING and QUEEN'S *Entertainment at Bolsover:*

A T

The Earl of Newcastle's, the 30th of
July, 1634.

The Song at the Banquet; Sung by Two
Tenors and a Base.



IF Love be call'd a lifting of the Sense
To knowledge of that pure Intelligence,
Wherein the Soul hath Rest and Residence,

1. Ten, When were the Senses in such order plac'd?

2. Ten,

2. Ten. *The Sight, the Hearing, Smelling, Touch-
ing, Taste,*
All at one Banquet. Bas. *Would it ever last!*

1. *We wish the same : who set it forth thus ?* Bas. *Love!*
2. *But to what End, or to what Object ?* Bas. *Love!*
1. *Doth Love then feast it self ?* Bas. *Love will feast Love!*

2. *You make of Love, a Riddle, or a Chain,
A Circle, a meer Knot, untie 't again.*

Bas. *Love is a Circle, both the first and last
Of all our Actions, and his Knot's too fast.*

1. *A True-Love-Knot will hardly be unty'd :
And if it could, who would this Pair divide.*

Bas. *God made them such, and Love.* 2. Ten. *Who
is a Ring,
The likest to the Tear of any thing,*

2. *And runs into it self.* Bas. *Then let us sing,
And run into one sound.*

Cho. { *Let Welcome fill* (trill
Our Thoughts, Hearts, Voices, and that one word
Thro' all our Language, Welcome, Welcome still.

Complement.

1. *Could we put on the Beauty of all Creatures,*
 2. *Sing in the Air, and Notes of Nightingales,*
 1. *Exhale the Sweets of Earth, and all her Features.*
 2. *And tell you, softer than in Silk, these Tales,*
- Bas. *Welcome should season all for Taste.*

And hence,
 Cho. { At every real Banquet to the Sense,
 { Welcome, true Welcome fill the Complements.

After the Banquet, the King and Queen re-
 tir'd, were entertain'd with Coronel Vitru-
 vius his Oration to his Dance of Mechanicks.

Vit. COME forth, boldly put forth, i' your Ho-
 liday Clothes, every Mothers Son of you.
 This is the King and Queen's Majestical Holiday.
 My Lord has it granted from them; I had it granted
 from my Lord: and do give it unto you *gratis*, that
 is, *bona fide*, with the Faith of a Surveyor, your Co-
 ronel *Vitruvius*. Do you know what a Surveyor is
 now? I tell you a Supervisor! A hard Word, that;
 but it may be softned, and brought in, to signifie
 something. An Overseer! one that oversee-eth you.
 A busie Man! And yet I must seem busier than I am,
 (as the Poet sings, but which of them, I will not now
 trouble my self to tell you.) O

The first Quaternia.
 Captain Smith or
 Vulcan, with three
 Cyclops.

to your Polt-foot, we know you are lame. Plant your
 selves there, and beat your Time out at the Anvil.
 Time and Measure are the Father and Mother of Mu-
 sicks, you know, and your Coro-
 nel *Vitruvius* knows a little. O

The second Quatern.
 Chesil the Carver;
 Maul the Free Ma-
 son; Squire Summer
 the Carpenter; Twy-
 bil his Man.

Chesil! our curious Carver! and
 Master *Maul* our Free Mason;
 Squire *Summer* our Carpenter; and
Twybil his Man; stand you four
 there, i' the second Rank, work
 upon

upon that Ground. And you
Dresser the Plumber; Quarrel the
Glasier; Fret the Plasterer; and
Beater the Mortar-Man: put all you
on i' the Rear; as Finishers in true
Footing, with Tune and Measure.

Measure is the Soul of a Dance,
and *Tune* the Tickle-foot thereof. Use Holiday Legs,
and have 'em: Spring, leap, caper and gingle: Pumps
and Ribbands shall be your Reward, till the Soles of
your Feet swell with the surfeit of your light and
nimble Motion. [They begun to dance.

Well done, my Musical, Arithmetical, Geometri-
cal Gamesters! or rather my true Mathematical Boys!
It is carried in Number, Weight and Measure, as if
the Heirs were all Harmony, and the Figures a well-
tim'd Proportion! I cry still, deserve Holidays, and
have 'em. I'll have a whole Quarter of the Year cut
out for you in Holidays, and lac'd with Statute-Tunes
and Dances, fitted to the activity of your Tressels, to
which you shall trust, Lads, in the Name of your
Iniquo Vitruvius. Hey for the Lilly, for, and the
blended Rose. [The Dance ended.

And the King and Queen, having a second Ban-
quet set down before them from the Clouds by two
Loves: One as the King's, the other as the Queen's,
differenced by their Garlands only: His of White
and Red Roses, the other of Lillies interweav'd, Gold,
Silver, Purple, &c. with a Bough of Palm in his
Hand cleft a little at the top, they were both arm'd
and wing'd; with Bows and Quivers, Cassocks,
Breeches, Buskins, Gloves and Perukes alike. They
stood silent a-while, wondering at one another, till
at last the lesser of them began to speak.

The third Quaternio.
Dresser the Plumber;
Quarrel the Glasier;
Fret the Plasterer;
Beater the Mortar-
Man.

Eros, Anteros.

Er. A Nother *Cupid*? *An.* Yes, your second self,
 A Son of *Venus*, and as meer an Elf
 And Wag as you. *Er. Eros?* *An.* No, *Anteros*:
 Your Brother *Cupid*, yet not sent to cross,
 Or spy into your Favours, here, at Court.

Er. What then? *An.* To serve you, Brother, and
 report

Your Graces from the Queen's side to the King's,
 In whose Name I salute you. *Er.* Break my Wings
 I fear you will. *An.* O be not jealous, Brother!

What Bough is this? *Er.* A Palm. *An.* Give me't.

Er. Another [Anteros snatch'd at the Palm,
 but Eros divided it.

You may have. *An.* I will this. *Er.* Divide it. *An.* So,
 This was right Brother-like! The World will know
 By this one Act, both Natures. You are *Love*,
 I *Love*, again. In these two Spheres we move,
Eros and *Anteros*. *Er.* We ha' cleft the Bough,
 And struck a Tallie of our Loves too now.

An. I call to mind the Wisdom of our Mother
Venus, who would have *Cupid* have a Brother—

Er. To look upon and thrive. Me seems I grew
 Three Inches higher sin' I met with you.
 It was the Counsel that the Oracle gave
 Your Nurfes the glad Graces, sent to crave
Themis Advice. You do not know (quoth she)
 The Nature of this Infant. *Love* may be
 Brought forth thus little, live a-while alone,
 But ne'er will prosper, if he have not one

Sent

Sent after him to play with. *Er.* Such another
As you are, *Anteros*, our loving Brother.

An. Who would be always planted in your Eye;
For Love by Love increaseth mutually.

Er. We either, looking on each other, thrive.

An. Shoot up, grow galliard — *Er.* Yes, and
more alive!

An. When one's away, it seems we both are less.

Er. I was a Dwarf, an Urchin, I confess,
Till you were present. *An.* But a Bird of wing,
Now fit to fly before a Queen or King.

Er. I ha' not one sick Feather sin' you came,
But turn'd a jollier *Cupid*. *An.* Than I am.

Er. I love my Mother's Brain, could thus provide
For both in Court, and give us each our side,
Where we might meet. *An.* Embrace. *Er.* Circle each
other.

An. Confer and whisper. *Er.* Brother with a Brother.

An. And by this sweet Contention for the *Palm*,
Unite our Appetites, and make them calm.

Er. To will, and nill one thing. *An.* An so to move
Affection in our Wills, as in our Love.

Er. It is the Place, sure, breeds it, where we are.

An. The King and Queen's Court, which is circular,
And perfect. *Er.* The pure School that we live in,
And is of purer Love, a Discipline.

Philaethes.

NO more of your Poetry (pretty *Cupids*) lest pre-
suming on your little Wits, you prophane the
intention of your Service. The Place, I confess,
wherein (by the Providence of your Mother *Venus*)
you are now planted, is the Divine School of Love:
An Academy or Court, where all the true Lessons of
Love

Love are throughly read and taught. The Reasons, the Proportions and Harmony, drawn forth in Analytick Tables, and made demonstrable to the Senses. Which if you (Brethren) should report, and swear to, would hardly get Credit above a Fable, here, in the edge of *Derbyshire* (the Region of Ale) because you relate in Rhime. O, that Rhime is a shrewd Disease, and makes all suspected it would perswade. Leave it, pretty *Cupids*, leave it. Rhime will undo you, and hinder your Growth and Reputation in Court, more than any thing beside, you have either mention'd or fear'd. If you dabble in Poetry once, it is done of your being believ'd or understood here. No Man will trust you in this Verge, but conclude you for a meer Case of Canters, or a pair of wandering Gypsies.

Return to your selves, Little Deities, and admire the Miracles you serve, this excellent King, and his unparallell'd Queen, who are the Canons, the Decretals, and whole School-Divinity of Love. Contemplate and study them. Here shall you read *Hymen*, having lighted two Torches, either of which enflame mutually, but waste not. One Love by the others Aspect increasing, and both in the right Lines of aspiring. The Fates spinning them round and even Threads, and of their whitest Wool, without brack or purl. Fortune and time fetter'd at their Feet with Adamantine Chains, their Wings deplum'd, for starting from them. All Amiableness in the richest drefs of Delight and Colours, courting the Season to tarry by them, and make the Idea of their Felicity perfect; together with the Love, Knowledge and Duty of their Subjects perpetual. So wisheth the glad and grateful Client, seated here, the over-joy'd Master of the House; and prayeth that the whole Region about him could speak but his Language. Which is, that first the Peoples Love would let that People know their

their own Happiness, and that Knowledge could confirm their Duties to an admiration of your sacred Persons; descended, one from the most peaceful, the other the most warlike, both your pious and just Progenitors; from whom, as out of Peace, came Strength, and out of the Strong came Sweetness, alluding to the Holy Riddle, so in you joyn'd by Holy Marriage, in the Flower and Ripeness of Years, live the promise of a numerous Succession to your Scepters, and a Strength to secure your own Islands, with their own Ocean, but more your own Palm-branches, the Types of perpetual Victory. To which, two Words be added, a zealous *Amen*, and ever rounded with a Crown of *Welcome*. Welcome, Welcome.

M O R-

MORTIMER
HIS
FALL.
A TRAGEDY.

Written by BEN. JOHNSON.

Et docuit magnumque loqui, nitique cothurno.
Hor. in Art. Poetic.

The Persons Names.

MORTIMER,	Earl of <i>March</i> .
ISABEL,	Queen Mother.
ADAM d' ORLTON,	B. of <i>Worcester</i> .
CHORUS,	Of Ladies, Knts. & Esqrs.
EDWARD III.	King of <i>England</i> .
JOHN the King's Brother.	Earl of <i>Cornwall</i> .
HENRY the King's Cousin,	Earl of <i>Lancaster</i> .
W. MOUNTACUTE,	King's Servant.
Ro. d' ELAND,	Const. of <i>Notting. Castle</i> .
NUNCIUS,	Or a Herald.

ARGU.

A R G U M E N T S.

THE First Act comprehends Mortimer's Pride and Security, raised to the Degree of an Earl, by the Queen's Favour and Love; with the Counsels of Adam d'Orlton, the Politick Bishop of Worcester, against Lancaster.

The Chorus of Ladies, celebrating the Worthiness of the Queen, in rewarding Mortimer's Services, and the Bishop's.

The Second Act shews the King's Love and Respect to his Mother, that will hear nothing against Mortimer's Greatness, or believe any Report of her extraordinary Favours to him; but imputes all to his Cousin Lancaster's Envy, and commands thereafter an utter Silence of those Matters.

The Chorus of Courtiers celebrating the King's Worthiness of Nature, and Affection to his Mother, who will hear nothing that may trench upon her Honour, though deliver'd by his Kinsman, of such nearness; and thereby take occasion to extol the King's Piety, and their own Happiness under such a King.

The Third Act relates (by the occasion of a Vision the blind Earl of Lancaster had) to the King's Brother, Earl of Cornwall, the Horror of their Father's Death, and the cunning making away of
their

their Uncle, the Earl of K. by Mortimer's hired Practice.

The Chorus of Country-Justices, and their Wives, telling how they were deluded, and made believe the old King liv'd, by the shew of him in Corfe Castle; and how they saw him eat, and use his Knife like the old King, &c. with the Description of the feigned Lights and Masques there, that deceiv'd 'em, all which came from the Court.

The Fourth Act expresseth, by Conference between the King and his Brother, a Change, and intention to explore the truth of those Reports, and a Charge of employing W. Mountacute to get the Keys of the Castle of Nottingham into the King's Power, and draw the Constable, Sir Robert d' Eland, to their Party.

Mortimer's Security, Scorn of the Nobility, too much Familiarity with the Queen, related by the Chorus. The Report of the King's surprizing him in his Mother's Bed-chamber: A general Gladness. His being sent to Execution.

The Fifth Act, The Earl of Lancaster's following the Cry, and meeting the Report. The Celebration of the King's Justice.

M O R.

MORTIMER

HIS

FALL.

ACT I.

MORTIMER.



HIS Rise is made yet! and we now stand
rank'd,

To view about us, all that were above
us!

Nought hinders now our prospect, all are
even,

We walk upon a Level. *Mortimer*

Is a great Lord of late, and a new thing! —

[*A Prince, an Earl, and Cousin to the King.*]

At what a divers price, do divers Men

Act the same things! Another might have had

Perhaps the Hurdle, or at least the Axe,

For what I have this Crownet, Robes and Wax.

There is a Fate, that flies with trowning Spirits

Home to the Mark, and never checks at Conscience:

Poor plodding Priests, and preaching Friars may make

VOL. V.

X

Their

Their hollow Pulpits, and the empty Iles
 Of Churches ring with that round word: But we
 That draw the subtile and more piercing Air,
 In that sublimed Region of Court,
 Know all is good, we make so, and go on
 Secur'd by the prosperity of our Crimes.
 To day is *Mortimer* made Earl of *March*.
 For what? For that, the very thinking it
 Would make a Citizen start! some politick Tradesman
 Curl with the Caution of a Constable!
 But I, who am no Common-Council-Man,
 Knew, Injuries of that dark Nature done
 Were to be thoroughly done, and not be left
 To fear of a Revenge. They are light Offences
 Which admit that. The great ones get above it.
 Man doth not nurse a deadlier piece of Folly
 To his high Temper, and brave Soul, than that
 Of fancying Goodness, and a Seal to live by
 So differing from Man's Life. As if with Lyons,
 Bears, Tygers, Wolves, and all those Beasts of Prey,
 He would affect to be a Sheep! Can Man
 Neglect what is so, to attain what should be,
 As rather he will call on his own Ruine,
 Than work to assure his Safety? I should think
 When 'mongst a World of bad, none can be good,
 (I mean so absolutely good and perfect,
 As our Religious Confessors would have us)
 It is enough we do decline the Rumour
 Of doing monstrous things: And yet, if those
 Were of Emolument, unto our Ends,
 Even of those, the wise Man will make Friends
 For all the brand, and safely do the ill,
 As Usurers rob, or our Physicians kill.

ISABEL, MORTIMER.

My Lord! sweet *Mortimer*! Mor. My Queen! my
 Mistress! My

My Sovereign! Nay, my Goddess! and my *Juno*!
 What Name or Title, as a Mark of Power
 Upon me, should I give you. *Isa. Isabel,*
 Your *Isabel*, and you my *Mortimer*:
 Which are the Marks of Parity, not Power,
 And these are Titles best become our Love.

Mor. Can you fall under those? *Isa.* Yes, and be
 happy.

Walk forth, my lov'd and gentle *Mortimer*,
 And let my longing Eyes enjoy their Feast,
 And fill of thee, my fair-shap'd, God-like Man:
 Thou art a Banquet unto all my Senses:
 Thy Form doth feast mine Eye, thy Voice mine Ear,
 Thy Breath my Smell, thy every Kiss my Taste,
 And softness of thy Skin, my very Touch:
 As if I felt it dactile through my Blood.
 I ne'er was reconciled to these Robes,
 This Garb of *England*, till I saw thee in them:
 Thou mak'st, they seem not boisterous nor rude,
 Like my rough haughty Lord *de Engleterre*,
 With whom I have so many Years been troubled!

Mor. But now redeem'd, and set at liberty,
 Queen of your self and them.

He dy'd, and left it unfinish'd,

X 2 CHRIST

CHRISTMAS
HIS
MASQUE.

As it was Presented at
COURT, 1616.

Enter *Christmas*, with Two or Three of
the Guard.

He is attir'd in round Hose, long Stockings, a close Doublet, a high-crown'd Hat, with a Broach, a long thin Beard, a Truncheon, little Ruffs, white Shoes, his Scarfs and Garters tied cross, and his Drum beaten before him.



HY, Gentlemen, do you know what you do? ha! would you ha' kept me out? *Christmas*, old *Christmas*? *Christmas* of London, and Captain *Christmas*? Pray you let me be brought before my Lord Chamberlain, I'll not be answer'd else: 'Tis merry in Hall, when Beards wag

wag all : I ha' seen the time you ha' wish'd for me for a merry *Christmas*, and now you ha' me ; they would not let me in : I must come another time ! a good Jest, as if I could come more than once a Year : Why, I am no dangerous Person, and so I told my Friends o' the Guard. I am old *Gregory Christmas* still, and though I come out of *Popes-Head-Alley*, as good a Protestant as any i' my Parish. The troth is, I ha' brought a Masque here, out o' the City, o' my own making, and do present it by a set of my Sons, that come out of the Lanes of *London*, good dancing Boys all : It was intended, I confess, for *Curriers-Hall* ; but because the Weather has been open, and the Livery were not at leisure to see it till a Frost come, that they cannot work, I thought it convenient, with some little Alterations, and the Groom of the *Revels* Hand to't, to fit it for a higher place ; which I have done ; and though I say it, another manner of Device than your New-Years-Night. Bones o' bread, the King ! Son *Rowland*, Son *Clem*, be ready there in a trice : quick, Boys.

Enter his Sons and Daughters, being Ten in Number, led in, in a String, by Cupid, who is attir'd in a flat Cap, and a Prentice's Coat, with Wings at his Shoulders.

The NAMES of his Children, with their Attires.

Mis-Rule,

In a Velvet Cap, with a Sprig, a short Cloak, great Yellow Ruff, like a Reveller, his Torch-bearer bearing a Rope, a Cheese and a Basket.

Caroll,

A long tawny Coat, with a Red Cap, and a Flute at his Girdle, his Torch-bearer carrying a Song-Book open.

Minc'd-Pie,

*Like a fine Cook's Wife, drest neat; her Man carrying
a Pie, Dish and Spoons.*

Gamboll,

*Like a Tumbler, with a Hoop and Bells; his Torch-
bearer arm'd with a Cole-staff, and a blinding Cloth.*

Post and Pair,

*With a Pair-Royal of Aces in his Hat; his Garment all
done over with Pairs and Purs; his Squire carrying a Box,
Cards and Counters.*

New-Years-Gift,

*In a blue Coat, Serving-man like, with an Orange, and
a Sprig of Rosemary gilt on his Head, his Hat full of
Broaches, with a Collar of Ginger-bread, his Torch-bearer
carrying a March-Pain, with a Bottle of Wine on either
Arm.*

Mumming,

*In a Masquing Pied Suit, with a Vixor, his Torch-
bearer carrying the Box, and ringing it.*

Wassall,

*Like a neat Sempster and Songsler; her Page bearing a
brown Bowl, drest with Ribbands, and Rosemary before
her.*

Offering,

*In a short Gown, with a Porter's Staff in his Hand, a
Wyth horn before him, and a Bason by his Torch-bearer.*

Baby-Cocke.

*Drest like a Boy, in a fine long Coat, Biggin, Bib,
Muckender, and a little Dagger; his Usher bearing a great
Cake, with a Bean, and a Pease.*

They enter Singing.

NOW God preserve, as you well do deserve,
Your Majesties all, two there;
Your Highness small, with my good Lords all,
And Ladies, how do you do there?

Gi me

*Gi' me leave to ask, for I bring you a Masque
from little, little, little, little London;
Which say the King likes, I ha' passed the Pikes,
If not, old Christmas is undone.*

Chr. A' peace, what's the matter there?

Gamb. Here's one o' *Friday-street* would come in.

Chr. By no means, nor out of neither of the *Fish-streets*, admit not a Man; they are not *Christmas* Creatures: Fish and Fasting-days, foh! Sons, said I well! look to't.

Gamb. No body out o' *Friday-street*, nor the two *Fish-streets* there; do you hear?

Carol. Shall *John Butter* o' *Milk-street* come in? ask him.

Gamb. Yes, he may slip in for a Torch-bearer, so he melt not too fast, that he will last till the Masque be done.

Chr. Right, Son.

Sing agen:

OUR Dance's Freight, is a matter of Eight,
And Two, the which are Wenches:
In all they be Ten, Four Cocks to a Hen,
and will swim to the Tune like Tenches.
Each bath his Knight for to carry his Light,
which some would say are Torches;
To bring them here, and to lead them there,
and home again to their own Porches.
Now their intent ———

Enter VENUS, a deaf Tyre woman.

Ven. Now, all the Lords blefs me, where am I tro?
where is *Cupid*? serve the King? they may serve the
Cobler well enough, some of 'em, for any Courtesie
they

they have y' wisse; they ha' need o' mending: un-rude People they are, your Courtiers, here was thrust upon thrust indeed! was it ever so hard to get in before, tro?

Chr. How now? what's the matter?

Ven. A Place, forsooth, I do want a Place: I would have a good Place, to see my Child act in before the King and Queen's Majesties (God blefs 'em) to Night.

Chr. Why, here is place for you.

Ven. Right, forsooth, I am *Cupid's* Mother, *Cupid's* own Mother, forsooth; yes, forsooth: I dwell in *Pudding-Lane*: I, forsooth, he is Prentice in *Love-Lane*, with a Bugle-maker, that makes of your Bobs, and Bird-bolts for Ladies.

Chr. Good Lady *Venus* of *Pudding-Lane*, you must go out for all this.

Ven. Yes, forsooth, I can sit any where, so I may see *Cupid* act: He is a pretty Child, though I say it, that perhaps should not, you will say: I had him by my first Husband; he was a Smith, forsooth, we dwelt in *Do-little-lane* then: He came a Month before his time, and that may make him somewhat imperfect: But I was a Fishmonger's Daughter.

Chr. No matter for your Pedigree, your House; good *Venus*, will you depart?

Ven. I, forsooth, he'll say his Part, I warrant him, as well as e'er a Play-boy of 'em all: I could ha' had Money enough for him, an' I would ha' been tempted, and ha' let him out by the Week to the King's Players: Master *Burbage* has been about and about with me; and so has old Mr. *Hemings* too, they ha' need of him, where is he tro' a? I would fain see him, pray God they have given him some Drink since he came.

Chr. Are

Chr. Are you ready, Boys? Strike up, nothing will drown this Noise but a Drum: a' peace, yet, I ha' not done.

Sing— *Now their intent, is above to present—*

Carol. Why? here be half of the Properties forgotten, Father.

Offering. Post and Pair wants his Pur-chops, and his Pur-dogs.

Carol. Ha' you ne'er a Son at the Groom Porter's, to beg or borrow a pair of Cards quickly?

Gamb. It shall not need, here's your Son Crater without has Cards in his Pocket.

Offering. Odds so; speak to the Guard to let him in, under the Name of a Property.

Gamb. And here's *New-Tears-Gift* has an Orange, and Rosemary, but not a Clove to stick in't.

New-year. Why, let one go to the Spicery.

Chr. Fie, fie, fie; it's naught, it's naught, Boys.

Ven. Why, I have Cloves, if it be Cloves you want, I have Cloves in my Purse, I never go without one in my Mouth.

Carol. And *Mumming* has not his Vizard neither.

Chr. No matter, his own Face shall serve for a Punishment, and 'tis bad enough; has *Wassel* her Bowl, and *Minc'd-Pie* her Spoons?

Offer. I, I; but *Mis-Rule* doth not like his Suit: he says, the Players have lent him one too little, on purpose to disgrace him.

Chr. Let him hold his peace, and his Disgrace will be the less: What? shall we proclaim where we were furnish'd? *Mum! Mum!* a peace, be ready, good Boys.

Sings agen.

NOW their intent, is above to present
with all the Appurtenances,

*A right Christmas, as of old it was,
to be gathered out of the Dances.*

*Which they do bring, and afore the King,
the Queen, and Prince, as it were now
Drawn here by Love; who over and above,
doth draw himself i' the geer too.*

*Here the Drum and Fife sounds, and they march
about once: at the second coming up he proceeds in
his Song.*

*Hum drum, sauce for a Coney;
no more of your Martial Musick:
Even for the sake o' the next new flake,
For there I do mean to use it.*

*And now to ye, who in place are to see,
with Roll and Farthingale hooped:
I pray you know, though he want his Bow,
by the Wings, that this is Cupid.*

*He might go back, for to cry what you lack,
but that were not so witty:
His Cap and Coat, are enough to note,
that he is the Love o' the City.*

*And he leads on, though he now be gone,
for that was only his Rule:
But now comes in, Tom of Bosoms-Inn,
and he presenteth Mis-Rule.*

*Which you may know, by the very show,
albeit you never ask it:
For there you may see, what his Ensigns be,
the Rope, the Cheese, and the Basket.*

This

This Carol plays, and has been in his days,
 a chirping Boy, and a kill Pot:
 Kit Cobler it is, I'm a Father of his,
 and he dwells in the Lane call'd Fil-pot.

But who is this? O my Daughter Sis
 Minc'd-Pie, with her do not dally
 On pain o' your life: She's an honest Cook's Wife,
 and comes out of Scalding-Alley.

Next in the trace, comes Gambol in place,
 and to make my Tale the shorter:
 My Son Hercules, tane, out of Distaff-lane,
 but an active Man, and a Porter,

Now Post and Pair, old Chrifftmas's Heir,
 doth make and a gingling Sally:
 And wot you who, 'tis one of my Two
 Sons, Card-makers in Pur-Alley.

Next in a trice, with his Box and his Dice,
 Mac-pipin, my Son, but younger,
 Brings Mumming in, and the Knaue will win,
 for a' is a Costermonger.

But New-Years-Gift, of himself makes shift,
 to tell you what his Name is:
 With Orange on Head, and his Ginger-bread,
 Clem Waspe of Honey-lane 'tis.

This, I you tell, is our jolly Wassel,
 and for Twelfth-Night more meet too:
 She works by the Ell, and her Name is Nell,
 and she dwells in Threadneedle-street too.

Then

*Then Offering, he, with his Dish and his Tree,
that in every great House keepeth,
Is by my Son, young Little-worth, done,
and in Penny-rich-street he sleepeth.*

*Last, Baby-cake, that an end doth make
of Christmas merry, merry vain-a
Is Child Rowlan, and a strait young Man,
though he come out of Crooked-lane-a.*

*There should have been, and a dozen I wene,
but I could find but one more
Child of Christmas, and a Log it was,
when I them all had gone e'er.*

*I pray'd him, in a time so trim,
that he would make one to prance it:
And I my self, would have been the Twelfth,
o' but Log was too heavy to dance it.*

Now, Cupid, Come you on.

*Cupid. You worthy Wights, King, Lords and Knights,
or Queen and Ladies bright:
Cupid invites you to the sights
he shall present you to Night.*

*Ven. 'Tis a good Child, speak out; hold up your
Head, Love.*

Cupid. And which Cupid — and which Cupid, &c.

*Ven. Do not shake so, Robin, if thou beest a-cold,
I ha' some warm Waters for thee here.*

*Chr. Come, you put Robin Cupid out with your
Waters, and your fisting; will you be gone?*

*Ven. I, forsooth, he's a Child, you must conceive,
and must be us'd tenderly; he was never in such an
Assembly before, forsooth, but once at the Warmoll
Quest,*

Quest. forsooth, where he said Grace as prettily as of the Sheriff's Hinch-boys, forsooth.

Chr. Will you peace, forsooth?

Cupid. And which *Cupid*, and which *Cupid*, &c.

Ven. I, that's a good Boy, speak plain, *Robin*: how does his Majesty like him, I pray? will he give Eight Pence a day think you? Speak out, *Robin*.

Chr. Nay, he is out enough, you may take him away, and begin your Dance: This it is to have Speeches.

Ven. You wrong the Child, you do wrong the Infant; I 'peal to His Majesty.

Here they Dance.

Chr. Well done, Boys, my fine Boys, my bully Boys.

Sings agen.] The EPILOGUE.

NOR do you think that their Legs is all
the Commendation of my Sons,
For at the Artillery Garden they shall
as well forsooth use their Guns.

And march as fine, as the Muses Nine,
along the streets of London:
And i' their brave Tires, to gi' their false fires,
especially Tom my Son.

Now if the Lanes and the Allies afford,
such an Ac-ativity as this:
At Christmas next, if they keep their Word,
Can the Children of Cheapside mis.

Though,

Though, put the case, when they come in place;
they should not dance, but hop:

Their very Gold Lace, with their Silk would
'em grace,
having so many Knights o' the Shop!

But were I so wise, I might seem to advise
so great a Potentate as your self:

They should, Sir, I tell ye, spare't out o' their
Belly,
and this way spend some of their Pelf.

I, and come to the Court, for to make you some
sport,

at the least once every Year:

As Christmas bath done, with his Seventh or
Eighth Son,
and his couple of Daughters dear.

A MASQUE

A

M A S Q U E

Presented in the House of the Right Honourable the Lord *H A T*, by divers of Noble Quality his Friends; for the Entertainment of Monsieur *Le B A R O N de T O U R*, Extraordinary Ambassador for the *French King*, on *Saturday, February 22. 1617.*

Quid titulum poscis? Versus duo tresve legantur. Mart.

The **FRONT** before the **SCENE** was an
ARCH-TRIUMPHAL.

On the top of which, Humanity placed in Figure, sate with her Lap full of Flowers, scattering them with her Right-hand, and holding a Golden Chain in her Left hand: to shew both the Freedom and the Bond of Courtesie, with this Inscription:

Super Omnia Vultus.

On

On the two sides of the Arch *Chearfulness* and
Readiness her Servants.

Chearfulness, in a loose flowing Garment, filling out
Wine from an antique piece of Plate; with these
Words:

Adsit lætitiæ dator.

Readiness, a Winged Maid, with two flaming bright
Lights in her Hands; and her Words:

Amor addidit alas.

The Scene discovered, is (on the one side) the head of a
Boat, and in it Charon putting off from the shore,
having landed certain imagined Ghosts, whom Mer-
cury there receives, and encourageth to come on to-
wards the River Lethe, who appears lying in the Per-
son of an old Man. The Fates sitting by him on his
Bank; a Grove of Myrtles behind them, presented
in Perspective, and growing thicker to the outer-side
of the Scene. Mercury, perceiving them to faint,
calls them on, and shews them his golden Rod. And
the whole Masque was Sung (after the Italian manner)
Stylo recitativo, by Master Nicholas Lanier; who
ordered and made both the Scene and the Musick.

Mercury.



A Y, faint not now, so near the Fields
of Rest.

Here no more Furies, no more Tor-
ments dwell,

Than each hath felt already in his
Breast,

Who hath been once in love, hath prov'd his Hell.

Up

Up then, and follow this my Golden Rod,
That points you next to aged *Lethe's* shore,
Who pours his Waters from his Urn abroad,
Of which but tasting, you shall faint no more;

Lethe.

Stay, who or what phantastick Shades are these
That *Hermes* leads?

Mercury.

They are the gentle Forms
Of Lovers, tost upon those frantick Seas,
Whence *Venus* sprung.

Lethe.

And have rid out her Storms?

Mercury.

No.

Lethe.

Did they perish?

Mercury.

Yes.

Lethe.

How?

Mercury.

Drown'd by Love,
That

That drew them forth with hopes as smooth as were
The unfaithful Waters he desir'd them prove.

Lethe.

And turn'd a Tempest when he had them there ?

Mercury.

He did, and on the Billow would he roul,
And laugh to see one throw his Heart away ;
Another fighting, vapour forth his Soul ;
A third, to melt himself in Tears, and say,

O Love, I now to saltier Water turn
Than that I die in ; then a fourth, to cry
Amid the surges, oh ! I burn, I burn :
A fifth laugh out, it is my Ghost, not I.

And thus in pairs I found 'em. Only one
There is, that walks, and stops, and shakes his Head,
And shuns the rest, as glad to be alone,
And whispers to himself, *he is not dead.*

Fates.

No more are all the rest.

Mercury.

No !

I Fate.

No.

Mercury.

But why
Proceeds this doubtful Voice from Destiny ?

Fates.

Masques.

323

It is too sure.

Fates.

Mercury.

Sure!

2 *Fate.*

I. Thinks *Mercury*,
That any Things or Names on Earth do die,
That are obscur'd from knowledge of the *Fates*,
Who keep all Rolls?

3 *Fate.*

And know all Nature's Dates?

Mercury.

They say themselves, *they're dead*.

1 *Fate.*

It not appears!

Or by our Rock,

2 *Fate.*

Our Spindle;

3 *Fate.*

Or our Shears;

Fates.

Here all their Threads are growing, yet none cut;

Mercury.

I 'gin to doubt that *Love* with Charms hath put

Y 2

This

This Phant'sie in 'em; and they only think
That they are Ghosts.

Fate.

Of *Letbes* stream.

If so, then let 'em drink

Fates.

Loves Name.

'Twill make 'em to forget

Fate.

And so they may recover yet

Mercury.

{ Do, bow unto the reverend Lake:
And having touch'd there; up and shake
The Shadows off, which yet do make
Us you, and you your selves mistake.

*Here they all sloop to the Water, and dance forth their
Anti-Masques in several Gestures, as they liv'd in Love:
And retiring into the Grove, before the last Person be
off the Stage; the first couple appear in their Posture
between the Trees, ready to come forth, changed.*

Mercury.

See! see! they are themselves agen!

1 *Fate.*

Yes, now they're Substances and Men.

2 *Fate.*

Love at the Name of *Letbe* flies.

Letbe.

Lethe.

For, in Oblivion drown'd, he dies.

3 *Fata.*

He must not hope, though other States
He oft subdue, he can the *Fates*.

Fates.

'Twere Insolence to think his Powers
Can work on us, or equal ours.

C H O R U S.

R Return, return,
Like Lights to burn
On Earth
For others good :
Your second Birth
Will fame old *Lethe's* Flood,
And warn a World,
That now are hurl'd
About in Tempest, how they prove
Shadows for *Love*.
Leap forth: your Light it is the nobler made,
By being struck out of a Shade.

*Here they dance forth their Entry, or first Dance : after
which Cupid — appearing meets them.*

W H Y, now you take me! these are Rites
That grace *Love's* Days, and crown his
Nights!
These are the Motions I would see,
And praise in them that follow me!

Not Sighs, nor Tears, nor wounded Hearts,
 Nor Flames, nor Ghosts : but airy Parts
 Try'd and refin'd as yours have been,
 And such they are, I glory in !

Mercury.

Look, look unto this snaky Rod,
 And stop your Ears against the charming God ;
 His every Word falls from him is a Snare :
 Who have so lately known him, should beware.

*Here they dance their main Dance, which ended,
 Cupid.*

Come, do not call it *Cupid's Crime*,
 You were thought dead before your time,
 If thus you move to *Hermes* will
 Alone ; you will be thought so still.
 Go, take the Ladies forth, and talk,
 And touch, and taste too ; Ghosts can walk.
 'Twixt Eyes, Tongues, Hands, the mutual Strife
 Is bred, that tries the truth of Life.
 They do, indeed, like dead Men move,
 That think they live, and not in Love !

*Here they take forth the Ladies, and the Revels follow :
 after which, Mercury.*

Nay, you should never have left off :
 But stay'd, and heard your *Cupid* scoff,
 To find you in the Line you were.

Cupid.

Your too much Wit, breeds too much Fear.

Mercury.

Good Fly, good Night.

Cupid,

Cupid.

But will you go?
Can you leave *Love*, and he intreat you so?
Here, take my Quiver and my Bow,
My Torches too; that you, by all, may know
I mean no danger to your stay:
This Night, I will create my Holiday,
And be yours naked and entire.

Mercury.

As if that *Love* disarm'd were less a Fire?
Away, away.

They dance their going out: which done, Mercury.

Yet lest that *Venus* wanton Son,
Should with the World be quite undone,
For your fair sakes (you brighter Stars,
Who have beheld these civil Wars.)

Fate is content these Lovers here
Remain still such: so *Love* will swear
Never to force them Aet to do,
But what he will call *Hermes* to.

Cupid.

I swear, and with like cause thank *Mercury*,
As these have to thank him and Destiny.

CHORUS.

All then take cause of Joy: for who hath not?
Old *Lethe*, that their Follies are forgot;
We, that their Lives unto their Fates they fit:
They, that they still shall love, and love with Wit.

THE
VISION
OF
DELIGHT:

Presented at COURT in
Christmas, 1617.

The SCENE, a Street in Perspective of
fair Building discovered.

*Delight is seen to come as afar off, accompanied with
Grace, Love, Harmony, Revel, Sport, Laughter.*

Wonder following.

Delight spake in Song (Stilo recitativo.)



ET us play, and dance, and sing,
Let us now turn every sort ;
O' the Pleasures of the Spring,
To the Graces Graces of a Court.

From

From Air, from Cloud, from Dreams, from Toys,
To Sounds, to Sense, to Love, to Joys;
Let your shews be new, as strange,
Let them oft and sweetly vary;
Let them have so to their Change,
As the Seers may not tarry.
Too long to expect the pleasing sight
Doth take away from the Delight.

Here the first Anti-Masque enter'd.

*A She-Monster deliver'd of Six Burratines, that dance
with Six Pantaloons; which done,*

Delight spoke again.

Yet hear what your Delight doth pray
All sower and sullen Looks away,
That are the Servants of the Day,
Our Sports are of the humorous Night,
Who feeds the Stars that give her light,
And useth (then her wont) more bright,
To help the *Vision of Delight*.

*Here the Night rises, and takes her Chariot bespangled
with Stars.*

Delight proceeds.

See, see her Scepter and her Crown
Are all of flame, and from her Gown
A train of light comes waving down,
This Night in Dew she will not steep
The Brain, nor lock the Sense in Sleep;
But all awake with *Phantomes* keep,
And those to make *Delight* more deep.

*By this time the Night and Moon being risen; Night
hovers over the place, Sung.*

Break Phant'sie from thy Cave of Cloud,
And spread thy purple Wings;
Now all thy Figures are allow'd,
And various shapes of things;
Create of airy Forms a Stream;
It must have Blood, and naught of Phlegm,
And though it be a waking Dream,

The Choir. { Yet let it like an Odour rise
To all the Sences here,
And fall like sleep upon their Eyes,
Or Musick in their Ear.

*The Scene here changed to Cloud, and Phant'sie breaking
forth, spake.*

Bright Night, I obey thee, and am come at thy Call,
But it is no one Dream that can please these all;
Wherefore I would know what Dreams would de-
light 'em:

For never was Phant'sie more loth to affright 'em.
And Phant'sie I tell you has Dreams that have Wings,
And Dreams that have Honey, and Dreams that
have Stings:

Dreams of the Maker, and Dreams of the Teller,
Dreams of the Kitchen, and Dreams of the Cellar:
Some that are tall, and some that are Dwarfs,
Some that were halter'd, and some that wear Scarfs;
Some that are proper, and signifie o' thing,
And some another, and some that are nothing:
For say the *French* Verdingale, and the *French* Hood
Were here to dispute; must it be understood
A Feather for a Wisp were a fit Moderator?
Your Ostritch believe it's no faithful Translator.

Of

Of perfect *Utopian*; And then it were an odd Piece
 To see the Conclusion peep forth at a Cod-piece.
 The politick Pudding hath still his two ends,
 Though the Bellows and the Bag-pipe were ne'er so
 good Friends;

And who can report what Offence it would be
 For the Squirrel to see a Dog clime a Tree?
 If a Dream should come in now to make you afeard,
 With a Windmill on his Head, and Bells at his Beard;
 Would you strait wear your Spectacles here at your
 Toes,

And your Boots o' your Brows, and your Spurs o'
 your Nose?

Your Whale he will swallow, a Hogthead for a Pill;
 But the Maker o' the Mouse-trap is he that hath Skill.
 And the Nature of the Onion is to draw Tears,
 As well as the Mustard; peace Pitchers have Ears,
 And Shittle-cocks Wings, these things do not mind
 'em,

If the Bell have any sides, the Clapper will find 'em:
 There's twice so much Musick in beating the Tabor,
 As i' the Stock-fish, and somewhat less Labour.

Yet all this while no proportion is boasted

'Twixt an Egg and an Ox, tho' both have been roasted,

For grant the most Barbers can play o' the Cittern.

Is it requisite a Lawyer should plead to a Ghittern?

You will say now, the Morris-Bells were but Bribes

To make the Heel forget that e'er it had Kibes;

I say, let the Wine make ne'er so good Jelly,

The Conscience of the Bottle is much i' the Belly:

For why? do but take common Council i' your way,

And tell me who'll then set a bottle of Hay

Before the old Usurer, and to his Horse

A slice of Salt-butter, perverting the Course

Of civil Society? open that Gap,

And out skip your Fleas, Four and twenty at a clap,

With

With a Chain and a Trundle-bed following at th' heels,
 And will they not cry then, the World runs a-wheels:
 As for example, a Belly, and no Face,
 With the Bill of a Shoveler may here come in place;
 The haunches of a Drum, with the feet of a Pot,
 And the Tail of a *Kentish* Man to it: why not?
 Yet would I take the Stars to be cruel,
 If the Crab and the Rope-maker ever fight Duel,
 On any dependance, be it right, be it wrong,
 But, mum: a thread may be drawn out too long.

*Here the second Antimasque of Phantasms came forth,
 which danced.*

Phant'sie proceeded.

Why? this you will say was phantastical now,
 As the Cock, and the Bull, the Whale and the Cow;
 But vanish away, I have change to present you,
 And such as I hope will more truly content you:
 Behold the Gold-hair'd *Hour* descending here,
 That keeps the Gate of Heaven, and turns the Year,
 Already with her sight how she doth chear,
 And makes another face of things appear.

*Here one of the Hours descending, the whole Scene chang'd
 to the Bower of Zephyrus, whilst Peace Sung as
 followeth.*

Why look you so, and all turn dumb,
 To see the opener of the New Year come?
 My Prefence rather should invite,
 And aid, and urge, and call to your delight,
 The many Pleasures that I bring
 Are all of Youth, of Heat, of Life and Spring,
 And were prepar'd to warm your Blood,
 Not fix it thus as if your Statues stood.

The

The Choir. { We see, we hear, we feel, we taste,
We smell the change in every Flower,
We only wish that all could last,
And be as new still as the Hour.

The Song ended, Wonder spake.

Wonder must speak or break; what is this? grows
The wealth of Nature here, or Art? it shows
As-if *Favonius*, Father of the Spring,
Who in the verdant Meads doth reign sole King,
Had rows'd him here, and shook his Feathers, wet
With Purple-swelling Nectar? and had let
The sweet and fruitful Dew fall on the Ground
To force out all the Flowers that might be found?
Or a *Minerva* with her Needle had
Th' enamour'd Earth with all her Riches clad,
And made the downy *Zephyr* as he flew,
Still to be follow'd with the Spring's best hue?
The gaudy Peacock boasts not in his train,
So many Lights and Shadows, nor the Rain,
Resolving *Iris*, when the Sun doth court her,
Nor Purple Pheasant while his Aunt doth sport her
To hear him crow; and with a pearched Pride
Wave his dis-colour'd Neck and Purple Side?
I have not seen the Place could more surprize,
It looks (methinks) like one of Nature's Eyes,
Or her whole Body set in Art? behold!
How the Blue-bind Weed doth it self infold
With Honey-suckle, and both these intwine
Themselves with Bryony and Jessamine,
To cast a kind and odoriferous Shade.

Phant'sie.

How better then they are, are all things made
By *Wonder*? But a-while refresh thine Eye,
I'll put thee to thy oftner, what and why?

Here

Here (to a loud Musick) the Bower opens, and the Maskers discovered, as the Glories of the Spring.

Wonder again spake.

Thou wilt indeed? what better change appears?
 Whence is it that the Air so sudden clears,
 And all things in a moment turn so mild,
 Whole Breath or Beams have got proud Earth with
 Child,
 Of all the Treasure that great Nature's worth,
 And makes her every Minute to bring forth!
 How comes it Winter is so quite forc'd hence,
 And lock'd up under Ground? that every Sense
 hath several Objects? Trees have got their Heads,
 The Fields their Coats? that now the shining Meads
 Do boast the *Pounce*, the *Lilly*, and the *Rose*:
 And every Flower doth laugh as *Zephyr* Blows?
 That Seas are now more even than the Land?
 The Rivers run as smooched by his Hand;
 Only their Heads are crisped by his stroke:
 How plays the Yearling with his Brow scarce broke
 Now in the open Grass? and frisking Lambs
 Make wanton Salts about their dry-suck'd Dams;
 Who to repair their Bags do rob the Fields?
 How is't each Bough a several Musick yields?
 The lusty *Throstle*, early *Nightingale*,
 Accord in Tune, though vary in their Tale?
 The chirping *Swallow* call'd forth by the Sun,
 And crested *Lark* doth his Division run?
 The yellow *Bees* the Air with Murmur fill?
 The *Finches* Carol, and the *Turtles* Bill?
 Whose Power is this? what God?

Phant'sie.

Behold a King,
 Whose Presence maketh this perpetual Spring,

The

The Glories of which Spring grow in that Bower,
And are the Maks and Beauties of his Power.

To which the Quire answered.

'Tis he, 'tis he, and no Power else,
That makes all this what *Phant'sie* tells;
The Founts, the Flowers, the Birds, the Bees,
The Herds, the Flocks, the Grass, the Trees,
Do all confess him; but most *These*
Who call him Lord of the four Seas,
King of the less and greater Isles,
And all those happy when he smiles.
Advance, his favour calls you to advance,
And do your (this Night's) homage in a dance.

Here they danced their Entry, after which they Sung again.

Again, again; you cannot be
Of such a true delight too free,
Which who once saw, would ever see;
And if they could the Object prize,
Would while it lasts not think to rise,
But wish their Bodies all were Eyes.

They danc'd their main Dance, after which they sung.

In curious Knots and Mazes so
The Spring at first was taught to go;
And *Zephyr*, when he came to wooe
His *Flora*, had their Motions too,
And thence did *Venus* learn to lead
Th' *Idalian* Brawls, and so tread,
As if the Wind, not she, did walk:
Nor prest a Flower, nor bow'd a Stalk.

They

*They danc'd with Ladies, and the whole Revels followed;
after which Aurora appeared (the Night and Moon)
descended, and this Epilogue followed.*

I was not wearier where I lay
By frozen Tytbon's side to Night;
Than I am willing now to stay,
And be a part of your Delight.
But I am urged by the Day,
Against my will to bid you come away.

The Quire.

They yield to Time, and so must all.
As Night to Sport, Day doth to Action call,
Which they the rather do obey,
Because the Morn with Roses strews the way.

Here they danc'd their going off, and ended.

PLEA-

PLEASURE *Reconciled to* VERTUE.

A M A S Q U E.

As it was Presented at Court
before King JAMES, 1619.

The SCENE was the Mountain *ATLAS*,

Who had his top ending in the Figure of an old Man, his Head and Beard all Hoary, and Frost, as if his Shoulders were covered with Snow; the rest Wood and Rock. A Grove of Ivey at his Feet; out of which, to a wild Musick of Cymbals, Flutes and Tabers is brought forth Comus the God of Cheer, or the Belly, riding in Triumph, his Head crown'd with Roses, and other Flowers, his Hair curled: They that wait upon him crown'd with Ivey, their Favelins done about with it; one of them going with Hercules his Bowl bare before him, while the rest presented him with this Hymn.



ROOM, room, make room for the bounding Belly,
First Father of Sauce, and Deviser of Jelly;
Prime Master of Arts, and the Giver of Wit,

That found out the excellent Engine the Spit;

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Z

The

The Plough and the Flail, the Mill and the Hopper,
 The Hutch and the Boulter, the Furnace and Copper,
 The Oven, the Baven, the Mawkin, the Peel,
 The Harth and the Range, the Dog and the Wheel,
 He, he first invented the Hoghead and Tun,
 The Gimlet and Vice too, and taught 'em to run,
 And since with the Funnel and *Hippocras* Bag,
 H'as made of himself, that now he cries swag;
 Which shows, tho' the Pleasure be but of four Inches,
 Yet he is a Weefel, the Gullet that pinches
 Of any Delight, and not spares from his Back,
 Whatever to make of the Belly a Sack!
 Hail, hail, plump Paunch, O the Founder of Taste,
 For fresh Meats, or powder'd, or Pickle, or Paste,
 Devourer of broil'd, bak'd, roasted or sod;
 And Emptier of Cups, be they even or odd;
 All which have now made thee so wide i' the Waist,
 As scarce with no Pudding thou art to be lac'd,
 But eating and drinking until thou dost nod,
 Thou break'st all thy Girdles, and break'st forth a
 God.

To this the Bowl bearer.

DO you hear, my Friends? to whom did you sing
 all this now? Pardon me only that I ask you,
 for I do not look for an Answer; I'll answer my
 self, I know it is now such a time as the *Saturnals* for
 all the World, that every Man stands under the Eves
 of his own Hat, and sings what please him; that's
 the Right and the Liberty of it. Now you sing of
 God *Comus*, here, the Belly-God; I say it is well, and
 I say it is not well; It is well as it is a Ballad, and
 the Belly worthy of it, I must needs say, and 'twere
 forty Yards of Ballad more, as much Ballad as Tripe.
 But when the Belly is not edified by it, it is not
 well; for where did you ever read or hear that the
 Belly

Belly had any Ears? Come, never pump for an answer, for you are defeated: Our Fellow *Hunger* there, that was as ancient a Retainer to the Belly as any of us, was turned away for being unseasonable; not unreasonable, but unseasonable; and now is he, poor *Thin-gut*, fain to get his living with teaching of *Starlings*, *Magpies*, *Parrots* and *Jacaws*, those things he would have taught the Belly. Beware of dealing with the Belly, the Belly will not be talk'd to, especially when he is full; then there is no venturing upon *Venter*, he will blow you all up, he will thunder indeed: Some in derision call him the Father of Farts; but I say he was the first Inventor of great Ordnance, and taught us to discharge them on Festival Days, would we had a fit Feast for him i' faith, to shew his Activity; I would have something now fetcht in to please his five Senses, the Throat, or the two Senses the Eyes: Pardon me for my two Senses; for I that carry *Hercules's* Bowl i' the Service, may see double by my Place; for I have drunk like a Frog to day: I would have a Tun now brought in to dance, and so many Bottles about him. Ha! you look as if you would make a Problem of this; do you see? do you see? a Problem: Why Bottles? and why a Tun? and why a Tun? and why Bottles to dance? I say, that Men that drink hard, and serve the Belly in any place of Quality (as the *Jovial Tinkers*, or the *Lusty Kindred*) are living Measures of Drink, and can transform themselves, and do every day to Bottles or Tuns, when they please: And when they ha' done all they can, they are as I say again, (for I think I said somewhat like it afore) but moving Measures of Drink, and there is a Piece i' the Cellar can hold more than all they. This will I make good if it please our new God but to give a Nod, for the Belly does all by Signs; and I am all for the Belly, the truest Clock i' the World to go by.

Here the first Antimasque, after which,

HERCULES.

WHAT Rites are these? breeds Earth more
Monsters yet?

Anteus scarce is cold: what can beget
This Store: (and stay) such contraries upon her,
Is Earth so fruitful of her own Dishonour?
Or 'cause his Vice was Inhumanity,
Hopes she by vicious Hospitality
To work an Expiation first? and then
(Help Vertue) these are Spunges, and not Men:
Bottles? meer Vessels? half a Tun of Paunch?
How? and the other half thrust forth in Haunch?
Whose Feast? the Belly's? *Comus*? and my Cup
Brought in to fill the drunken Orges up?
And here abus'd; that was the crown'd Reward
Of thirsty Heroes, after Labour hard?
Burdens and shames of Nature, perish, die;
(For yet you never liv'd) but in the Sty
Of Vice have wallow'd, and in that Swines Strife
Been buried under the Offence of Life:
Go reel and fall under the load you make,
Till your swollen Bowels burst with what you take.
Can this be Pleasure, to extinguish Man?
Or so quite change him in his Figure? can
The Belly love his Pain? and be content
With no Delight but what's a Punishment?
These Monsters plague themselves, and fitly too,
For they do suffer what, and all they do,
But here must be no shelter, nor no shroud
For such: Sink, Grove, or vanish into Cloud.

At this the whole Grove vanished, and the whole Musick was discovered, sitting at the Foot of the Mountain, with Pleasure and Vertue seated above them. The Choir invited Hercules to rest with this SONG.

Great Friend and Servant of the Good,
 Let cool a-while thy heated Blood,
 And from thy mighty Labour cease,
 Lye down, lie down,
 And give thy troubled Spirits Peace,
 Whilst Vertue, for whose sake
 Thou dost this God like Travail take,
 May of the choicest Herbage make
 (Here on this Mountain bred)
 A Crown, a Crown
 For thy Immortal Head.

Here Hercules being laid down at their Feet, the second Antimasque, which was of Pigmies, appeared.

I P I G M I E.

A Ntæus dead! and Hercules yet live!
 Where is this Hercules? what would I give
 To meet him now? meet him? nay, three such other,
 If they had had in Murther of our Brother?
 With three? with four? with ten? nay, with as many
 As the Name yields? pray Anger there be any
 Whereon to feed my just Revenge, and soon:
 How shall I kill him? hurl him 'gainst the Moon,
 And break him in small Portions? Give to Greece
 His Brain? and every Tract of Earth a piece.

2 Pig. He is yonder.

1 Where?

3 At the Hill-foot, asleep.

1 Let one go steal his Club.

Z 3

2 My

- 2 My Charge, I'll creep.
 4 He's ours.
 1 Yes, Peace.
 3 Triumph, we have him, Boy.
 4 Sure, sure, he is sure.
 1 Come, let us dance for Joy.

At the end of their Dance, they thought to surprize him, when suddenly being awak'd by the Musick, he rowsed himself, they all run into Holes.

S O N G.

Wake, *Hercules*, awake; but heave up thy black Eye,
 'Tis only ask'd from thee to look, and these will die,
 Or fly :
 Already they are fled,
 Whom Scorn had else left dead.

At which Mercury descended from the Hill, with a Garland of Poplar to crown him.

M E R C U R T.

REST still, thou active Friend of Vertue, these
 Should not disturb the Peace of *Hercules*.
 Earth-Worms, and Honours Dwarfs (at too great odds)
 Prove or provoke the Issue of the Gods.
 See here a Crown the aged *Hill* hath sent thee,
 My Grandfire *Atlas*, he that did present thee
 With the best Sheep that in his Fold were found,
 Or Golden Fruit in the *Hesperian* Ground,
 For rescuing his fair Daughters, then the Prey
 Of a rude Pirate, as thou cam'st this way ;
 And taught thee all the Learning of the Sphere,
 And how like him thou might'st the Heavens up-bear,

As

As that thy Labours vertuous Recompence
 He, though a Mountain now, hath yet the Sense
 Of thanking thee for more, thou being still
 Constant to Goodness, Guardian of the Hill,
Antaus by thee suffocated here,
 And the voluptuous *Comus*, God of Cheer,
 Beat from his Grove, and that defac'd, but now
 The time's arriv'd that *Atlas* told thee of, how
 B' unalter'd Law, and working of the Stars,
 There should be a Cessation of all Jars,
 'Twixt *Vertue* and her noted Opposite
Pleasure; that both should meet here in the fight
 Of *Hesperus*, the Glory of the West,
 The brightest Star that from his burning Crest
 Lights all on this side the *Atlantick Seas*,
 As far as to thy Pillars, *Hercules*.
 See where he shines, *Justice* and *Wisdom* plac'd
 About his Throne, and those with Honour grac'd
Beauty and *Love*: It is not with his Brother
 Bearing the World, but ruling such another
 Is his Renown, *Pleasure*, for his Delight
 Is reconcil'd to *Vertue*, and this Night
Vertue brings forth, Twelve Princes have been bred
 In this rough Mountain, and near *Atlas* Head
 The Hill of Knowledge; one, and chief of whom
 Of the bright Race of *Hesperus* is come,
 Who shall in time, the same that he is be,
 And now is only a less Light than he;
 These now she trusts with *Pleasure*, and to these
 She gives an entrance to the *Hesperides*
 Fair Beauties Garden; neither can she fear
 They should grow soft, or wax effeminate here;
 Since in her sight, and by her charge all's done,
Pleasure the Servant, *Vertue* looking on.

Here the whole Choir of *Musick* call'd the Twelve
Masquers forth from the top of the *Mountain*, which
then opened with this SONG.

OPE, aged Atlas, open then thy Lap,
And from thy beamy Bosom strike a Light,
That Men may read in the mysterious Map
All Lines,
And signs
Of Royal Education, and the right,
See how they come and show,
That are but born to know.
Descend
Descend
Though Pleasure lead,
Fear not to follow:
They who are bred
Within the Hill
Of Skill,
May safely tread
what Path they will,
No ground of good is hollow.

In their descent from the Hill, *Dædalus* came down before
them, of whom *Hercules* question'd *Mercury*.

HERCULES.

BUT, *Hermes*, stay a little, let me pause,
Who's this that leads?

Mer. A Guide that gives them Laws
To all their Motions, *Dædalus* the Wise;

Her. And doth in sacred Harmony comprize
His Precepts? *Mer.* Yes. *Her.* They may securely
prove

Than any Labyrinth, though it be of Love.

Here

Here while they put themselves in Form, *Dadalus*
had his first SONG.

COME on, come on : and where you go,
So interweave the curious Knot,
As ev'n th' Observer scarce may know
Which Lines are Pleasure, and which not :
First figure out the doubtful way,
At which a while all Touth should stay,
Where She and Vertue did contend,
Which should have Hercules to Friend.
Then as all Actions of Mankind
Are but a Labyrinth or Maze :
So let your Dances be entwined,
Yet not perplex Men unto gaze :
But measur'd, and so numerous too,
As Men may read each Act they do ;
And when they see the Graces meet,
Admire the Wisdom of your Feet :
For Dancing is an Exercise,
Not only show the Mover's Wit,
But maketh the Beholders wise,
As he hath Power to rise to it.

The first Dance. After which *Dadalus* again.

S O N G 2.

O Move and more, this was so well,
As Praise wants half his Voice to tell,
again your selves compose,
And now put all the aptness on,
Of Figure, that Proportion
or Colour can disclose :
That if those silent Arts were lost,
Design and Picture, they might boast,

from

*from you a newer Ground,
 Instructed by the brightning Sence
 Of Dignity and Reverence,
 in their true Motions found.
 Begin, begin, for look, the fair
 Do longing listen to what Air
 you form your second touch ;
 That they may vent their murmuring Hymns,
 Just to the — you move your Limbs,
 and wish their own were such.
 Make haste, make haste ; for this
 The Labyrinth of Beauty is.*

The second Dance. That ended, *Dædalus*,

SONG 3.

I*t follows now you are to prove
 The subt'lest Maze of all, that's Love,
 and if you stay too long,
 The Fair will think you do 'em wrong :
 Go choose among — But with a Mind
 as gentle as the stroaking Wind
 runs o'er the gentler Flowers.
 And so let all your Actions smile,
 As if they meant not to beguile
 the Ladies, but the Hours.
 Grace, Laughter and Discourse may meet,
 and yet the Beauty not go less :
 For what is noble should be sweet,
 But not dissolv'd in Wantonness.
 Will you that I give the Law
 to all your sport and some-it,
 It should be such should Envy draw,
 but — overcome it.*

Here

How: and as
each day

SONG 4:

After

After which, they danced their last Dance, returned into the *Scene*, which closed, and was a *Mountain* again as before.

The E N D.

This pleas'd the KING so well, as he would see it again, when it was presented with these Additions.

FOR

FOR THE
HONOUR
OF
WALES.

The SCENE standing, as before, a Mountain; but now the Name changed from Atlas to Craig-Eriri.

Enter Gentlemen.

Griffith, Jenkin, Evan, a Welsh Attorney.

Grif.



Ossin, I know what belongs to this Place symwhat petter than you; and therefore give me leave to be pold to advise you. Is not a small matter to offer your self into presence of a King, and aull his Court? Be not too byssie and forward, till you be caull'd; I tanke Reason to you.

Jen. Cym, never tanke any taukes; if the King of Gread Brittain keep it Assizes here, I will cym in-
to

to Court: Loog yow, do you see now, and please Got.

Gri. *Taw, d in ynbbhd, y, dhwyt-i-n abl i anabby, pob peth oth folineb, ag y tyny gwatwar ar dy wlae.*

Jen. *Gad yw i Loryth.* I say, I will appear in Court.

Ev. Appear as yow s'ud do then, *Dab Jenkin*, in good fort; do not discredit the Nation, and pyt wrong upon us aull by your Raffnes.

Jen. What do yow caull Raffnes, *Evan y Gynrn*? is not aull the Cyntrie, and aull Welse, and the Prince of *Wales* too, abus'd in him? By this Hand, I will tell it the King's own Ears every 'oord, do you see him now? Bless your Urship, pray God is in Heaven bless every Ince of your Urship; and *Wales* is commend it to your Urship, from top to toe, with aull his Hearts aull over, by got'utch me, and would be glad as a Silling to see yow in him. Come it down once a day, and try; I tell yow now, yow s'all be as welcomely there, as where yow were in your own Cyntries last two Symmers, and pershance we'll made yow as good Seere too; we'll promise your Urship as good a piece of Seeze, as yow need pyt in your Head, and pleas' yow s'all be toasted too. Go to, see him once upon a time your own fellive, is more good mean yow, than is aware of: By Got' is very hard, but s'all make yow a Sheftice of Peace the first days you come; and pershance (say nothing) Knight o' the S'ire too: Is not *Worster's*, nor *Pembroke's*, nor *Moncymeries*, s'all carry him from yow. But aull this while s'all I tell you a liddell now? Is a great huge deal of Anger upon yow, from aull *Wales* and the Nation, that your Urship should suffer our young Master *Sarles*, your Urship's Son and Heir, and Prince of *Wales*, the first time he ever play Dance, to be pit up in a Mountain (Got knows where) by a palterly Poet, how do you say him, *Evan*?

Ev. *Lidia*,

Ev. Libia.

Jen. Vellby! Libia. And how do yow caull him the Mountain? his Name is

Ev. Adlas.

Jen. Hynno, bynno, Adlas. I please your Urship is a Welse Atturney, and a preddilie Schollers, a wear him his long Coat, lined with Seepes-skin, as yow see every days o' the Week. A very sufficient litigious Fellows in the Terms, and a finely Poets out o' the Terms; he has a Sprig of Lawrel already towards his Girlonds. He was get in here at *Twelf-night* and see aull; what do you call it, your Matters, and says is naught, naught, stark naught.

Ev. I do say, and't please his Madeftee, I do not like him with all his Heart; h' is plug'd in by the Ears, without aull Piddies or Mercies of Propriedies or Decorums. I will do Injuries to no Man before his Madeftee; but 'is a very vile and absurd as a Man would wisa, that I do say, to pyt the Prince of *Wales* in an outlandis Mountain; when he is known, his Highness has as goodly Mountains, and as tawll a Hills of his own, (look yow, do yow see now) and of as good standing, and as good discent as the proudest *Adlas* christned.

Jen. I, good *Evan*, I pray you reckon his Madeftee some of the Welse Hills, the Mountains.

Ev. Why there is *Talgar*.

Jen. Well sayd.

Ev. Eliennieth.

Jen. Well said, *Evan*.

Ev. Cadier Arthur.

Jen. Toudge him, toudge him.

Ev. Pen-maen-maur.

Jen. Is good Boys, *Evan*.

Ev. And *Craig-Eriri*.

Jen. Av?

Jen. Aw? Vellby? Why law you now? 'Is not *Pen-maen-maur* and *Craig-Eviri* as good found as *Adlas* every whit of him?

Ev. 'Is caull'd the *British Aulpes*, *Craig-Eviri*, a very sufficient Hills.

Jen. By Got we will play with him Hills for Hills, for sixteen and forty S'illings when he dares.

Evan. I pray you let it alone your Wachers a liddle while, Cossin *Davy ap Jenkin*, and give it leave I may give his Madestee and the Court Informations toudging now the Reformatations.

Jen. Why? cannot yow and I tauke to Cossin? the Haul (God bless it) is big inough to hold both our taukes, and we were twice as much as we are.

Ev. Why tauke it all then, if you think is Reason in you?

Jen. No; I know is no Reason, *Evan*, I confess him; but every Man would shew himselfe a good Subject as he can to his Means; I am a Subject by my Place, and two Heads is better than one I Imagine under Correction.

Ev. Got's ownes, here is no Corrections, Man; imagine what yow please, do in Got's Name, imagine, imagine, why do you not imagine? here is no Pennyths of Corrections.

Grif. Awgdwin Tawson.

Ev. 'Is so invincibles, so in mercifullys ignorant, a Man knows not upo what Inces of Ground to stand to him; does conceive it no more, as I am a true Welse Christian, than (sirreverence o' the Company) the Hilts of his Dagger.

Jen. Go too, I will make the Hilts conceive a knock upon your Pate, and pershance a bump too, if yow tauke.

Ev. How! upon my Pate?

Jen. Yes, upon your Pate, your Poetly Pate, and your Law Pate too.

Gr. Taw.

Gr. Tawson, Tawson. For'got yow will go nere to hazard a Thumb, and a fowre Finger of your best Hand; if you knock him here, you may knock him better s'eap at *Ludlow* a great deal: do you know the place where it is?

Ev. Well, I can't be patient, I trust, I trust, it is in a Presence, I presume, that loves no Quarrels nor Replies, nor the Lies, nor the Shallenge, nor the Duels: but — I will do my byssiness now, and make this a byssiness for another days hereafter: Pleas' your Madestee — By Got I am out of my Tempers terribly well, Got forgive me, and pyt me in my selve again. How do's your Highness — I know not a 'oord or a syllable what I say; 'is do me that Vexations.

Gr. O *Evan*, for the Honour of *Wales*!

Ev. I remember him now, 'tis enough: Blessings upon me, is out o' my Head again; lost, quite lost: this knock o' my Pate has knock aull my Wits out o' my Brains, I think, and turn my Reasons out of doors. Believe it, I will rub, and break your S'ins for this, I will not come so high as your Head, but I will take your Nose in my way, very sufficiently.

Jen. Hang your sufficiency.

Ev. 'Tis well, very well, 'tis better, better, exceedingly well.

Howell and Rheese to them.

How. What? — you mean (hough) to make us so long tarry here, ha?

Gr. Marry, here is aull undone with Distempers, methinks, and Angers, and Passions.

Rhe. Who is angry?

Ev. Why it is I is angry, and hungry too, if you mark me; I could eat his Flintseer Face now, offer to knock my Pate in the hearing of aull these,

and more too? well, before his Madeftee I do yet forgive him now with aull my Heart, and will be reveng'd another time.

How. Why that is good, *Evan*, honest, brave *Evan*.

Rhe. Ha' yow told the King's Madeftee of the Alterations?

Ev. I am now once again about him: peace; please your Madeftee, the Welse Nation hearing that the Prince of *Wales* was to come into the Hills again, afore your Madeftee have a desire of his Highness for the Honour of *Wales*, to make him a Welse Hills, which is done without any manner of sharsese to your Madeftee, only shanging his Name: He is caull now *Craig-Eriri*, a Mountain in *Carnaruanseere*: has as gray Beard, and as much Snow upon his Head aull the year long.

Jen. As *Adlas* for his Guts.

Ev. He tells your Madeftee true, for 'aull he is a liddle out of Season: but cym every Man tell as much as he can now, my Quality is I hope sufficiently known to his Madeftee, that I am *Rector Chori* is all my Ambitions, and that I would have it aull Welse, that is the short and the long of the Requests. The Prince of *Wales* we know is all over Welse.

Jen. And then my Lord Marquise.

Ev. Both my Lord Marquise is as good, noble, true *Briton*, as any ever is come out of *Wales*.

Jen. My Lord *Mongimery* is as found Welse too as Flese and Blood can make him.

Ho. And the *Howard's* by Got, is Welse as strait as any Arrow.

Ev. *Houghton* is a Town bear his Name there by *Pipidiauke*.

Ho. And *Erwin*, his Name is *wyn*; but the *Duts-men* come here in *Wales*, and caull him *Heer-win*.

Rhe. Then *Car* is plain Welse, *Caerlton*, *Caermardin*, *Cardiffe*.

Jen. And

Jen. And Palmer, his Ancestors was call him Pen-
maure.

Rhe. And Acmooty, is Ap mouth-wye of Llanmontbwyd.

Jen. And Abercromy, is aull one as Abermarlys.

Ev. Or Abertah.

Ho. Or Aberdugled haw.

Rhe. Or Abes Hodney.

Jen. Or Abegeveny.

Ho. Or Aber conway.

Ev. Aberconway is very like Abercromy, a liddle
hard s'ift has pyt 'em aull into Wales; but our De-
sires and Petitions is, that the Musiques be all Welse,
and the Dances, and no 'Ercules brought in now
with a gread Staff, and a Pudding upon him.

Jen. Aw; was his Distaff, was not his Club.

Ev. What need of 'Ercules, when Cadwallader —

Jen. Or Lluellin, or Rheese ap Griphin, or Cradock,
or Owen Glendower, with a Welse Hook, and a Goat-
skin on his Back, had done very better, and twice as
well?

Ev. Nay, and to pyt Apparel on a Pottle of Hay,
and call him Lantau.

Gr. The Belly-gods too, was as proper a Monster
as the best of 'em.

Ev. I stand to it, there was neither Poetties nor
Architectures, nor Designs in that Belly-god; nor a
Note of Musicks about him. Come, bring forth our
Musicks, yow s'all here the true Pritan strains now,
the ancient Welse Harp — yow tauke of their
Pigmees too, here is a Pigmees of Wales now; set forth
another Pigmees by him!

Two Women, and Musick to them.

1 Wo. Aw Diesus! what a bravely Company is
here? This is a finely Hauull indeed!

2 What a deal of fine Candle it is?

A 2 2

Jen. 1,

Jen. I, peace ; let his Madestee hear the Musick.

2 Ble mae yr Brenin.

Jen. Docko ve.

1 *Diesus* blefs him ; Saint *Davy* blefs him. I bring my Boy o' my back ten Mile here to loog upon him : Loog *Hullin*, loog *hullin*, *spewcb hummaven nayd Dumma braveris* : yow s'all hear him play too.

Ev. Peace, no more pradling ; begin set him down.

SONG.

Evan.

1 SONG.

I Is not come here to tauk of Brut,
from whence the *Welse* does take his Root ;
Nor tell long Pedigree of Prince *Camber*,
Whose Linage would fill aull this Chamber ;
Nor sing the Deeds of old Saint *Davy*,
The Ursip of which would fill a Navy.
But hark yow me now, for a liddel Tales
S'all make a gread deal to the Credit of *Wales*;

Chorus { In which we'll toudge your Ears,
With the praise of her thirteen S'eeres,
And make yow as glad and merry
As fourteen Pot of *Perry*.

Still, still, we'll toudge your Ears with the Praise, &c.

Howel.

2 SONG.

TIS true, was wear him *Sherkin freize*,
But what is that ? we have store of s'eize,
And Got his plenty of Goats Milk
That sell him well, will buy him Silk
Enough to make him fine to quarrel
At *Hereford Sizes* in new Apparel ;
And get him as much green *Melmet* perhap,
S'all give it a face to his *Monmouth Cap*.

But

Masques.

337

But then the ore of Lempster,
By Got is never a Sempster,
That when he is spin, ore did,
Tet match him with bir thrid
Still, still, &c.

Rheefe.

3 S O N G.

AULL this's the Backs now, let us tell ye,
Of some Provisions for the Belly;
As Cid, and Goat, and great Goats Mother,
And Runt, and Cow, and good Cows Uther.
And once but taste o' the Welse Mutton,
Tour Englis-Sheep's not worth a Button.
And then for your Fists, s'all shoofe it your dist.
Look but about, and there is a Trout.

A Salmon, Car, or Chevin,
Will feed you six or seven,
As taul Man as ever swagger,
With Welse Hook, or long Dagger.
Still, still, &c.

Evan.

4 S O N G.

BUT aull this while was never think
A Word in praise of our Welse Drink,
Tet for all that is a Cup of Bragat,
All England S'eere may cast his Cab-at.
And what you say to Ale of Webley,
Toudge him as well, you'll praise him trebly,
As well as Metheglin, or Sider, or Meath,
S'all s'ake it your Dagger quite out o' the seath.

And Oat-cake of Guarthenion,
With a goodly Leek, or Onion,
To give as sweet a Rellis
As ere did Harper, Ellis,
Still, still, &c.

A a 3

Howell.

Howell.

SONG.

AND yet, is nothing now all this,
 If of our Musiques we do miss;
 Both Harps and Pipes too; and the Crowd,
 Must aull come in and tanke alowd,
 As loud as Bangu, Davies Bell,
 Of which is no doubt yow have hear tell,
 As well as our lowder Wrexham Organ,
 And rumbling Rocks in Seere Glamorgan;
 Where look but in the Ground there,
 And you s'all see a sound there,
 That put him all togedder,
 Is sweet as measure Pedder.

Still, still, &c.

Rheefe.

SONG.

AU, but what say yow should it shance too,
 That we should leap it in a Dance too,
 And make it you as great a Pleasure,
 If but your Eyes be now at leasure;
 As in your Ears shall leave a laughter,
 To last upon you six days after?
 Ha! wella-go too, let us try to do
 As your old Britton, things to be writ on.

Come put on other Looks now,
 And lay away your Hooks too;
 And though yet yow ha' no pump, Sirs.
 Let 'em hear that yow can jump, Sirs.

Still, Still, &c.

Jen. Speak it your Conscience now; did your Ur-
 sip ever see such a Song in your days; 'is not as fine-
 ly a Tunes as a Man would wiss to put in his Ears.

Ev. Come, his Madesty s'all hear better to your
 Dance.

Here a Dance of Men.

Ev. Haw, well danc'd, very well danc'd.

Jen. Well plaid, Howell, well plaid, Rheefe: Da
 wharry vellbee: well danc'd i' faith.

Ev. Good

Ev. Good Boys, good Boys, pold and Prittan,
pold and Prittan.

After the Dance.

Jen. Is not better this now than *Pigmies*? this is Men, this is no Monsters, and you mark him: Well caull forth you Goats now, your Ursip s'all see a properly natural Devise come from the Welse Mountains: Is no Tuns, nor no Bottils: Stand by there, s'ow his Ursip the Hills, was dronkenry in his Eyes, that make that Devise in my Mind. But now marg, marg your Ursip I pray yow now, and yow s'all see Natures and Propriedies; the very Beasts of *Wales* s'all do more than your Men pyt in Bottils and Barrels, there was a Tale of a Tub i' faith. Is the Goat-herd and his Dog, and his Son, and his Wife make Musiques to the Goats as they come from the Hills; give 'em rooms, give 'em rooms, now they cym: The elderly Goats is indifferently grave at first, because of his Beard, and only tread it the meafures; byt yow will see him pyt off his Gravities by and by well enough, and frisk it as fine as e'er a Kid on 'em aull. The Welse Goat is an excellent Dancer by Birth, that is written of him, and of as wisely Carriage, and comely Behaviours a Beast (for his footing especially) as some one or two Man, God blefs him.

Ev. A Haull, a haull, come a haull, *Au vellbee.*

Here the Dance of Goats. After the Dance.

1 Wo. Nay, and your Madestee bid the Welse Goats welcome: The Welse Wen'ces s'all sing your Prases, and dance your Healths too.

S O N G.

- 1* **A** U, God blefs is our good King S'ames,
- 2* His Wife and his Sildren, and aull his Reams,
- 1* And aull his ursipful Siftice of Pe. ce about him,
- 1* And send that his Court be never without him.
- 2* Ow, that her would come down into Wales,

A a 4

Her

1 Her s'd be very welcome to Welse Ales.

2 I have a Cow,

1 And I have a Hen;

2 Sall give it Milk,

1 And Eggs for aull his Men.

CHORUS.

It self s'all have Venison and other Seere,

And may it be starved, that steal him his Deer,

there, there, and every where.

Jen. Cym dance now, let us hear your dance, dance.

Ev. Ha! well plaid Ales.

Ha. For the Honour of Wales.

Here was the Dance of Men and Women. After the Dance.

Jen. Diggon, enough, enough, Diggon. Well now aull the Absurdities is remov'd and clear'd; the rest and please your Grace s'all tarry still, and go on as it was; Vertue and Pleasure was well enough, indifferently well enough: Only we will intreat Pleasure to cym out of Driffindore, that is the Gilden Valley, or Gelthleadore, that is the Golden Grove, and is in Clare Mar-den, the Welse Garden. Is a thousand Place in Wales as finely Places as the Esperides every crum of him: Merlin was born there too, put we would not make him rise now and wake him, because we have his Prophecies already of your Madestee's Name to as good purpose, as if he were here in presence, Po d by geller Evan?

Ev. You will still pyt your selve to these plunses, you mean his Madestee's Anagrams of Charles James Stuart.

Jen. I, that is Claimes Arthurs Seate, which is as much as to say, your Madestee s'ud be the first King of Gread Brittan, and sit in Cadier Arthur, which is Arthur's Chair, as by God's Blessing you do: And then your Son Master Shables his, how do you caull him? is Charles Stuart, calls true hearts, that is us, he calls us, the Welse Nation to be ever at your Service, and

and love you, and honour you, which we pray you understand it his meaning. And that the Musicians yonder are so many *Brittis Bards* that sing o'pen the Hills to let out the Prince of *Wales*, and his Welse Friends to you, and all is done.

Gr. Very homely done it is I am well assur'd, if not very rudely : But it is hop'd your Madestee will not interpret the Honour, Merits, Love and Affection of so noble a Portion of your People, by the Poverty of these who have so imperfectly utter'd it : Yow will rather for their sakes, who are to come in the Name of *Wales*, my Lord the Prince, and the others, pardon what is past, and remember the Cyntry has alwas been fruitful of Loyal Hearts to your Majesty, a very Garden and Seed-plot of honest Minds and Men : What Lights of Learning hath *Wales* sent forth for your Schools ? What industrious Students of your Laws ? What able Ministers of your Justice ? Whence hath the Crown in all Times better Servitors, more liberal of their Lives and Fortunes ? where hath your Court or Council (for the present) more noble Ornaments or better Aids ? I am glad to see it, and to speak it, and though the Nation be said to be unconquer'd, and most loving Liberty, yet it was never Mutinous (and please your Majesty) but Stout, Valiant, Courteous, Hospitable, Temperate, Ingenious, capable of all good Arts, most lovingly Constant, Charitable, great Antiquaries, Religious Preservers of their Gentry and Genealogy, as they are zealous and knowing in Religion.

In a word, it is a Nation better'd by Prosperity so far, as to the present Happiness it enjoys under your Most Sacred Majesty, it wishes nothing to be added but to see it perpetual in You and your Issue.

God of his great Goodness grant it, and shew he is an errant Knave, and no true *Brittain*, does not say *Amen* too with his Heart.

*News from the New World
discover'd in the Moon.*

A

MASQUE.

As it was Presented at COURT
before King JAMES, 1620.

Nascitur à tenebris : & se sibi vindicat Orbis.

Enter 1 Herald, 2 Herald, Printer, Chro-
nicler, Façtor.

1 Her.



EWS, News, News.

2 Her. Bold and brave News.

1 Her. New as the Night they
are born in ;2 Her. Or the Phant'sie that
begot 'em.

1 Her. Excellent News.

2 Her. Will

2 *Her.* Will you hear any News?

Print. Yes, and thank you too, Sir: what's the Price of 'em?

1 *Her.* Price, Coxcomb! what price, but the price o' your Ears? As if any Man us'd to pay for any thing here.

2 *Her.* Come forward, you should be some dull Tradesman by your Pig-headed Sconce now, that think there's nothing good any where, but what's to be fold.

Print. Indeed I am all for Sale, Gentlemen, you say true, I am a Printer, and a Printer of News; and I do hearken after 'em, where-ever they be, at any rates; I'll give any thing for a good Copy now, be't true or false, so't be News.

1 *Her.* A fine Youth!

Chro. And I am for matter of State, Gentlemen, by consequence Story, my Chronicle, to fill up my great Book, which must be three Ream of Paper at least; I have agreed with my Stationer aforehand to make it so big, and I want for ten Quire yet. I ha' been here ever since seven a Clock i' the Morning to get matter for one Page, and I think I have it compleat; for I have both noted the number, and the capacity of the Degrees here; and told twice over how many Candles there are i' th' Room lighted, which I will set you down to a Snuff precisely, because I love to give light to Posterity in the truth of things.

1 *Her.* This is a finer Youth!

Fact. Gentlemen, I am neither Printer nor Chronologer, but one that otherwise take pleasure i' my Pen: A Factor of News for all the Shires of England; I do write my thousand Letters a Week ordinary, sometimes twelve hundred, and maintain the Business at some Charge, both to hold up my Reputation with mine own Ministers in Town, and my Friends
of

of Correspondence in the Country; I have Friends of all Ranks, and of all Religions, for which I keep an answering Catalogue of dispatch; wherein I have my Puritan News, my Protestant News, and my Pontifical News.

2 *Her.* A superlative this!

1 *Faſt.* And I have hope to erect a Staple for News e'er long, whither all shall be brought, and thence again vented under the name of Staple-News, and not trusted to your printed Conundrums of the Serpent in *Suffex*, or the Witches bidding the Devil to Dinner at *Derby*: News, that when a Man sends them down to the Shires where they are said to be done, were never there to be found.

Print. Sir, that's all one, they were made for the common People; and why should not they ha' their pleasure in believing Lyes are made for them, as you have in *Pauls* that make them for your selves.

1 *Her.* There he speaks reason to you, Sir.

Faſt. I confess it, but it is the Printing I am offended at, I would have no News printed; for when they are printed they leave to be News; while they are written, though they be false, they remain News still.

Print. See Mens divers Opinions! It is the Printing of 'em makes 'em News to a great many, who will indeed believe nothing but what's in print. For those I do keep my Presses, and so many Pens going to bring forth wholsome Relations, which once in half a score Years (as the Age grows forgetful) I print over again with a new Date, and they are of excellent use.

Chro. Excellent abuse rather.

Print. Mr. Chronicler do not you talk, I shall —

1 *Her.* Nay, Gentlemen, be at peace one with another, we have enough for you all three, if you dare take upon trust.

Print. I

Print. I dare, I assure you.

Fact. And I, as much as comes.

Chro. I dare too, but nothing so much as I ha' done:
I have been so cheated with false Relations i' my time,
as I ha found it a far harder thing to correct my Book,
than collect it.

Fact. Like enough: but to your News, Gentlemen,
whence come they?

1 Her. From the Moon, ours, Sir.

Fact. From the Moon! which way? by Sea or by
Land?

1 Her. By Moon-shine, a nearer way I take it.

Print. Oh by a Trunk! I know it, a thing no bigger
than a Flute-case: A Neighbour of mine, a Spectacle-maker,
has drawn the Moon through it at the
bore of a Whistle, and made it as great as a Drum-
head twenty times, and brought it within the length
of this Room to me, I know not how often.

Chro. Tut, that's no News: your perplexive Glasses
are common. No, it will fall out to be *Pythagoras's*
way I warrant you, by writing and reading i' the
Moon.

Print. Right, and as well read of you i' faith: for
Cornelius Agrippa has it, *In disco Luna*, there 'tis found.

1 Her. Sir you are lost I assure you: for ours came
to you neither by the way of *Cornelius Agrippa*, nor
Cornelius Dribble.

2 Her. Nor any Glafs of ———

1 Her. No Philosophers Phant'sie.

2 Her. Mathematicians Perspicil.

1 Her. Or Brother of the *Rosie Crosses* Intelligence,
no forc'd way, but by the neat and clean power of
Poetry.

2 Her. The Mistris of all Discovery.

1 Her. Who after a World of these curious Uncer-
tainties, hath employed thither a Servant of hers in
search of truth: who has been there ———

2 Her. In

2 *Her.* In the Moon.

1 *Her.* In Person.

2 *Her.* And is this Night return'd.

Faß. Where? which is he? I must see his Dog at his Girdle, and the Bush of Thorns at his Back, e'er I believe it.

1 *Her.* Do not trouble your faith then, for if that Bush of Thorns should prove a goodly Grove of Oaks, in what case were you and your Expectation.

2 *Her.* Those are stale Ensigns o' the Stages, Man i' th' Moon, deliver'd down to you by musty Antiquity, and are of as doubtful Credit as the Makers.

Chro. Sir, nothing again Antiquity I pray you, I must not hear ill of Antiquity.

1 *Her.* Oh! you have an old Wife belike, or your venerable Jerkin there, make much of 'em: Our Relation I tell you still is News.

2 *Her.* Certain and sure News.

1 *Her.* Of a new World.

2 *Her.* And new Creatures in that World.

1 *Her.* In the Orb of the Moon.

2 *Her.* Which is now found to be an Earth inhabited!

1 *Her.* With navigable Seas and Rivers.

2 *Her.* Variety of Nations, Policies, Laws.

1 *Her.* With Havens in't, Castles and Port-Towns.

2 *Her.* Inland Cities, Boroughs, Hamlets, Fairs and Markets.

1 *Her.* Hundreds and Weapontakes! Forests, Parks, Coney-ground, Meadow-pasture, what not?

2 *Her.* But differing from ours.

Faß. And has your Poet brought all this?

Chro. Troth, here was enough: 'tis a pretty piece of Poetry as 'tis.

1 *Her.* Would you could hear on though.

2 *Her.* Gi' your minds to't a little.

Faß. What

Faß. What Inns or Ale-houses are there there ?
does he tell you ?

1 Her. Truly I have not ask'd him that.

2 Her. Nor were you best, I believe.

Faß. Why in Travel a Man knows these things
without Offence ; I am sure if he be a good Poet, he
has discover'd a good Tavern in his time.

1 Her. That he has, I should think the worse of
his Verse else.

Print. And his Prose too i' faith.

Chro. Is he a Man's Poet, or a Woman's Poet, I
pray you ?

2 Her. Is there any such difference ?

Faß. Many, as betwixt your Man's Taylor, and
your Woman's Taylor.

1 Her. How may we beseech you ?

Faß. I'll shew you : your Man's Poet may break
out strong and deep i' th' Mouth, as he said of *Pin-*
dar, *Monte decurrens velut amnis*. But your Woman's
Poet must flow, and stroke the Ear, and (as one of
them said of himself sweetly)

*Must write a Verse as smooth and calm as Cream,
In which there is no Torrent, nor scarce Stream.*

2 Her. Ha' you any more on't.

Faß. No, I could never arrive but to this Remnant.

1 Her. Pity! would you had had the whole Piece
for a Pattern to all Poetry.

Print. How might we do to see your Poet ? did he
undertake this Journey (I pray you) to the Moon
o' foot ?

1 Her. Why do you ask ?

Print. Because one of our greatest Poets (I know not
how good a one) went to *Edinburgh* o' foot, and came
back ; marry he has been restive they say ever since ;
for

for we have had nothing from him, he has set out nothing I am sure.

1 *Her.* Like enough, perhaps he has not all in, when he has all in, he will set out (I warrant you) at least those from whom he had it, it is the very same Party that has been i' the Moon now.

Print. Indeed! has he been there since? belike he rid thither then.

Fast. Yes Post, upon the Poet's Horse for a Wager.

1 *Her.* No, I assure you, he rather flew upon the Wings of his Muse. There are in all but three ways of going thither; one is *Endymion's* way, by Rapture in Sleep, or a Dream. The other *Minipus's* his way, by Wing, which the Poet took. The third old *Empedocles's* his way, who when he leap'd into *Aetna*, having a dry sear Body, and light, the Smoke took him and whist him up into the Moon, where he lives yet waving up and down like a Feather, all Soot and Embers coming out of that Coal-pit: our Poet met him, and talk'd with him.

Chro. In what Language, good Sir?

2 *Her.* Only by signs and gestures, for they have no articulate Voices there, but certain motions to Musick: all the Discourse there is Harmony.

Fast. A fine Lunatick Language i' faith; how do their Lawyers then?

2 *Her.* They are *Pythagoreans*, all dumb as Fishes, for they have no Controversies to exercise themselves in.

Fast. How do they live then?

1 *Her.* O' th' Dew o' th' Moon, like Grasshoppers, and confer with the Doppers.

Fast. Ha' you Doppers?

2 *Her.* A world of Doppers! but they are there as Lunatick Persons, Walkers only; that have leave only to hum and ha, not daring to prophesie, or start up upon Stools to raise Doctrine.

1 *Her.*

1 *Her.* The Brethren of the *Rosie Cross* have their Colledge within a Mile o' the Moon; a Castle i' th' Air that runs upon Wheels with a wing'd Lanthorn——

Print. I ha seen't in print.

2 *Her.* All the phantastical Creatures you can think of are there.

Faß. 'Tis to be hop'd there are Women there then.

1 *Her.* And zealous Women, that will out-groan the groaning Wives of *Edinburgh*.

Faß. And Lovers as phantastick as ours.

2 *Her.* But none that will hang themselves for Love, or eat Candles ends, or drink to their Mistresses Eyes, till their own bid 'em good night, as the *Sublunary Lovers* do.

Faß. No, Sir.

2 *Her.* No, some few you shall have, that sigh or whistle themselves away; and those are presently hung up by the Heels like Meteors, with Squibs i' their Tails, to give the wiser sort warning.

Print. Excellent!

Faß. Are there no Self-Lovers there.

2 *Her.* There were, but they are all dead of late for want of Taylors.

Faß. 'Slight what luck is that! we could have spar'd them a Colony from hence.

2 *Her.* I think some two or three of them live yet, but they are turn'd *Moon-Calves* by this.

Print. O, I, *Moon-Calves*! what Monster is that I pray you?

2 *Her.* Monster! none at all: a very familiar thing, like our Fool here on Earth.

1 *Her.* The Ladies there play with them instead of little Dogs.

Faß. Then there are Ladies?

2 *Her.* And Knights and Squires.

Faß. And Servants and Coaches.

VOL. V.

B b

1 *Her.*

1 *Her.* Yes, but the Coaches are much o' the nature o' the Ladies, for they go only with Wind.

Chro. Pretty, like *China Waggons*.

Faß. Ha' they any places of meeting with their Coaches, and taking the fresh open Air, and then covert when they please, as in our *Hide-Park*, or so?

2 *Her.* Above all the *Hide-Parks* in Christendom, far more hidden and private, they do all in Clouds there; they walk i' the Clouds, they sit i' the Clouds, they lie i' the Clouds, they ride and tumble i' the Clouds, their very Coaches are Clouds.

Print. But ha' they no Carmen to meet and break their Coaches?

2 *Her.* Alas! Carmen, they will over a Carman there, as he will do a Child here; you shall have a Coachman with Cheeks like a Trumpeter, and a Wind in his Mouth, blow him afore him as far as he can see him; or skir over him with his Bats Wings a Mile and a half, e'er he can steer his wry Neck to look where he is.

Faß. And they ha' their new Wells too, and physical Waters I hope to visit all time of Year?

1 *Her.* Your *Tunbridge*, or the *Spaw* it self are meer Puddle to 'em: When the pleasant Months o' the Year come, they all flock to certain broken Islands which are called there the *Isles of Delight*.

Faß. By Clouds still?

1 *Her.* What else? Their Boats are Clouds too.

2 *Her.* Or in a Mist; the Mists are ordinary i' the Moon, a Man that owes Money there, needs no other Protection; only buy a Mist, and walk in't, he's never discern'd; a matter of a *Baabee* does it.

1 *Her.* Only one Island they have, is call'd the Isle of the *Epicænes*, because there under one Article both kinds are signified, for they are fashioned alike, Male and Female the same; not Heads and broad Hats, short Doublets and long Points; neither do they

they ever untrufs for diftinction, but laugh and lie down in Moon-shine, and stab with their Poniards; you do not know the Delight of the *Epicanes* in Moon-shine.

2 *Her.* And when they ha' tasted the Springs of Pleasure enough, and bill'd, and kift, and are ready to come away; the She's only lay certain Eggs (for they are never with Child there) and of those Eggs are disclosed a Race of Creatures like Men, but are indeed a sort of Fowl, in part covered with Feathers (they call them *Volatees*) that hop from Island to Island, you shall see a Covey of 'em, if you please, presently.

1 *Her.* Yes faith, 'tis time to exercise their Eyes, for their Ears begin to be weary.

2 *Her.* *Then know we do not move these Wings so soon,
On which our Poet mounted to the Moon,
Menippus like, but all 'twixt it and us,
Thus clears and helps to the presentment, thus.*

The Antimasque of Volatees.

2 *Her.* We have all this while (though the *Muses* Heralds) adventured to tell your Majesty no News; for hitherto we have mov'd rather to your Delight, than your Belief. But now be pleas'd to expect a more noble Discovery worthy of your Ear, as the Object will be your Eye: A Race of your own, form'd, animated, lightned and heightned by you, who rapt above the Moon far in speculation of your Vertues, have remain'd there intranc'd certain Hours, with wonder of the Piety, Wisdom, Majesty reflected by you on them, from the Divine Light, to which only you are less. These, by how much higher they have been carried from Earth to contemplate your Greatness, have now conceiv'd the more haste, and hope in this their return home to approach your Goodness; and led by that excellent Likeness of your self, the Truth, imitating *Procritus's* endeavour, that

all their Motions be form'd to the Musick of your Peace, and have their ends in your favour, which alone is able to resolve and thaw the cold they have presently contracted in coming through the colder Region.

They descend and shake off their *Isicles*.

I. S O N G.

HOw'er the Brightness may amaze,
 Move you, and stand not still at gaze,
 As dazled with the light;
 But with your Motions fill the place,
 And let their fulness win your Grace,
 Till you collect your sight.
 So while the warmth you do confess,
 And temper of these Rays no less,
 To quicken than refine:
 You may by knowledge grow more bold,
 And so more able to behold
 The Body whence they shine.

The first Dance follows.

II. S O N G.

NOW look and see in yonder Throne,
 How all those Beams are cast from one.
 This is that Orb so bright,
 Has kept your wonder so awake;
 Whence you as from a Mirror take
 The Sun's reflected Light.
 Read him as you would do the Book
 Of all Perfection, and but look
 What his proportions be;
 No measure that is thence contriv'd,
 Or any motion thence deriv'd,
 But is pure Harmony.

Main Dance and Revels.

III. S O N G.

NOT that we think you weary be,
 for he
 That

That did this motion give
 And made it so long live,
 Could likewise give it perpetuity.
 Nor that we doubt you have not more,
 and store

Of changes to delight,
 For they are infinite,
 As is the power that brought forth those before.
 But since the Earth is of his Name,
 and Fame

So full you cannot add,
 Be both the first, and glad
 To speak him to the Region whence you came.

The last Dance.

IV. SONG.

LOOK, look already where I am,
 bright Fame,
 Got up unto the Sky,
 thus high,
 Upon my better wing,
 to sing

The knowing King,
 And make the Musick here,
 With yours on earth the same.

CHORUS.

Join then to tell his Name,
 And say but James is he :
 All Ears will take the Voice,
 And in the Tune rejoyce, (to be.
 Or Truth hath left to breath and Fame hath left

- 1 Her. See, what is that this Musick brings,
 And is so carried in the Air about ?
 2 Her. Fame that doth nourish the Renown of Kings,
 And keeps that fair which Envy would blot out.

B b 3

A

A
MASQUE
 OF THE
 Metamorphos'd G Y P S I E S.

As it was thrice presented to King
James: First at *Burleigh* on the Hill:
 Next at *Belvoir*: And lastly at *Wind-*
sor, August 1621.

The PROLOGUE at *Windsor*.



S many Blessings as there be Bones
 In Ptolomey's Fingers, and all at ones,
 Held up in Andrew's Cross for the nones.
 Light on you, good Master,
 I dare be no wasler
 Of Time, or of Speech,
 Where you are in place:
 I only beseech
 You take in good Grace,
 Our following the Court,

Since

Since 'tis for your sport
 To have you still merry,
 And not make you weary.
 We may strive to please,
 So long (some will say) till we grow a Disease.
 But you, Sir, that twice
 Have grac'd us already, encourage to thrice;
 Wherein if our Boldness your Patience invade,
 Forgive us the Fault that your Favour bath made.

The Speech at the King's Entrance at Burleigh.

IF for our thoughts there could but Speech be found,
 And all that Speech be utter'd in one sound,
 So that some Power above us would afford
 The means to make a Language of a Word,
 It should be Welcome: In that only Voice
 We would receive, retain, enjoy, rejoyce;
 And all effects of Love and Life dispence,
 Till it were call'd a copious Eloquence:
 For should we vent our Spirits (now you are come)
 In other Syllables, were as to be dumb.
 Welcome, O Welcome, then, and enter here,
 The House your Bounty bath built, and still doth rear
 With those high Favours, and those heapt Increases,
 Which shews a Hand not greiv'd but when it ceases.
 The Master is your Creature, as the Place;
 And every Good about him is your Grace:
 Whom, though he stand by silent, think not rude,
 But as a Man turn'd all to Gratitude.
 For what he never can hope, how to restore,
 Since while he meditates one, you heap on more.
 Vouchsafe to think he only is oppress'd
 With their abundance, not that in his Breast
 His Powers are stupid grown: for please you enter
 Him and his House, and search them to the Center:
 You'll find within no Thanks, or Vows there shorter,
 For having trusted thus much to his Porter.

T H E
G Y P S I E S
M E T A M O R P H O S ' D .

Enter a Gypsie leading a Horse laden with five little Children bound in a trace of Scarffs upon him. A Second, leading another Horse laden with stol'n Poultry: The first leading Gypsie speaks, being the

Jackman.



OOM for the five Princes of *Ægypt*, mounted all upon the Horse, like the four Sons of *Aymon*, to make the Miracle the more by a head, if it may be: Gaze upon them, as on the Off-spring of *Pto- lomy*, begotten upon several *Cleopatra's*, in their several Ceuntries; especially on this brave Spark struck out of *Flintshire*, upon Justice *Jug's* Daughter, then Sheriff of the County, who running away with a Kinsman of our Captain's, and her Father pursuing her to the Marshes, he great with Justice, she great with Jugling, they were both, for the time, turn'd Stone, upon the sight each of other, in *Chester*: Till at last (see the Wonder) a Jug of the Town-Ale reconciling them, the Memorial of both their Gravities, his in Beard, and hers in Belly, hath remain'd ever since

since preserv'd in Picture upon the most Stone Jugs
of the Kingdom. The famous Imp yet grew a Wretch-
cock; and though for seven Years together he were
very carefully carried at his Mother's Back, rock'd in
a Cradle of Welch Cheese, like a Maggot, and there
fed with broken Beer, and blown Wine o' the best
daily; yet looks he as if he never saw his *Guinquen-
nium*. 'Tis true, he can thread Needles o' Horse-
back, to draw a yard of Inkle through his Nose: But
what's that to a grown *Gypsie*, one of the Blood, and
of his Time, if he had thriv'd: Therefore, till with
his painful Progenitors he be able to beat it on the
hard Hoof, or the *bene Bawse*, or the *Starling*, *Ken* to
nip a *Fan*, and *Cly* the *Jack*; 'tis thought fit he march
in the Infant's Equipage.

*With the Convoy, Cheats and Peckage,
Out of Clutch of Harman Beckage,
To their libkins at the Crackman's,
Or some Skipper of the Blackman's.*

2 *Gypsie*.

WHere the Cacklers, but no *Grunters*,
Shall uncas'd be for the *Hunters*:
Those we still must keep alive;
I, and put them out to thrive
In the Parks, and in the Chases,
And the finer Walled places;
As Saint *James's*, *Greenwich*, *Tibbals*,
Where the Acorns plump as *Chibbals*,
Soon shall change both Kind and Name,
And proclaim 'em the King's Game.
So the Act no harm may be
Unto their Keeper *Barnabee*;
It will prove as good a Service,
As did ever *Gypsie Service*,

To

To our Captain *Charles* the tall Man,
And a part too of our Salmon.

Jackman.

IF we here be a little obscure, 'tis our pleasure; for rather than we will offer to be our own Interpreters, we are resolv'd not to be understood: yet if any Man doubt of the significancy of the Language, we refer him to the Third Volume of Reports, set forth by the Learned in the Laws of *Canting*, and published in the Gypsies Tongue: Give me my *Guittarra*, and room for our Chief.

Dance.

Which is the Entrance of the Captain, with six more attendant: After which the *Jackman* sings.

S O N G.

FROM the famous Peak of Darby,
And the Devil's Arse there hard by,
Where we yearly keep our Musters,
Thus the Egyptians throng in clusters.
Be not frighted with our Fashion,
Though we seem a tattered Nation;
We account our Rags our Riches,
So our Tricks exceed our Stiches.
Give us Bacon, Rindes of Walnuts,
Shells of Cockles, and of small Nuts;
Ribbands, Bells, and saffron'd Linnen,
All the World is ours to win in.
Knacks we have that will delight you,
Slight of hand that will invite you
To endure our Tawny Faces.

(*Laces.*

Wo. Quit your places, and not cause you cut your
All your Fortunes we can tell ye,
Be they for the Back or Belly:

In the Moods too, and the Tenses,
 That may fit your fine five Senses.
 Draw but then your Gloves we pray you,
 And sit still, we will not fray you;
 For though we be here at Burley,
 We'd be loth to make a burly.

Patrico.

STay, my sweet Singer,
 The touch of thy Finger,
 A little, and linger;
 For me that am bringer
 Of bound to the border,
 The Rule and Recorder,
 And Mouth of the Order,
 As Priest of the Game,
 And Prelate of the same.

THere's a Gentry Cove here,
 Is the top of the Shire,
 Of the Bever Ken,
 A Man among Men;
 You need not to fear,
 I have an Eye and an Ear
 That turns here and there,
 To look to our Gear.

Some say that there be
 One or two, if not three,
 That are greater than he.

AND for the Room-Morts,
 I know by their Ports,
 And their jolly Resorts,
 They are of the sorts
 That love the true Sports
 Of King Ptolomeus,

Or Great *Coriphaus*,
 And Queen *Cleopatra*,
 The *Gypsies* grand *Matra*.
 Then if we shall shark it,
 Here Fair is and Market.
 Leave Pig by and Goose,
 And play fast and loose,
 A short Cut, and long,
 Some Inch of a Song,
Pythagoras Lot,
 Drawn out of a Pot;
 With what says *Alcibindus*?
 And *Pharaotes Indus*,
John de Indagine,
 With all their *Pagine*
 Of Faces and *Palmestry*,
 And this is *Almestry*.
 Lay by your *Wimbles*,
 Your boring for *Thimbles*,
 Or using your *Nimbles*,
 In diving the *Pockets*,
 And sounding the *Sockets*
 Of *Simper* the *Cockets*;
 Or angling the *Purses*,
 Of such as will curse us:
 But in the strict *Duel*,
 Be merry and cruel,
 Strike fair at some *Jewel*,
 That mine may accrue well,
 For that is the *Fuel*,
 To make the *Town* brew well,
 And the *Pot* ring well,
 And the *Brain* sing well,
 Which we may bring well
 About by a *string* well,
 And do the thing well.
 It is but a strain

Of

Of true *Legerdemain*
 Once, twice, and again.
 Or what will you say now,
 If with our fine Play now,
 Our feats, and our fingring,
 Here without lingring;
 Cozening the fights
 Of the Lords, and the Knights.
 Some one of their *Georges*
 Come off to save Charges.
 Or what will you say now,
 If with our fine Play now,
 Our Knacks and our Dances,
 We work on the Fancies
 Of some of these Nancies,
 These Trinkets and Tripsies,
 And make em' turn Gypsies.
 Here's no Justice *Lippus*
 Will seek for to nip us,
 In *Cramp-ring*, or *Cippus*,
 And then for to strip us,
 And after to whip us.
 His Justice to vary,
 While here we do tarry,
 But be wise and wary,
 And we may both carry
 The *Kate* and the *Mary*,
 And all the bright airy,
 Away to the Quarry.
 The *George* and the *Garter*,
 Into our own Quarter:
 Or durst I go further
 In Method and Order:
 There's a Purse and a Seal,
 I have a great mind to steal.
 That when our Tricks are done,
 We might seal our own Pardon.

All

All this we may do,
And a great deal more too,
If our brave *Protonoy*
Will but say, Follow me.

3 *Gypsie.*

Captain, if ever at the *Bozing Ken*,
You have in draught of *Darby* drill'd your Men,
And we have serv'd there armed all in Ale,
With the brown Bowl, and charg'd in Braggat stale:
If muster'd thus, and disciplin'd in Drink,
In our long Watches we did never shrink,
But so commanded by you, kept our station,
As we preserv'd our selves a Royal Nation;
And never yet did branch of Statute break,
Made in your famous Palace of the *Peak*.
If we have deem'd that Mutton, Lamb or Veal,
Chick, Capon, Turkey, sweetest we did steal;
As being by our *Magna Charta* taught
To judge no Viands wholesome that are bought.
If for our Linnen we still us'd the list,
And with the Hedge (our Trade's increase) made shift,
And ever at your solemn Feasts and Calls,
We have been ready with the *Egyptian* Brawls;
To set *Kit Callot* forth in Prose or Rhime,
Or who was *Cleopatra* for the time.
If we have done this, that, more, such or so;
Now lend your Ear but to the *Patrico*.

Captain.

Well, dance another strain, and we'll think how.

Dance 2.

1 Strain. Song 2.

THE faery Beam upon you,
The Stars to glister on you;

*A Moon of Light,
In the Noon of Night,
Till the Fire drake bath o'ergone you.
The Wheel of Fortune guide you ;
The Boy with the Bow beside you :
Run aye in the way,
Till the Bird of Day,
And the luckier Lot betide you.*

Captain.

Bless my sweet Masters, the Old and the Young,
From the Gall of the Heart, and the Stroke of
the Tongue.

With you, lucky Bird, I begin, let me see,
I aim at the best, and I trow you are he :
Here's some Luck already, if I understand
The Grounds of mine Art ; here's a Gentleman's
Hand.

I'll kiss it for Luck-sake : you shall by this Line,
Love a Horse and a Hound, but no part of a Swine.
To hunt the brave Stag, not so much for the Food,
As the Weal of your Body, and the Health o' your
Blood.

You're a Man of good Means, and have Territories
store,
Both by Sea and by Land ; and were born, Sir, to
more,

Which you, like a Lord, and the Prince of your Peace,
Content with your havings, despise to increase :
You are no great Wencher I see by your Table,
Although your *Mons Veneris* says you are able :
You live chaste and single, and have buried your Wife,
And mean not to marry by the Line of your Life.
Whence he that conjectures, your Quality learns,
You are an honest good Man, and care of your Barns.
Your *Mercuries Hill* too, a Wit doth betoken,
Some Book-Craft you have, and are pretty well spoken.

But

But stay, in your *Jupiter's Mount*, what's here?
 A *King!* a *Monarch!* What Wonders appear!
High, Bountiful, Just; a Fove for your Parts,
 A Master of Men, and that reign in their Hearts.

I'll tell it my Train,
 And come to you again.

Song 3.

TO the Old, long *Life and Treasure*,
 To the Young, all *Health and Pleasure*;
 To the Fair, their *Face*
 With *Eternal Grace*,
 And the Foul to be lov'd at leisure.

To the Witty, all clear *Mirrors*,
 To the Foolish their dark *Errors*:

To the loving *Sprite*,
 A secure *Delight*;
 To the Jealous his own false *Terrors*.

After which the King's Fortune is pursued by the
 Captain.

Could any doubt that saw this Hand,
 Or who you are, or what command
 You have upon the Fate of things,
 Or would not say you were let down,
 From Heaven on Earth to be the Crown,
 And top of all your Neighbour-Kings?
 To see the ways of truth you take,
 To fallance business, and to make
 All Christian Differences cease.
 Or till the Quarrel and the Cause
 You can compose to give them Laws,
 As Arbitor of War and Peace.
 For this, of all the World, you shall

Be stiled *James the Just*, and all

Their States dispose, their Sons and Daughters,
And for your Fortune, you alone,
Among them all, shall work your own,

By Peace, not by Humane Slaughters;
But why do I presume, though true,
To tell a Fortune, Sir, to you,

Who are the Maker here of all;
Where none do stand, or sit in view,
But owe their Fortune unto you,

At least what they good Fortunes call?
My self a *Gypsie* here do shine,
Yet are you Maker, Sir, of mine.

Oh that Confession could content
So high a Bounty, that doth know
No part of Motion, but to flow,

And giving never to repent.
May still the Matter wait your Hand;
That it not feel, or stay, or stand;

But all desert still over-charge.
And may your Goodness ever find
In me whom you have made, a Mind;
As thankful as your own is large.

2 Dance. 2 Strain.

After which, the Prince's Fortune is offered at by the
2 *Gypsie*.

AS my Captain hath begun
With the Sire, I take the Son,
Your Hand, Sir;
Of your Fortune be secure,
Love, and She, are both at your
Command, Sir!
See what States are here at strife,
Who shall tender you a Wife,

A brave one ;
 And a fitter for a Man,
 Than is offer'd here, you can
 Not have one.
 She is Sister of a Star,
 One the noblest now that are,
 Bright *Hesper*.
 Whom the *Indians* in the East,
Phosphore call, and in the West,
 Hight *Vesper*.
 Courfes even with the Sun,
 Doth her mighty Brother run,
 For Splendor,
 What can to the Marriage-Night,
 More than Morn, and Evening Light,
 Attend her?
 Save the Promise before Day,
 Of a little *James* to play
 Hereafter
 'Twixt his Gransires Knees, and move
 All the pretty ways of Love,
 And Laughter.
 Whilst with Care you strive to please
 In your giving his Cares ease,
 And Labours :
 And by being long the Aid
 Of the Empire, make afraid
 Ill Neighbours.
 Till your self shall come to see
 What we wish yet far to be
 Attending :
 For it skills not when or where
 That begins, which cannot fear
 An ending.
 Since your Name in Peace or Wars,
 Nought shall bound until the Stars
 Up take you.

2 Dance. 3 Strain.

After which the Lady Marquess *Buckingham's* by the
3 Gypsie.

HURL after an old Shooe,
I'll be merry, whatever I do,
Though I keep no time,
My words shall chime,
I'll overtake the Sense with a Rhime;
Face of a Rose,
I pray thee depose
Some small piece of Silver: It shall be no loss;
But only to make the Sign of the Cross:
If your Hand you hallow,
Good Fortune will follow
I swear by these Ten,
You shall have it agen,
I do not say when.
But, Lady, either I am tipsie,
Or you are to fall in love with a Gypsie;
Blush not, Dame *Kate*,
For early, or late,
I do assure you, it will be your Fate:
Nor need you be once ashamed of it, Madam;
He's as handsome a Man as ever was *Adam*;
A Man out of Wax,
As a Lady would ask:
Yet he's not to wed ye,
H' has enjoy'd you already,
And I hope he has sped ye.
A dainty young Fellow,
And though he look yellow,
He never will be jealous,
But love you most zealous.
There's never a Line in your hand but doth
tell us.

C c 2

And

And you are a Soul, so white, and so chaste,
 A Table so smooth, and so newly raste,
 As nothing call'd foul,
 Dare approach with a blot,
 Or any least spot;
 But still you controul,
 Or make your own lot,
 Preserving Love pure, as it first was begot:
 But, Dame, I must tell ye,
 The Fruit of your Belly,
 Is that you must tender,
 And care so to render;
 That as your self came
 In Blood, and in Name,
 From one House of Fame,
 So that may remain
 The Glory of twain.

2 *Dance.* 4 *Strain.*

After which, the Countess of Rutland's by the

3 *Gypsie.*

YOU, sweet Lady, have a Hand too,
 And a Fortune you may stand to;
 Both your Brav'ry and your Bounty,
 Stile you Mistress of the County:
 You will find it from this Night,
 Fortune shall forget her spight,
 And heap all the Blessings on you,
 That she can pour out upon you;
 To be lov'd, where most you love,
 Is the worst that you shall prove:
 And by him to be embrac'd,
 Who so long hath known you chaste,
 Wise and fair; whilst you renew
 Joys to him, and he to you:
 And when both your Years are told,
 Neither think the other old.

And

And the Countess of *Exeter's* by the *Patrico*.

MAdam, we know of your coming so
late,
We could not well fit you a nobler Fate
Than what you have ready made ;
An old Man's Wife,
Is the light of his Life,
A young one is but his Shade.
You will not importune,
The change of your Fortune :
For if you dare trust to my fore-casting,
'Tis presently good, and will be lasting.

2 Dance.

5 Strain.

After which the Countess of *Buckingham's* by the
4 *Gypsie*.

YOUR Pardon, Lady, here you stand,
If some should judge you by your Hand,
The greatest Felon in the Land

Detected :

I cannot tell you by what Arts
But you have stoln so many Hearts,
As they would make you at all parts
Suspected.

Your very Face first such a one
As being view'd, it was alone,
Too slippery to be look'd upon ;
And threw Men.

But then your Graces they were such,
As none could e'er behold too much ;
Both ev'ry taste and ev'ry touch
So drew Men.

Still blest in all you think or do,
Two of your Sons are Gypsies too,

C c 3

You

You shall our Queen be, and see who
 importunes
 The Heart of either yours, or you ;
 And doth not wish both *George* and *Sue*,
 And every Bairn besides all new
 Good Fortunes,

The Lady *Parbeck's* by the 2 *Gypsie*.

Help me, wonder, here's a Book,
 Where I would for ever look :
 Never yet did *Gypsie* trace
 Smoother Lines in Hands or Face :
Venus here doth *Saturn* move,
 That you should be Queen of Love :
 And the other Stars consent,
 Only *Cupid* not content ;
 For though you the Theft disguise,
 You have told him of his Eyes :
 And to shew his Envy further,
 Here he chargeth you with Murther :
 Says, although that at your sight,
 He must all his Torches light ;
 Though your either Cheeks discloses,
 Mingled Baths of Milk and Roses :
 Though your Lips be Banks of Blissess,
 Where he plants, and gathers Kisses :
 And your self the Reason why,
 Wisest Men for Love may die.

You will turn all Hearts to Tinder,
 And shall make the World one Cinder.

And the Lady *Elizabeth Hatton's* by the 5 *Gypsie*,

Mistress of a fairer Table
 Hath not History nor Fable :

Others

Others Fortunes may be shown,
You are builder of your own.
And whatever Heav'n hath given you,
You preserve the State still in you,
That which Time would have depart,
Youth without the help of Art,
You do keep still, and the Glory
Of your Sex is but your Story.

The Lord Chamberlain by the *Jackman*.

THough you, Sir, be Chamberlain, I have a Key
To open your Fortune a little by the way:
You are a good Man,
Deny it that can:
And faithful you are,
Deny it that dare.

You know how to use your Sword and your Pen,
And you love not alone the Arts, but the Men:
The Graces and Muses ev'ry where follow
You, as you were their second *Apollo*;
Only your Hand here tells you to your Face,
You have wanted one Grace,
To perform what has been a right of your Place:
For by this Line, which is *Mars* his Trench,
You never yet help'd your Master to a Wench.

'Tis well for your Honour he's pious and chaste,
Or you had most certainly been displac'd.

Dance 2. Strain 3.

The Lord Keeper's Fortune by the *Patrico*. ..

AS happy a Palm, Sir, as most i' the Land,
It should be a pure, and an innocent Hand,
And worthy the Trust,
For it says you'll be just,

C c 4

And

And carry that Purse
 Without any Curse
 Of the Publick Weal,
 When you take out the Seal.
 You do not appear,
 A Judge of a Year.
 I'll venture my Life,
 You never had Wife,
 But I'll venter my Skill,
 You may when you will.

You have the King's Conscience too in your Breast,
 And that's a good Guest;
 Which you will have true touch of,
 And yet not make much of,
 More than by truth your self forth to bring
 The Man that you are, for God and the King.

The Lord Treasurer's Fortune by the 3 *Gypsie*.

I Come to borrow, and you'll grant my Demand,
 Sir,
 Since 'tis for no Money, pray lend me your Hand, Sir,
 And yet this good Hand, if you please to stretch it,
 Had the Errant been Money, could easily fetch it:
 You command the King's Treasure, and yet on my Soul
 You handle not much, for your Palm is not foul:
 Your Fortune is good, and will be to set
 The Office upright, and the King out of Debt:
 To put all that have Pensions soon out of their Pain,
 By bringing th' Exchequer in credit again.

The Lord Privy Seal's, 2 *Gypsie*.

Honest and old,
 In those the good part of a Fortune is told;
 God send you your Health,
 The rest is provided, Honour and Wealth:
 All which you possess,

Without

Without the making of any Man less,
Nor need you my Warrant, enjoy it you shall,
For you have a good Privy Seal for it all.

The Earl Marshal's, 3 *Gypsie*.

NEXT, the great Master, who is the Donor,
I read you here the Preserver of Honour,
And spy it in all your singular parts,
What a Father you are, and a Nurse of the Arts,
By cherishing which, a way you have found,
How the free to all, to one may be bound,
And they again love their Bonds; for to be
Obliged to you, is the way to be free:
But this is their Fortune, hark to your own,
Yours shall be to make true Gentry known
From the fictitious, not to prize Blood
So much by the greatness, as by the good:
To shew, and to open clear Vertue the way,
Both whether she should, and how far she may:
And whilst you do judge 'twixt Valour and Noise
To extinguish the Race of the roaring Boys.

The Lord Steward's by the 4 *Gypsie*.

I Find by this Hand,
You have the Command
Of the very best Man's House i' the Land:
Our Captain and we,
E'er long will see
If you keep a good Table:
Your Master's able.
And here be bountiful Lines, that say
You'll keep no part of his Bounty away.
Thus written to *Frank*
On your *Venus Bank*:
To prove a false Steward, you'll find much ado,
Being a true one by Blood, and by Office too.
Lord

Lord Marquess *Hamilton's* by the 3 *Gypsie*.

ONly your Hand, and welcome to Court,
 Here is a Man both for Earnest and Sport.
 You were lately employ'd,
 And your Master is joy'd
 To have such in his Train
 So well can sustain
 His Person abroad,
 And not shrink for the load.
 But had you been here,
 You should have been a Gypsie, I swear,
 Our Captain had summon'd you by a Doxy,
 To whom you would not have answer'd by Proxy,
 One, had she come in the way of your Scepter,
 'Tis odds, you had laid it by to have leapt her.

The Earl of *Buckclong's* by the *Patrico*.

A Hunter you have been heretofore,
 And had Game good store :
 But ever you went
 Upon a new Scent,
 And shifted your Loves
 As often as they did their Smocks, or their Gloves ;
 But since that your brave Intendments are
 Now bent for the War,
 The World shall see
 You can constant be,
 One Mistress to prove,
 And court her for your Love
Pallas shall be both your *Sword* and your *Gage* ;
Truth bear your *Shield*, and *Fortune* your *Page*.

Patr. Why, this is a Sport,
 See it North, see it South ;
 For the taste of the Court,
Jack. For the Court's own Mout'n.

Come,

Come, *Windsor*, the Town,
With the *Mayor*, and oppose,
We'll put them all down,

Patr. Do-do-down, like my Hose.

A Gypsie in his shape,
More calls the Beholder,
Than the Fellow with the Ape,

Jack. Or the Ape on his Shoulder.
H' is a fight that will take
And old Judge from his Wench,
I, and keep him awake.

Pat. Yes, awake on the Bench.
And has so much worth,
Though he sits i' the Stocks,
He will draw the Girls forth,

Jack. I, forth i' their Smocks.
Tut, a Man's a Man;
Let the Clowns with their Sluts
Come mend us if they can,

Patr. If they can for their Guts.
Come, mend us, come, lend us, their Shouts, and
their Noise,

Both. Like Thunder and Wonder at *Ptolomy's Boys*.

2 Dance. 6 Strain. Which leads into Dance 3.

During which, Enter the Clowns,

Cockrel, Clod, Townshend, Puppy.

Coc. OH the Lord! what be these? *Tom*, dost thou
know? Come hither, come hither, *Dick*,
didst thou ever see such? the finest Olive-colour'd
Spirits, they have so danc'd, and gingled here, as if
they had been a set of over-grown Faries.

Clo. They should be Morris-dancers by their gin-
gle, but they have no Napkins.

Coc. No, nor a Hobby-horse.

Clo. Oh,

Clo. Oh, he's often forgotten, that's no Rule; but there is no *Maid-marian* nor *Friar* amongst them, which is the surer Mark.

Coc. Nor a Fool that I see.

Clo. Unless they be all Fools.

Tow. Well said, *Tom Fool*; why thou simple pish As thou! didst thou never see any Gypsies? These are a Covey of Gypsies, and the bravest new-come that ever Constable slew at; goodly Game Gypsies, they are Gypsies o' this Year, o' this Moon in my Conscience.

Clo. Oh, they are called the Moon-Men, I remember now!

Coc. One shall hardly see such Gentlemen-like Gypsies, though under a Hedge, in a whole Summers-day, if they be Gypsies.

Tow. Male-Gypsies all, not a *Mort* among them.

Pup. Where? where? I could never endure the sight of these *Rogue-Gypsies*: which be they? I would fain see 'em.

Clo. Yonder they are.

Pup. Can they *Cant* or *Mill*? are they Masters of their Arts?

Tow. No Batchelors these, they cannot have proceeded so far; they have scarce had their time to be lousie yet.

Pup. All the better: I would be acquainted with them while they are in clean Life, they'll do their Tricks the cleanlier.

Coc. We must have some Musick then, and take out the Wenches.

Pup. Musick, we'll have a whole Poverty of Pipers, call Cheeks upon the Bagpipe, and *Tom Tickle-foot* with his Tabor; see where he comes!

Coc. I, and all the good Wenches of *Windsor*; after him, yonder is *Prue* o' the Park.

Tow. And *Frances* o' the Castle.

Pup. And

Pup. And Long Meg of Eaton.

Clo. And Christian o' Dorny.

Tow. See the Miracle of a Minstrel.

Coc. He's able to muster up the Smocks of the two Shires.

Pup. And set the Codpieces and they by th' ears at pleasure.

Tow. I cannot hold now, there's my Groat, let's have a fit for Mirth-sake.

Coc. Yes, and they'll come about us for Luck-sake.

Pup. But look to our Pockets and Purfes, for our own sake.

Clo. I, I have the greatest Charge : gather the Money.

Coc. Come, Girls, here be Gypsies come to Town, let's dance 'em down.

The Clowns take out their Wenches.

Prudence, Frances, Meg, Christian.

Country-Dance.

During which the Gypsies come about them prying,
and after the *Patrico*.

Sweet Doxies and Dells,
My Roses and Knells,
Scarce out of the Shells,
Your Hands nothing Ells,
We ring you no Knells
With our Ptolomy's Bells,
Though we come from the Fells,
But bring you good Spells,
And tell you some Chances,
In midst of your Dances,
That Fortune advances,
To Prudence or Frances ;
To Sissy or Harry,
To Roger or Mary,
Or Peg of the Dairy ;
To Mandlin or Thomas,

Then

*Then do not run from us,
Although we look tawny,
We are healthy and brawny;
Whate'er your Demand is,
We'll give you no Jaundis.*

Pup. Say you so, old Gypsie? 'Slid these go to't in Rhimes; this is better than Canting by th' one half.

Tow. Nay, you shall hear 'em; peace, they begin with *Prudence*: mark that.

Pup. The wiser Gypsies they Marry.

Tow. Are you advis'd?

Pup. Yes, and I'll stand to't, that a wise Gypsie, (take him at time o' years) is as pollique a piece of flesh as most Justices in the County where he stalks.

3 *Gyp.* To love a Keeper your Fortune will be,
But the *Doucets* better than him or his Fee.

Tow. Ha, *Frue*, has he hit you i' th' teeth with a sweet bit?

Pup. Let her alone, she'll swallow well enough; a learned Gypsie.

Tow. You'll hear more hereafter.

Pup. Marry, and I'll listen: who stands next?

Jack Cockrell?

You'll ha' good luck to Horse-flesh, o' my Life,
You plough'd so late with the Vicar's Wife.

Pup. A Prophet, a Prophet, no Gypsie: or if he be a Gypsie, a Divine Gypsie.

Tow. Mark, *Francoes*, now she's going to't, the Virginity o' the Parish.

Pat. Fear not, in Hell you'll never lead Apes;
A mortify'd Maiden of five Scapes.

Pup. Birlady he toucht the Virgin-string there a little too hard, they are arrant Learned Men all, I see; what say they upon *Tom*, *Clod*, *Lift*.

1 *Gyp.* *Clod's* Feet will in *Christmas* go near to be bare,

When

When he has lost all his Honayls at Post and Pair.

Pup. H'as hit the right Nail o' th' head, his own Game.

To. And the very Metal he deals in at play, if you mark it.

Pup. Peace, who's this? *Long Meg?*

To. *Long* and foul *Meg*, if she be a *Meg?* as ever I saw of her Inches: pray God they fit her with a fair Fortune.

Pup. They slip her, and treat upon *Tickle-foot*.

1 Gyp. On Sundays you rob the Poors Box with your Tabor,

The Collectors would do it, you save them a labour.

Pup. Faith, but a little: they'll do it *non upstant*.

To. Here's my little *Christian*, forget, ha' you any Fortune left for her? a strait-lac'd *Christian* of sixteen.

Pat. *Christian* shall get her a loose-body'd Gown, In tri'mage how a Gentleman differs from a Clown.

Pup. Is that a Fortune for a *Christian?* a *Turk* or a *Gypsie* could not have told her a worse.

To. Come, I'll stand my self, and once venture the poor Head o' the Town, do your worst, my Name's *Townshend*, and here's my Hand, I'll not be angry.

3 Gyp. A *Cuckold* you must be, and that for three Lives,

Your own, the Parson's, and your Wives.

To. I swear I'll never marry for that, an't be but to give Fortune my Foe the Lye: *Com Pan Puppy*, you must in too.

Pup. No, I'm well enough, I would ha' no good Fortune an I might.

Pat. Yet look to your self you'll ha' some ill luck, And shortly, for I have his Purse at a pluck.

Away

*Away birds Mum
I hear by the Hum,
If Beck-harman come,
He'll strike us all dumb,
With a Noise like a Drum,
Let's give him our room,
Here, this way some,
And that way others,
We are not all Brothers:
Leave me to the Cheats,
I'll shew 'em some Feats.*

Pup. What! are they gone? flown all of a sudden? This is fine i'faith: A Covey call y'em? they are a Covey soon scatter'd methink: who sprung 'em I marl?

Tow. Marry your self, *Puppy*, for ought I know, you quested last.

Clo. Would he had quested first, and sprung y'em an 'our ago for me.

Tow. Why! what's the matter, Man?

Clo. 'Slid they ha' sprung my Purse, and all I had about me.

Tow. They ha' not, ha' they?

Clo. As I am true *Clod*, ha' they, and ransacked me of every Penny, outcept I were with Child with an Owl, (as they say) I never saw such Luck, it's enough to make a Man a Whore.

Pup. Hold thy peace, thou talk'st as if thou hadst a License to lose thy Purse alone in this Company: 'Slid here be those can lose a Purse in Honour of the Gypsies, as well as thou for thy Heart, and never make a word of it: I ha' lost my Purse too.

Coc. What was there i' thy Purse, thou keep'st such a whining? was the Lease of thy House in it?

Pup. Or thy Grannam's Silver Ring.

Clo. No,

Clo. No, but a Mill Six-pence I lov'd as dearly, and a Two-pence I had to spend over and above; besides, the Harper that was gathered amongst us, to pay the Piper.

Tom. Our whole Stock, is that gone? How will *Tom Ticklefoot* do to wet his whistle then?

Pup. Marry, a new Collection, there's no Musick else, Masters; he can ill pipe that wants his upper Lip; Money.

Pru. They have robb'd me too of a dainty Race of Ginger, and a Jet-Ring I had, to draw *Jack Straw* hither a Holy-days.

Tom. Is't possible? fine-finger'd Gypsies i'faith.

Me. And I have lost an enchanted Nutmeg, all gilded over, was enchanted at *Oxford* for me, to put i' my Sweet-Hearts Ale a Mornings, with a Row of white Pins that prick me to the very Heart, the loss of them.

Clo. And I have lost, besides my Purse, my best Bride-Lace I had at *Joan Turner's* Wedding, and a halpworth of Hob-nails: *Francis Addlebreecb* has lost somewhat too, besides her Maiden-head.

Fra. I have lost my Thimble, and a Skein of *Coven-try-Blue* I had to work *Gregory Litchfield* a Handkerchief.

Chr. And I, unhappy *Christian* as I am, have lost my *Practice of Piety*, with a bowed Groat; and the Ballad of *Whoop Barnaby*, which grieves me ten times worse.

Clo. and *Ticklefoot* has lost his Clout, he says, with a Three-pence and four Tokens in't; besides his Taboring-stick ev'n now.

Co. And I my Knife and Sheath, and my fine Dogs-Leather Gloves.

To. Ha' we lost never a Dog amongst us? Where's *Puppy*?

Pup. Here, Goodman Townsheed, you have nothing to lose, it seems, but the *Town-Brains* you are trusted with.

O *H my dear Marrows !*
No shooting of Arrows,
Or Shafts of your Wit,
Each other to hit,
In your skirmishing fit !
Your Store is but small,
Then venture not all.
Remember each mock,
Doth spend o' the Stock;
And what was here done,
Being under the Moon,
And at Afternoon,
Will prove right soon
Disceptio visus,
Done Gratia risus.
There's no such thing
As the loss of a Ring,
Or what you count worse,
The miss of a Purse.
But hey for the main,
And pass of the strain,
Here's both come again.
And there's an old twinger
Can show ye the Ginger ;
The Pins and the Nutmeg
Are safe here with Slut Meg,
Then strike up your Tabor,
And there's for your labour ;
The Sheath and the Knife,
I'll venture my Life,
Shall breed you no strife,
But like Man and Wife,
Or Sister and Brother,

Keep

*Keep one with another,
And light as a Feather,
Make haste to come hither.*

THE Coventry-Blue
Hangs there upon Prue;
And here's one opens
The Clout and the Tokens;
Deny the bow'd Groat,
And you lie i' your throat.
Or the Taborer's Nine-pence,
Or the six fine Pence.
As for the Ballad,
Or the Book what you call it;
Alas our Society
Mell's not with Piety;
Himself hath forsook it,
That first undertook it;
For Thimble or Bride-Lace,
Search yonder Side-Last.
All's to be found,
If you look your selves round:
We scorn to take from ye,
We had rather spend on ye.
If any Man wrong ye,
The Thief's among ye.

Tow. **E**xcellent i' faith, a most Restorative Gypsie,
all's here agen; and yet by his learning of
Legierdemaine, he would make us believe we had rob-
bed our selves.

Co. A Gypsie of Quality, believe it, and one of
the King's Gypsies; this a *Drink-alian*, or a *Drink-
braggatan*?

Ask him.

The King has his Noise of Gypsies, as well as of
Bearwards and other Minstrels.

D d 2

Pu. What

Pu. What Sort or Order of Gypsies, I pray, Sir.

*A Flagon-sekian,
A Devils-arse-a-Pekian
Born first at Niglington,
Bred up at Filchington,
Boarded at Tappington,
Bedded at Wappington.*

To. Fore me, a dainty deriv'd Gypsie.

Pu. But I pray, Sir, if a Man might ask on you
how came your Captain's Place first to be call'd,
The Devils Arse?

Pat. For that take my Word,
We have a Record,
That doth it afford,
And says our first Lord,
Cocklorrel he hight,
On a time did invite
The Devil to a Feast;
The Tail of the Jest,
Though since it be long,
Lives yet in a Song;
Which if you would hear,
Shall plainly appear.
I'll call in my Clerk,
Shall sing like a Lark:
Come in my long Shark,
With thy Face brown and dark;
With thy Tricks, and thy Toys,
Make a merry, merry Noise,
To those mad Country Boys,
And chant out the Part of the *Grand Devils arse*.

S O N G.

*C*ock-lorrel would needs have the Devil his Guest,
And bad him once into the Peak to Dinner,
Where

*Where never the Fiend had such a Feast,
Provided him yet at the charge of a Sinner.*

*His Stomach was queasie (for coming there coacht)
The jogging had caus'd some Crudities rise ;
To help it he call'd for a Puritan poacht,
That used to turn up the Eggs of his Eyes.*

*And so recover'd unto his Wish,
He sate him down, and he fell to eat ;
Promooter in Plum-brath was the first Dish,
His own privy Kitchen had no such Meat.*

*Tet though with this he much were taken,
Upon a sudden he shifted his Trencher
As soon as he spy'd the Bawd and Bacon,
By which you may note the Devil's a Wencher.*

*Six pickl'd Taylors sliced and cut,
Sempsters, Tyrchwomen, fit for his Palate ;
With Feathermen and Perfumers put,
Some twelve in a Charger to make a grand Sallet.*

*A Rich-fat Usurer stew'd in his Marrow,
And by him a Lawyer's Head and green Sawce ;
Both which his Belly took in like a Barrow,
As if till then he had never seen Sawce.*

*Then carbonadoed and cook'd with Pains,
Was brought up a cloven Sergeant's Face ;
The Sawce was made of his Teoman's Brains,
That had been beaten out with his own Mace.*

*Two roasted Sheriffs came whole to the Board ;
(The Feast had nothing been without 'em)
Both living and Dead they were fox'd and furr'd,
Their Chains like Sawsages hung about 'em.)*

The very next Dish was the Mayor of a Town,
 With a Pudding of Maintenance thrust in his Belly;
 Like a Goose in the Feathers drest in his Gown,
 And his couple of Hinch-boys boil'd to a Jelly.

A London Cuckold hot from the Spit,
 And when the Carver up had broke him,
 The Devil chop'd up his Head at a bit,
 But the Horns were very near like to have choakt him.

The Chine of a Lecher too there was roasted,
 With a plump Harlot's Haunch and Garlick;
 A Pander's Pettitoes that had boasted
 Himself for a Captain, yet never was warlike.

A large fat Pasty of a Midwife bot;
 And for a cold bak'd Meat in to the story,
 A reverend painted Lady was brought,
 And coffin'd in Crust till now she was hoary.

To these, an over-grown Justice of Peace,
 With a Clerk like a Gizzard thrust under each Arm;
 And Warrants for Sippets, laid in his own Grease,
 Set o'er a Ckaffing-dish to be kept warm.

The Joul of a Taylor serv'd for a Fish,
 A Constable sou'd with Vinegar by;
 Two Aldermen Lobsters asleep in a Dish,
 A Deputy Tart, a Church-warden Pye.

All which devour'd, he then for a Close
 Did for a full draught of Derby call;
 He heav'd the huge Vessel up to his Nose,
 And left not till he had drunk up all.

Then from the Table he gave a start,
 Where Banquet and Wine were nothing scarce,
 All which he flirted away with a fart,
 From whence it was call'd the Devil's Arse.

And

*And there be made such a breach with the Wind,
The Hole too standing open the while,
That the scent of the Vapour before and behind,
Hath foully perfumed most part of the Isle.*

*And this was Tobacco, the Learned suppose,
Which since in Country, Court and Town,
In the Devil's Glister-pipe smoaks at the Nose
Of Pollcat and Madam, of Gallant and Clown.*

*From which wicked Weed, with Swines-flesh and Ling,
Or any thing else that's Feast for the Fiend:
Our Captain, and we cry, God save the King,
And send him good Meat, and Mirth without end.*

Pup. **A**N excellent Song, and a sweet Songster,
and would have done rarely in a Cage,
with a Dish of Water and Hempseed; fine Breast of
his own: Sir, you are a Prelate of the Order, I under-
stand, and I have a terrible grudging now upon
me to be one of your Company; will your Captain
take a Prentice, Sir? I would bind my self to him,
Body and Soul, either for one and twenty Years, or
as many Lives as he would.

Clo. I, and put in my Life for one, for I am
come about too, I am sorry I had no more Money
i' my Purse when you came first upon us, Sir; if I
had known you would have pick'd my Pocket so like
a Gentleman, I would have been better provided; I
shall be glad to venture a Purse with your Worship
at any time you'll appoint, so you would prefer me
to your Captain; I'll put in Security for my Truth,
and serve out my Time, though I die to Morrow.

Coc. I, upon those Terms, Sir, and in hope your
Captain keeps better Cheer than he made the Devil,
for my Stomach will ne'er agree with that Diet, we'll
be all his Followers; I'll go home and fetch a little
Money, Sir, all I have, and you shall pick my Poc-

ket to my Face, and I'll avouch it: A Man would not desire to have his Pocket pickt in better Company.

Pup. Tut, they have other manner of Gifts than picking of Pockets, or telling Fortunes, if they would but please to shew 'em, or thought us poor Country Mortals worthy of them; what might a Man do to be a Gentleman of your Company, Sir?

I, a Gypsie in ord'nary, or nothing.

Pat. **F**Riends, not to refel ye,

Or any way quell ye,

To buy or to sell ye,

I only must tell ye,

Ye aim at a Mystery,

Worthy a History;

There's much to be done,

E'er you can be a Son,

Or Brother of the Moon.

'Tis not so soon

Acquir'd, as desir'd.

You must be Ben-bow-sie,

And sleepy and drowsie,

And lasie, and lowsie,

Before ye can rouse ye,

In shape that arouse ye.

And then you may stalk

The Gypsies Walk;

To the Coops and the Pens,

And bring in the Hens,

Though the Cock be fullen

For los of the Pullen:

Take Turkey or Capon,

And Gammons of Bacon,

Let nought be forsaken;

We'll let you go loose,

Like a Fox to a Goose,

And shew you the Stry

Where

Where the little Pigs lie ;
Whence if you can take
One or two, and not wake
The Sow in her Dreams,
But by the Moon-beams ;
So warily hie,
As neither do cry.
You shall the next day
Have license to play
At the Hedge a flirt,
For a Sheet or a Shirt ;
If your Hand be light,
I'll shew you the slight
Of our *Ptolomey's Knot*,
It is, and 'tis not,
To change your Complexion,
With the noble Confection
Of Wallnuts and Hogs-grease,
Better than Dogs-grease :
And to milk the Kine,
E'er the Milk-maid fine
Hath open'd her Eine.
Or if you desire
To spit or fart fire,
I'll teach you the Knacks,
Of eating of Flax ;
And out of their Noses,
Draw Ribbands and Posies.
As for Example,
Mine own is as ample,
And fruitful a Nose,
As a Wit can suppose ;
Yet it shall go hard,
But there will be spar'd,
Each of you a Yard,
And worth your regard.
When they colour and size

Arrive

Arrive at your Eyes.
 And if you encline
 To a cup of good Wine,
 When you sup or dine ;
 If you chance it to lack,
 Be it Claret or Sack ;
 I'll make this Snout,
 To deal it about,
 Or this to run out,
 As it were from a Spout.

Tow. **A**dmirable Tricks, and he does 'em all *so defendendo*, as if he would not be taken in the Trap of Authority by a frail fleshy Constable.

Pup. Without the aid of a Cheese,

Clo. Or help of a fitch of Bacon.

Co. Oh, he would chirp in a pair of Stocks sumptuously; I'd give any thing to see him play loose with his Hands, when his Feet were fast.

Pup. O' my Conscience he fears not that, and the Marshal himself were here; I protest I admire him.

Pat. **I**S this worth your wonder
 Nay then you shall under-
 Stand more of my Skill.
 I can (for I will)
 Here at *Burley o' th' Hill*,
 Give you all your fill,
 Each Jack with his Gill,
 And shew you the *King*,
 The *Prince* too and bring;
 The *Gypsies* were here,
 Like *Lords* to appear,
 With such their Attenders,
 As you thought Offenders,
 Who now become *new men*,
 You'll know them for *true men*;
 For he we call Chief,

I'll tell't ye in brief,
 Is so far from a Thief,
 As he gives ye Relief
 With his Bread, Beer and Beef.
 And 'tis not long since
 Ye drank of his Wine,
 And it made you fine;
 Both Claret and Sherry,
 Then let us be merry;
 And help with your call,
 For a *Hall*, a *Hall*.
 Stand up to the Wall,
 Both good Men, and tall,
 We are one Man's all.

Bever. **T**HE fifth of *August*,
 Will not let Saw-dust
 Lie in your Throats,
 Or Cobwebs, or Oats;
 But help to scour ye.
 This is no *Gowry*,
 Has drawn *James* hither,
 But the goodman of *Bever*,
 Our *Buckingham's* Father;
 Then so much the rather
 Make it a jolly Night,
 For 'tis a holy Night,
 Spight of the Constable,
 Or *Mas* Dean of *Dunstable*.

All. A *Hall*, a *Hall*, a *Hall*.

The Gypsies shang'd Dance.

Fat. **W**HY now ye behold,
 'Twas truth that I told,

And

And no device ;
 They are chang'd in a trice,
 And so will I,
 Be my self by and by.

I only now
 Must study how
 To come off with a grace,
 With my *Patrico's* place :
 Some short kind of Blessing,
 It self addressing
 Unto my good Master,
 Which light on him faster,
 Than wishes can fly.
 And you that stand by
 Be as jocund as I ;
 Each Man with his Voice,
 Give his Heart to rejoyce,
 Which I'll requite,
 If my Art hit right,
 Though late now at Night,
 Each *Clown* here in sight,
 Before day-light,
 Shall prove a good *Knight* ;
 And your *Lasses* Pages
 Worthy their Wages,
 Where Fancy engages
 Girls to their Ages.

Clo. Oh any thing for the *Patrico*, what is't ? what is't ?

Pat. Nothing, but bear the bob of the close,
 It will be no burthen you may well suppose.
 But bless the Sov'reign and his Senses,
 And to wish away Offences.

Clo. Let us alone, bless the Sov'reign and his Senses.

Pat. We'll take them in order, as they have Being,
 And first of seeing.

I. Pat.

I.

Pat. **F**rom a *Gypsie* in the Morning,
 Or a pair of squint Eyes turning :
 From the *Goblin*, and the *Spectre*,
 Or a *Drunkard*, though with *Nectar* ;
 From a Woman true to no Man,
 Which is ugly besides common ;
 A Smock rampant, and the itches,
 To be putting on the Breeches :
 Wherefo'er they ha' their Being,
 Bless the *Sov'reign* and his Seeing.

II.

From a Fool, and serious Toys ;
 From a *Lawyer*, three parts Noise ;
 From Impertinence, like a Drum
 Beat at Dinner in his Room ;
 From a Tongue without a File,
 Heaps of *Phrases*, and no Stile.
 From a Fiddle out of Tune,
 As the *Cuckoe* is in *June*.
 From the Candlesticks of *Lothbury*,
 And the loud pure Wives of *Banbury* :
 Or a long pretended fit ;
 Meant for Mirth, but is not it :
 Only Time and Ears out-wearing,
 Bless the *Sov'reign* and his Hearing.

III.

From a strolling Tinker's Sheet,
 Or a pair of Carriers Feet :
 From a Lady that doth breathe,
 Worse above than underneath.
 From the *Diet*, and the Knowledge
 Of the Students in Bear-College.
 From *Tobacco*, with the Type
 Of the Devil's Glister-pipe ;

Or

Or a flink all stinks excellling,
A Fishmonger's Dwelling.
Bless the *Sou'reign* and his Smelling.

IV.

From an Oyfter and fry'd Fish,
A Sow's Baby in a Dish:
From any portion of a Swine,
From bad Venison, and worse Wine.
Ling, what Cook so'er it boil,
Though with Mustard sawc'd and Oil,
Or what else would keep Man fasting,
Bless the *Sou'reign* and his Tasting.

V.

Both from Birdlime, and from Pitch,
From a Doxy, and her Itch,
From the Brisles of a Hog,
Or the Ring-worm in a Dog.
From the Courtship of a Briar,
Or St. *Anthony's* old Fire.
From a Needle, or a Thorn
I' the Bed at Even or Morn:
Or from any Gouts least grutching,
Bless the *Sou'reign* and his Touching.

Bless him too from all Offences,
In his Sports, as in his Senses.
From a Boy to cross his way,
From a fall, or a foul day.

Bless him, O bless him, Heav'n, and lend him long
To be the sacred burthen of all Song;
The Acts and Years of all our Kings t' out-go;
And while he's mortal, we not think him so.

After

After which, ascending up, the Jackman sings.

SONG 1.

THE Sports are done, yet do not let
 Your Joys in sudden silence set;
 Delight and Dumbness never met
 In one self-subject yet.
 If things oppos'd must mixt appear,
 Then add a boldness to your fear,
 And speak a Hymn to him,
 Where all your Duties do of right belong,
 Which I will sweeten with an Under-Song.

Captain.

GLory of Orus, and grace of all the Earth;
 How well your Figure doth become your Birth,
 As if your Form and Fortune equal stood,
 And only Vertue got above your Blood.

SONG 2.

Vertue; his Kingly Vertue which did merit
 This Isle entire, and you are to inherit.

4 Gypsie.

HOW right he doth confess him in his Face,
 His Brow, his Eye, and ev'ry mark of State;
 As if he were the issue of each Grace,
 And bore about him both his Fame and Fate.

SONG 3.

Look, look, is he not fair,
 And fresh, fragrant too
 As Summer Sky, or purged Air,
 And looks as Lillies do,
 That were this Morning blown.

4 Gypsie.

4 *Gypsie.*

Oh more ! that more of him were known.

3 *Gypsie.*

Look how the Winds upon the Waves grown tame,
 Take up Land sounds upon their purple Wings;
 And catching each from other, bear the same
 To ev'ry angle of their sacred springs.
 So will we take his Praise, and hurl his Name
 About the Globe, in thousand airy Rings,
 If his great Vertue be in lore with Fame,
 For that contemn'd, both are neglected things.

SONG 4.

Good Princes soar above their fame,
 And in their worth,
 Come greater forth,
 Than in their Name.

Such, such the Father is,
 Whom ev'ry Title strives to kiss;
 Who on his Royal Grounds unto himself doth raise,
 The work to trouble Fame, and to astonish Praise.

4 *Gypsie.*

Indeed he's not Lord alone of all the State,
 But of the Love of Men, and of the Empires Fate.
 The *Muses* Arts, the *Schools* Commerce, our Honours
 Laws,
 And *Vertues* hang on him, as on their working cause.

2 *Gyp.* His Hand-maid *Justice* is.3 *Gyp.* *Wisdom* his Wife.4 *Gyp.* His Mistris *Mercy*.5 *Gyp.* *Temperance* his Life.2 *Gyp.* His Pages *Bounty* and *Grace*, which many
 prove.3 *Gyp.* His Guards are *Magnanimity* and *Love*.4 *Gyp.* His Ushers *Counsel*, *Truth* and *Piety*.5 *Gyp.* And all that follows him *Felicity*.

SONG

SONG 5.

O *H that we understood
Our good;
There Happiness indeed in Blood,
And store,
But how much more,
When Vertue's flood
In the same Stream doth bit?
As that grows high with Tears, so Happiness with it.*

Captain.

L *ove, love his Fortune then, and Vertues known,
Who is the top of Men,
But makes the Happiness our own;
Since where the Prince for Goodness is renown'd,
The Subject with Felicity is crown'd.*

The EPILOGUE.

A *T Burley, Bever, and now last at Windsor,
Which shews we are Gypsies of no common kind Sir:
You have beheld (and with delight) their change,
And how they came transform'd, may think it strange.
It being a thing not touch'd at by our Poet,
Good Ben slept there, or else forgot to shew it;
But lest it prove like wonder to the sight,
To see a Gypsie as an Æthiope white.
Know, that what dy'd our Faces, was an Ointment
Made, and laid on by Mr. Woolfe's Appointment,
The Court Lycanthropos; yet without Spells,
By a meer Barber, and no Magick ells:
It was fetch'd off with Water and a Ball,
And to our Transformation, this is all,
Save what the Master Fashioner calls his,
For to Gypsies Metamorphosis;
Who doth disguise his Habit and his Face,
And takes on a false Person by his Place:
The Power of Poetry can never fail her,
Assisted by a Barber and a Taylor.*

VOL. V.

E e

THE

The Masque of Augures.

With the several

ANTI-MASQUES.

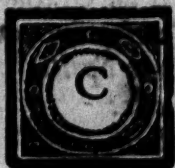
Presented on *Twelfth Night*, 1622.

The first Anti-Masque had for the SCENE,
The Court Buttery-hatch.

The Presenters were from St. Katharine's.

*Notch a Brewer's Clerk, Slug a Lighterman, Van-goose
a rare Artist; Lady Alewife, her two Women, three
dancing Bears, Urson the Bear-ward, Groom of the
Revels.*

Notch.



OME, now my Head's in, I'll
even venture the whole: I ha'
seen the Lions e'er now, and he
that hath seen them may see the
King.

Slug. I think he may; but have a care you go not
too high (*Neighbour Notch*) lest you chance to have
a Tally made of your Pate, and be clawed with a
Cudgel; there is as much danger going too near the
King, as the Lyons.

Groom. Whither? whither now Gamesters? what
is the Business? the Affair? stop I beseech you.

Notch.

Notch. This must be an Officer or nothing, he is so pert and brief in his Demands! a pretty Man! and a pretty Man is a little o' this side nothing; howsoever we must not be daunted now, I am sure I am a greater Man than he out of the Court, and I have lost nothing of my Sire since I came to it.

Groom. Hey-da! what's this? A Hogthead of Beer broke out of the King's Buttery, or some Dutch Hulk! whither are you bound? The Wind is against you, you must back; do you know where you are?

Notch. Yes, Sir, if we be not mistaken, we are at the Court, and would be glad to speak with something of less Authority, and more Wit, that knows a little in the place.

Groom. Sir, I know as little as any Man in the place. Speak, what is your business, I am an Officer, Groom of the Revels, that is my place.

Notch. To fetch Bondge of Court a parcel of invincible Bread and Beer for the Players (for they never see it) or to mistake six Torches from the Chandry, and give them one.

Groom. How, Sir?

Notch. Come, this is not the first time you have carried Coals to your own House, I mean that should have warm'd them.

Groom. Sir, I may do it by my place, and I must question you farther.

Notch. Be not so musty, Sir, our desire is only to know whether the King's Majesty and the Court expect any Disguise here to Night.

Groom. Disguise! what mean you by that? do you think that his Majesty sits here to expect Drunkards?

Notch. No, if he did, I believe you would supply that place better than you do this: Disguise was the old English Word for a Masque, Sir, before you were an implement belonging to the Revels.

Groom. There is no such Word in the Office now I assure you, Sir, I have serv'd here, Man and Boy, a

'Prentifhip or twain, and I fhould know. But, by what Name foever you call it, here will be a Masque, and fhall be a Masque, when you and the reft of your Comrogues fhall fit disguis'd in the Stocks.

Notch. Sure by your Language you were never meant for a Courtier, howfoever it hath been your ill fortune to be taken out of the Nest young; you are fome Conftable's Egg, fome fuch Widgin of Authority, you are fo eafily offended! Our coming was to fhew our Loves, Sir, and to make a little merry with his Majefty to Night, and we have brought a Masque with us, if his Majefty had not been better provided.

Groom. Who you? you a Masque? why you ftink like fo many Bloat-herrings newly taken out of the Chimney! In the name of Ignorance, whence came you? or what are you? you have been hang'd in the Smoak fufficiently, that is fmelt out already.

Notch. Sir, we do come from among the Brewhoufes in St. Katharine's, that's true, there you have fmoak'd us (the Dock comfort your Noftrials) and we may have lived in a Mift there, and fo mift our Purpofe; but for mine own part I have brought my Properties with me to exprefs what I am; the Keys of my Calling hang here at my Girdle, and this the Register-Book of my Function fhews me no lefs than a Clerk at all Points, and a Brewer's Clerk, and a Brewer's Head-Clerk.

Gro. A Man of accompt, Sir! I cry you mercy.

Slug. I, Sir, I knew him a fine Merchant, a Merchant of Hops, till all hopt into the Water.

Notch. No more of that, what I have been, I have been: what I am, I am: I *Peter Notch*, Clerk, hearing the Christmas Invention was drawn dry at Court; and that neither the King's Poet nor his Architect had wherewithal left to entertain fo much as a Baboon of Quality, nor fcarce the *Welsh* Ambaffador, if he fhould come there: Out of my Allegiance, to wit,

wit, drew in some other Friends that have as it were presumed out of their own Naturals to fill up the *vacuum* with some pretty Presentation, which we have address'd and convey'd hither in a Lighter at the general Charge, and landed at the Back-door of the Buttery, thro' my Neighbour *Slug's* Credit there.

Slug. A poor Lighterman, Sir, one that hath had the Honour sometimes to lay in the King's Beer there; and I assure you I heard it in no worse place than the very Buttery, for a certain, there would be no Masque, and from such as could command a Jack of Beer, two or three.

Van. Dat is all true, exceeding true, de Inventors be barren, lost, two, drie, your wile, I know that from my selven; dey have no ting, no ting van deir own, but dat dey take from de Eard, or de Zea, or de Heaven, or de Hell, or de rest van de veir Elementen, de place a, dat be so common as de Uench in de Burdello. Now me would bring in some dainty new ting, dat never was, nor never sall be in de rebus natura; dat has never van de materia, nor de forma, nor de hossen, nor de boot, but a mera devisa of de Brain.

Groom. Hey-da! what *Hans Flutterkin* is this? what *Dutchman* does build or frame Castles in the Air?

Not. He is no *Dutchman*, Sir, he is a *Britain* born, but hath learn'd to misuse his own Tongue in Travel, and now speaks all Languages in ill *English*; a rare Artist he is, Sir, and a Projector of Masques. His Project in ours is, that we should all come from the three dancing Bears in St. *Katharines* (you may hap know it, Sir) hard by where the Priest fell in, which Alehouse is kept by a distressed Lady, whose Name (for the Honour of Knighthood) will not be known; yet she is come in Person here Errant, to fill up the Adventure, with her two Women that draw Drink under her; Gentlemen born all three I assure you.

Slug. And were three of those Gentlewomen that should have acted in that famous matter of *England's Joy* in Six hundred and three.

Lady. What talk you of *England's Joy*, Gentlemen? you have another matter in hand, I wils, *England's Sport* and *Delight* if you can manage it. The poor Cattle yonder are passing away the time, with a cheat Loaf, and a bumbard of broken Beer, how will ye dispose of 'em?

Gro. Cattle! what Cattle does she mean?

Lady. No worse than the King's Game I assure you; The Bears, Bears both of Quality and Fashion, right Bears, true Bears.

Not. A Device only to express the Place from whence we come, my Lady's House (for which we have borrowed three very Bears that (as her Ladiship aforesaid says) are well bred, and can dance to present the Sign, and the Bearward to stand for the Sign-post.

Gro. That is pretty; but are you sure you have sufficient Bears for the purpose.

Slug. Very sufficient Bears as any are in the Ground, the *Parish-Garden*, and can dance at first sight, and play their own Tunes if need be. *John Urson* the Bearward offers to play them with any City-dancers christned for a ground measure.

Not. Marry, for lofty Tricks, or dancing on the Ropes, he will not undertake, it is out of their Element he says. Sir, all our Request is, since we are come, we may be admitted, if not for a Masque, for an *Antick-mask*; and as we shall deserve therein, we desire to be returned with Credit to the Buttery from whence we came, for Reward, or to the Porter's Lodge with Discredit, for our Punishment.

Gro. To be whipt with your Bears? Well, I could be willing to venture a good word in behalf of the Game, if I were assured the aforesaid Game would be cleanly, and not fright the Ladies.

Not. For

Not. For that, Sir, the Bearward hath put in security by warranting my Lady and her Women to dance the whole Changes with them in safety; and for their abusing the place you shall not need to fear, for he hath given them a kind of Dyet-bread to bind them to their good Behaviour.

Gro. Well, let them come; if you need one, I'll help you my self.

Enter John Urson with his Bears, singing.

B A L L A D.

Though it may seem rude
For me to intrude,
With these my Bears by chance-a;
'Twere sport for a King,
If they could sing
As well as they can dance-a.

Then to put you out
Of fear or doubt,
We came from St. Katharin-a
These dancing three,
By the help of me,
Who am the Post of the Sign-a.

We sell good Ware,
And we need not care
Though Court and Country knew it.
Our Ale's o'the best,
And each good Guest
Prays for their Souls that brew it.

For any Ale-house,
We care not a Louse,
Nor Tavern in all the Town-a;
Nor the Vintry-Cranes,
Nor St. Clements-Danes,
Nor the Devil can put us down-a.

Who has once there been,
 Comes thither agen,
 The Liquor is so mighty;
 Beer strong and stale,
 And so is our Ale,
 And it burns like Aqua Vita.

To a Stranger there,
 If any appear,
 Where never before he has bin:
 We shew th' Iron Gate,
 The Wheel of St. Kate,
 And the Place where the Priest fell in.

The Wives of Wapping
 They trudge to our Tapping,
 And still our Ale desire;
 And there sit and drink,
 Till they spue and sink,
 And often piss out our Fire.

From Morning to Night,
 And about to Day-light,
 They sit and never grudge it;
 Till the Fish-wives joyn
 Their single Coin,
 And the Tinker pawns his Budget.

If their Brains be not well,
 Or their Bladders do swell,
 To ease them of their Burden;
 My Lady will come
 With a Bowl and a Broom,
 And her Hand-maid with a Jorden.

From Court we invite
 Lord, Lady and Knight;
 Squire, Gentleman, Teoman and Groom,
 And all our stiff Drinkers,

Smiths,

*Smiths, Porters, and Tinkers,
And the Beggars shall give ye room.*

Van. How like you ? how like you ?

Gro. Excellent ! The Bears have done learnedly, and sweetly.

Van. 'Tis noting, 'tis noting ; will you see something ? Ick shall bring in de Turkschen, met all zin Bashaws, and zin dirty towlsand Yanitsaries met all zin Whoozen, Eunuken, all met an auder, de Sofie van Persia, de Tartar Cham met de groat king of Mogull, and made deir Men, and deir Hoyle, and deir Elephanten be seen fight in the Art, and be all killen, and aliben. and no such ting. And all dis met de Ars van de Catropricks, by de reflexhie van de glassen.

Not. Oh, he is an admirable Artift.

Slug. And a half, Sir.

Gro. But where will he place his Glasses ?

Van. Fow, dat is all ean, as it be two, wee, deir, vife towlsand Mile off : Ick shall multipliren de vizioun, met an ander secret dat Ick heb : Speck, dat wil you haben ?

Gro. Good Sir, put him to't, bid him do something that is impossible ; he will undertake it I warrant you.

Not. I do not like the *Mogul*, nor the great *Turk*, nor the *Tartar*, their Names are somewhat too big for the Room ; marry if he could shew us some Country-Players, strolling about in several Shires, without Licence from the Office, that would please I know whom, or some Welsh Pilgrims.

Van. Pilgrim ? now you talk of de Pilgrim, it come in my head. Ick will show you all de whole brabe Pilgrim o' de World : de Pilgrim dat go now, now at de instant, two, wee towlsand mile to de great Mahomet, at de Mecha, or here, here, every where, make de fine Labprints, and shew all de brabe Error in de World.

Slug. And

Slug. And shall we see it here?

Van. Pau, here, here, here in dis Room, tis very Room: bel bat is dat to yow if Ick do de ting? bat an Devil, vera boten Devil?

Gro. Nay, good Sir, be not angry.

Not. 'Tis a Disease that follows all excellent Men, they cannot govern their Passions; but let him alone, try him one 'bout.

Gro. I would try him, but what has all this to do with our Mask?

Van. O Sir, all de better boz an Antick-mask, de more absurd it be, and from de purpose, it be ever all de better. If it go from de nature of de ting, it is de more Art: for dere is Art, and dere is Nature, yow sall see. Hochos, pochos, Paucos, Palabros.

The Second Antimask.

Which was a perplex'd Dance of straying and deform'd Pilgrims taking several Paths, till with the opening of the Light above, and breaking forth of Apollo, they were all frighted away, and the main Masque begun.

(a) Apollo descending, sung.

I T is no Dream, you all do wake, and see;
Behold, who comes! (b) far shooting Phœbus he
That can both hurt and (c) heal; and with his (d) voice
Rear Towns, and make Societies rejoyce;
That taught the Muses all their Harmony,
(e) And Men the tuneful Art of Augury.
Apollo sloops, and when a God descends,
May Mortals think he hath no vulgar ends.

(a) Artes eximias quatuor Apollini acceptas tulit antiquitas.
(b) Sagittandi peritiam, unde apud Homerum, frequens illud Epitheton *ἰσέκορος*, longe jaculans. (c) Medicinam, unde medici nomen adeptus. (d) Musicam, unde *μουσική* appellatus.
(e) Et Divinationem (in qua etiam Augurium) unde Augur Apollo dictus. Virg. *Æneid.* lib. 4. & Horat. *Car.* lib. 1. Od. 2. *Nube cadentes humeros amictus Augur Apollo.* Et *Car.* sæcul ult. ubi doctissimus Poeta has artes totidem versibus complectitur. *Augur & fulgente decorus arcu Phœbus, acceptusque nova æ camenis, Qui salutare levat arte fessos corporis artus.* Being

Being near the Earth, he call'd these Persons following,
who came forth as from their Tombs.

(f) **L**inus, and (g) Orpheus, (h) Branchus, (i) Idmon, all

My Sacred Sons, rise at your Father's Call
 From your immortal Graves; where Sleep, not Death,
 Yet binds your Powers.

Linus. Here.

Orpheus. Here.

Branchus. What sacred Breath

Doth re-inspire us?

Idmon. Who is this we feel?

(k) *Phæmonæ.*

What heat creeps through me, as when burning Steel
 Is dipt in Water?

Apollo. I *Phæmonæ,*

Thy Father *Phæbus's* Fury filleth thee;
 Confess my Godhead; once again I call,
 Let whole *Apollo* enter in you all,
 And follow me.

Chorus. We fly, we do not tread,
 The Gods do use to ravish whom they lead.

*Apollo descended, shewed them where the King sate,
 and sung forward:*

BEhold the Love and Care of all the Gods
 Of the Ocean, and the happy Isles;
 That whilst the World about him is at odds,
 Sits Crowned Lord here of himself, and smiles.

(f) Linus Apollinis & Terpsichores filius. Paus. (g) Orpheus, Apollinis & Calliope, de quibus Virg. in Ecloga inscript. *Non me Carminibus vincet, nec Thracius Orpheus. Nec Linus, huic mater quamvis, atque huic pater adsit Orpheï Calliopea Lino formosus Apollo.* (h) Branchus, Apollinis & Jances filius, de quo vid. Strab. lib. 4. & Statium Thebaid. lib. 3.---patrioque æqualis honori Branchus. (i) Idmon, Apollinis & Asteries filius. De illo vid. Valer. Flac. lib. 1. Argonautic.---*Contra Phæbus Idmon non pallore viris non ullo honore comarum terribilis plenus satis, Phæboque quieto, cui genitor tribuit præscere Divum Omina, seu Flammas, seu lubrica cominus exta, seu plenum certis interroget æra pennis.* (k) Phæmon filia Phœbi quæ prima cæcumen herosum cecinit. Hesiod. in Theog. Chorus.

Chorus. To see the erring Maxes of Mankind;
 Who seek for that, doth punish them to find.
 Then he advanced with them to the King.

Apollo.

PPrince of thy Peace, see what it is to love
 The Powers above!

Jove hath commanded me
 To visit thee;

And in thine Honour with my (l) Musique rear,
 (m) a College here,

Of tuneful Augures, whose divining Skill,
 shall wait thee still,

And be the Heralds of his bigbest Will.

The Work is done,

And I have made their President thy Son;

Great Mars too, on these Nights,

(n) hath added Salian Rites.

Tond, yond afar,

They closed in their (o) Temple are,

And each one guided by a Star.

Chorus. Haste, haste, to meet them, and as they advance
 'twixt every Dance,

Let us interpret their Propbetick Trance.

(l) Alluso ad illud Ovidii Epistol. Epist. Parid. Ilion aspicias, firmataq; turribus altis Mœnia Apollinea struſſa cœvare lyra. (m) Augurandi scientia nobilis erat & antiqua, apud Gentes præsertim Hetruscos: quibus erat Collegium & Domicilium celeberrimum Augurum, quorum summa fuit Authoritas & Dignitas per totam Italiam, potissimum Roma. Romulus, urbe condita, Collegium & Augures ibi instituit, ipse nobilis, ut apud Liv. lib. 1. & Tull. lib. 1. Optimus Augur. Eorum officium fuit auspicia captare, & ex iis colligere signa futurarum rerum, Deorumq; monita considerare de eventibus prosperis vel adversis. Sacer erat Romanis & res regia habita, dignitasq; penes patricios & principes viros mansit, etiam apud Imperatores obtinuit, unde ab Apolline nostro, tales Præses pulchrè designatus. (n) Saltationes in rebus sacris adhibebantur apud omnes penè gentes: & à saliendo, seu saltatione sacra ad saliare carmen institutâ. Salii diti & Marti consecrati. Omnes etiam qui ad cantum & tibiam ludebant Salii & Salisubuli dicebantur. Salius, ὑψωδὸς vet. gloss. & Pacuv. Pro Imperio sic Salisubulus vestro excubet Mars. & Virg. Æneid. lib. 8. Tum Salii ad Cantus incensa altaria circum Populeis

leis adsunt evincti tempora ramis. (o) *Auguria* captaturi *cælum* eligeant purum & serenum, aëreque nitido. *Lituum* (qui erat baculus incurvus, *Augurale Signum*) manu tenebat *Augur*. Eo *cæli* regiones designabat, & metas intra quas contineri debebant *Auguria*: & hæc vocabantur *Templa*: unde *Contemplatio* dicta est *Consideratio*, & *meditatio rerum sacrarum*, ut *dextrum sinistrumque* latus observaret: In impetrato sibi ipso regiones definiebat; in oblato manum suam respexit *levam* aut *dextram*. Regiones ab Oriente in occasum terminabat limite *decumano*, & *cardine* ex transverso signo metato, quo oculi ferrent quam longissime. *Artica* in Ortum vergebat. *Postica* regio à tergo ad occasum. *Dextra* ad meridiem. *Sinistra* ad septentrionem. *Observationes* fiebant *Augure* sedente, capite velato, toga duplici *Augurali* candida amictu, à media nocte ad mediam diem, crescente non deficiente die. Neque captabantur *Auguria* post mensem *Julium*, propterea quod *Aves* redderentur imbeciliores & morbidæ, *Pullique* eorum essent imperfecti.

Here they fetch'd out the Maskers, and came before them with the Torch-bearers along the Stage, singing this full Song.

Apollo and Chorus.

Which way, and whence the Lightning flew,
Or how it burned, bright and blue,
Design and Figure by your Lights:
Then forth, and shew the several flights
Your (p) Birds have made, or what the Wing
Or Voice in Augury doth bring.
Which hand the Crow cried on, how high
The Vulture, or the Hern did fly,
What wing the Swan made, and the Dove,
The Stork, and which did get above:
Shew all the Birds of Food or Prey,
But pass by the unlucky Jay,
The Night-Crow, Swallow, or the Kite
Let those have neither right, Chor. Nor part,
In this Nights Art.

(p) *Augurandi scientia* ὀρνιθομαντεια dicta. *Divinatio per aves*. *Aves* aut *Oscines*, aut *Præpetes* *Oscines*, quæ ore, *Præpetes*, quæ vocalu *Augurium* significant. *Pulli* tripudio. *Aves auspicate*, & *Præpetes*, *Aquila*, *Vultur*, *Sanqualis* seu *ossifraga*, *Triarches*, sive *Buteo*, *Immuſſulus*, *Accipiter*, *Cygnus*, *Columba*, *Oscines*, *Cornix*, *Corvus*, *Anser*, *Ciconia*, *Ardea*, *Noctua*; *inauspicate*, *Milvus*, *Parrus*, *Nycticorax*, *Striges*, *Hirundo*, *Picus*, &c. The

The Torch-bearers danced.
After which the *Augures* laid by their Staves, and
Danced their Entry, which done, *Apollo* and the
rest interpreted the *Augury*.

Apollo.

THE Signs are (q) lucky all, and (q) right ;
There hath not been a Voice or Flight
Of ill Presage. *Linus.* The (r) Bird that brings
Her *Augury* alone to Kings,
The Dove hath flown. *Orpheus.* And to thy peace
Fortunes and the Fates increase.

Branchus.

(f) *Minerva's* *Hernshaw*, and her Owl,
Do both proclaim, thou shalt controul
The course of things. *Idmon.* As now they be
With Tumult carried. *Apollo.* And live free
From Hatred, Faction, or the Fear,
To blast the Olive thou dost wear.

Chorus. More is behind, which these do long to show,
And what the Gods to so great Vertue owe.

(q) *Habebant dextra & leua omnia; antica & postica; Orientalia & Occidentalia.* *Græci* cum se ad *Septentrionem* obuerterent, *Ortum* ad dextram habuere. *Romani* *Meridiem* in auspicando cum tuerentur *Ortum* ad levam habuere. Itaq; sinistra partes eadem sunt *Romanis* quæ *Græcis* dextra ad ortum. Sinistra igitur illis meliora, Dextra pejora: *Græcis* contrâ. Sinistra, pertinentia ad ortum: *Salutaria*, qui ortus lucis index & auctor. Dextra, quia spectant occasum tristitia. (r) *Columbe* auguria non nisi regibus dant; quia nunquam singula volant: sicut *Rex* nunquam solus incedit. *Nuntia pacis.* (f) *Ardea & Ardeola*, rerum arduarum auspicium. *Minervæ* sacra. *Apud Homer. Iliad. K. δὲ ξίω ἰγώδ' ἴδ'.*

The main Dance.

Chorus. Still, still the (t) *Auspice* is so good,
We wish it were but understood;
It even puts *Apollo*
To all his strengths of Art, to follow

(t) *Auspicium*, ab ave specienda. *Paul.* Nam quod nos cum præpositione dicimus *ASPICIO*, apud veteres sine præpositione *SPICIO* dicebatur. The

(u) *The flights, and to divine
 What's meant by every Sign.
 Thou canst not less be, than the charge
 of every Deity.
 That thus art left here to enlarge,
 And shield their Piety!
 Thy Neighbours at thy Fortune long have gaz'd,
 But at thy Wisdom, all do stand amaz'd
 And wish to be
 O'ercome, or govern'd by thee!
 Safety it self so hides thee, where thou goest,
 And Fate still offers what thou covet'st most!*

(u) *Signa qua sese offerent, erant multifaria: nam si objiceretur
 avis aliqua, considerabatur quo volatu ferretur, an obliquo vel prono,
 vel supino motu Corporis, quo flecteret, contorqueret, aut contraheret
 membra; qua in parte se occultaret; an ad dextram vel sinistram
 canerent Oscines, &c.*

The R E V E L S.

After which Apollo went up to the King and sung.

*Do not expect to hear of all
 Your good at once, lest it forestal.
 A sweetness would be new:
 Some things the Fates would have conceal'd
 From us the Gods, lest being reveal'd
 Our Powers shall envy you.
 It is enough your People learn
 The reverence of your Peace,
 As well as Strangers do discern
 The Glories, by th' increase;
 And that the (x) Princely Augur here, your Son
 Do by his Father's Lights his Courses run.*

Chorus. *Him shall you see triumphing over all
 Both Foes and Vices: and your young and tall
 Nephews, his Sons grow up in your Embraces,
 To give this Island Princes in long Races.*

(x) *Romulus Augur fuit, & Numa, & reliqui reges Romani sicut
 ante eos Turnus, Rhamnetes & alii. Lacedamonii suis regibus Au-
 gurem Assessorem dabant. Cilices, Lycii, Cares, Arabes, in summa
 veneratione habuerunt Auguria.*

Here

Here the Heaven opened, and Jove, with the Senate of the Gods, were discovered, while Apollo returned to his Seat, and ascending sung.

Apollo.

SEE Heaven expecteth my return,
The forked Fire begins to burn,
Beckons me to come.

Jove.

Though Phœbus be the God of Arts
He must not take on him all parts:
But leave his Father some.

Apollo.

My Arts are only to obey. Jove. (y) And mine to sway
Jove is that one, whom first, midst, last; you call
The power that governs, and conserveth all;
Earth, Sea and Air are subject to our check,
And Fate with Heaven, moving at our beck.

Till Jove it ratifie,

It is no Augury,

Though uttered by the Mouth of Destiny.

Apollo.

Dear Father, give the Sign, and seal it then.
The Earth riseth.

It is the suit of Earth and Men.

Jove.

What do their Mortals crave without our wrong?
Earth with the rest.

That Jove will lend us this our Sovereign long;
Let our Grand-children, and not we,
His want or absence ever see.

Jove.

Your Wish is blest.

(z) Jove knocks his Chin against his Breast,
And firms it with the rest.

Chor. Sing then his Fame, through all the Orbs; in even
Proportions, rising still, from Earth to Heaven:
And of the lasting of it leave to doubt,
The Power of time shall never put that out.

(y) Vide Orpheum in hymn. de omnip. Jovis. (z) Mos Jovis annuendo votis & firmandis omnibus. Apud Homer. &c.

This done, the whole Scene shut, and the Maskers danced their last Dance.

The End of the Fifth Volume.

